

THE
WESTMINSTER
REVIEW



JULY 1, 1858.

"Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.

GÖTTE.

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THE
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REVIEW.

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ART. I.—CALVIN AT GENEVA.

1. *Calvin (Jean), Lettres recueillies pour la première fois et publiées d'après les Manuscrits Originiaux.* Par Jules Bonnet. Vols. 1 and 2. Lettres Françaises. 8vo. Paris. 1854.
2. *Gabriel (J.), Histoire de l'Eglise de Genève depuis le commencement de la Réformation jusqu'en 1815.* Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo. Genève. 1855.

WHEN Casaubon, on his first visit to Paris, was shown over the great hall of the Sorbonne, he was told by his guide—"This is where the theologians have disputed for five hundred years." "Indeed!" was the reply; "and pray what have they settled?" Something like this is the feeling of every reflective mind on a review of the last three centuries of the history of Europe. We see the most civilized part of mankind, the nations of the West, "the root and crown of things," devoting their best energies, and lavishing all their resources, mental and material, upon a doctrinal quarrel. Nor at the end of a three hundred years' experience are we at all wiser. Among our educated classes, at least, far the larger number still think that there exist no questions of more momentous interest for themselves and the world at large than those tenets by which the Protestant Churches are separated from the Church of Rome.

No philosophic mind at this day sympathizes with the scoffers of the last century, or with the "profane of every age, who have derided the furious contests which the difference of a

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single diphthong excited between the Homoiousians and the Homoiousians."* The Juffon wit of "The Tale of a Tub" is not much to our taste. We are now ready to recognise that—whatever may be the case in China or in Lilliput—in European nations do not go to war about a diphthong. The great European quarrel of the last three centuries, has not been about words and syllables. Foolish, petty, litigious, and blind to their real interests as the peoples are, yet theirs has not, on the whole, been the mere frenzy of two Irish sects, who, after fighting the live-long day, and strewing the ground with the slain, have at nightfall endeavoured in vain to discover the cause of the battle. We are disposed now to think that moral effects are not without adequate causes; that some mighty issue has been trying in the great historical Oyer of the Reformation against the See of Rome; an issue which the Confession of Augsburg does not state, and which is not once alluded to in the Thirty-nine Articles. It is not from any sentimental desire of saving the honour of human nature, but from a better understanding of history, that we derive the belief that great movements originate in the deeps; and that if there is a spring-tide, it is only because some disturbing force is present. We study the religious wars in France and Germany with different eyes from the wits who ridiculed, or the sects who adopt, their party-cries. In what terms to describe the motive force which was developed with such energy in the century of the Reformation, is the problem which all historians of the present day are endeavouring, with more or less success, to solve. But all are agreed that the theological distinctions which were established in the Confessions of that century, and perpetuated in the various religious bodies which then came into being, were only a form or exterior mould into which the heated metal ran, and not the heat itself which fused it. Men do not assign their real motives, not because they will not, but because they cannot. They cannot analyse their own complex feelings with steadiness and impartiality. To do so is the function of the historian. Hence a contemporary cannot write the history of his own times. How trivial and beside the mark read to us the "Defences" of the early Christian Apologists! They are shallow in proportion to the depth of the Christian movement, its radical and subversive spirit; a spirit which those who were swept along with it were possessed by, but knew not what it signified. The only key to a revolutionary epoch is the results which actually establish themselves. Posterity, which witnesses these, may by their aid interpret the quarrel out of which they arose. The issue between Christianity and Paganism

in the second century is not expressed in the feeble rhetoric of the Apologists. The issue between Protestantism and Catholicism is not that which is discussed in the scholastic pedantries of Bellarmine.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the formularies of any age are totally irrelevant or immaterial to its sentiments. Its dicta will not exhaust or express, but they will approach, its social necessities. When its language is theological, it is probable that its excitement is, at bottom, religious. The shout of battle may be raised the loudest about some insignificant or harmless quibble, but we may find out from it in which direction the danger was felt to lie. When public opinion is in a sore and irritable state, a very remote allusion will rack all its nerves. In certain feverish moods it is ready to declare any abstract proposition a fundamental matter, and to erect some special definition of justification into an "articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ." The mischief lies not in the temporary importance thus forced upon some partial form of truth, but in its perpetuation. The dogma, consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, becomes in lapse of time a tyrant over reason; and from having been the bulwark of faith, settles into its chief impediment. Systems, and institutions founded on them, thus doom themselves to destruction. A new revolution becomes necessary to displace the charter which the old had inaugurated.

The programme of opinions advertised by any party will fall short of expressing the real tendencies of the party movement, in proportion as the movement is deeply-seated and extensively spread. Sympathy is so much more catching than intelligence; and while sentiment cements union, ideas dislocate it. In reducing the aspirations with which the mass was instinct to a scheme of doctrine, partisans split off in all directions. Few can express their own mind; no one can express another's.

"Nonne videmus,
Quid sibi quisque velit nescire et quærere semper?"

These considerations offer the true explanation of a fact in the history of the sixteenth century, which has been often observed, and variously accounted for.

There are two results which have accrued to modern Europe, and are unmistakeably traceable to the Reformation of the 16th century. The first lies in the domain of intelligence, and is known as the Right of Free Inquiry. The second, a consequence of the foregoing, is a fact of politics, and is known as Liberty of Conscience, or Toleration. It is not to the purpose to object that there are many who deny the first, and that the second is carried into effect over a very limited area of Europe, and very imper-

fectly even there. It must be admitted by all, that this claim of the human understanding to possess and to exercise rights, is made, and that the attempts, successful or not, to enforce the claim, have been the cardinal points of modern history. The principle of Free Intellect has revolutionized Philosophy. The claim of Free Conscience has been, and is at this moment, the substantial dispute between the two classes into which Europe is divided—viz., the unarmed people, and their armed governments. That such a doctrine and such a claim should have flowed from the Reformation may well appear astonishing to those who read for themselves what the leading Reformers said and did. For it cannot be denied, that neither in their acts nor their words is there any recognition of such views. The Protestant Churches replaced Papal infallibility by a not less stern and uncompromising dogmatism, and claimed, and exercised, the right of punishing the heretic as unhesitatingly as the Inquisition itself. This inconsequence on the part of the Protestants has been the standing indictment of their Catholic opponents, from the time of Erasmus. The leaders of the Reformation, it is said, first revolted against the authority of the Church, and the consent of universal Christendom; and, when their insurrection was successful, they turned round on their followers, and required the same unconditional submission of the understanding as had been exacted by the old Church.

Turning from the abstract controversy to the historical personages, this illogical spirit of Protestant tyranny is seen embodied in the person and institutions of CALVIN. There is a peculiar animosity provoked by the Genevan Reformer, his doctrines, and his acts, and which is shared by all the world, except the sect which bears his name. This implacable antipathy is in part due to the severe, acrimonious, and proud temper of the man. But it is in no small degree to be ascribed to his successful efforts in impressing upon the religious movement a character of despotic control of the understanding, and a spiritual police of the conscience, far more intrusive and impertinent than that against which it had just rebelled. The monopoly, too, of Calvin's name and reputation which some of the narrowest ecclesiastical bodies have secured for themselves as their founder and patron, has contributed to cut him off from the sympathies of those whose hopes and wishes are embarked in the cause of European progress. The hero and prophet of an existing religious faction has little chance of historical justice.

Historical justice, however, or our decision on the character of the individual Calvin, is a trifling matter. The life and acts of the German reformer have a far higher import. Looked at as biography, his life lends itself very naturally to the conclusions

usually accepted. It is useless to tell us, on grounds of abstract historical scepticism, to suspend our judgment. There is no room for doubt. We condemn, by antipathy, as we read. Calvin appears before us as the too successful champion of intolerance; the promoter of what we know as the pre-eminently narrow and exclusive theology; as the man who has done more than any other man to deprive Protestantism of its character as a protest in favour of freedom. We see him overthrowing the liberties of the little State which so generously sheltered him; conspiring to put "a bridle into its jaws;"* exiling, or shedding the blood of, its noblest patriots. We shall hate him personally for his bigotry, inhumanity, vindictiveness; above all, as the author of the great crime of the age—the murder of the heroic Servetus. And we shall conclude, on the whole, with the Ultramontane biographer, Audin, that his career was "*funeste à la civilisation, à l'art, aux libertés.*"

But when we look off from Geneva upon Europe, when we turn from the person to the course of events, our judgment changes. We then see that the vices of the individual may be the welfare of the community. For on the independence of Geneva hung, at one moment, the very existence of Protestantism. And the independence of Geneva—without an army, without territory, a defenceless city, like a frail boat between two icebergs, France and the Empire—was secured by the spirit evoked by Calvin. That iron will, that inexorable temper and merciless determination which subjugated Geneva, were also the means of concentrating in that narrow corner a moral force which saved the Reformation. On this little fortress, reared on the rugged rock of Predestination, the overwhelming material force of the Empire spent itself in vain. Not only this; Geneva, under Calvin, became the centre of a new strength, which went out into all Europe, to cope not unsuccessfully with the enormous powers of repression which the Inquisition began to put forth. In checking the febrile turbulence which attended the nascent liberty of the Republic, Calvin did so, not in the cause of a mechanical "order," but to replace it with a more vigorous sense of personality. Geneva became a seminary of martyrs. Steeled by her Spartan discipline, they went forth to seek danger wherever it could be found, and disseminated through the nations not only the ideas, but the spirit, of the master. Hence the strange paradox, that in the suppression of the liberties of Geneva was sown the seed of liberty in Europe; that, by the demoralizing tenet of fatalism was evoked a moral energy which Christianity had not felt since the era of persecution.

* "*Quod eam urbem videret his frænis indigere.*"—*Bosa, Vit. Calv.*

No part of this mighty result was foreseen or schemed by Calvin. Like many other men who have done the greatest things, his purposes were immediate; his energy expended on what was very near at hand. He had greatness thrust upon him. A chance brought him to Geneva. The importunity of another minister, Farel, detained him there. And after he had left it, it was the urgency of others, against his own settled purpose, which recalled him to it. He was a man with a single aim, towards which he bent all the powers of his soul. But this aim was no distant one. It was no conquest on a grand scale which he meditated. The tactic which plans a whole campaign, and out-generals an adversary, was incompatible with the passionate conviction which had absolute possession of his breast. He thought only of Geneva while he was doing the work of the Reformation; and dealt vigorous blows at Amied Perrin, which told upon Europe.

A brief review shall here be attempted of the conditions, moral and political, which gave to one will and one intellect an influence so commanding, and so widely spread.

In the year 1536, Calvin, for whom, as a zealous Reformer, neither Italy nor France were any longer safe residences, arrived in the city of Geneva. He was on his way to Strasburg, then a free city of the Empire, and Protestant. There he hoped to find a secure refuge for the retired and studious life which it was his sole ambition to lead. So little were his thoughts at this time turned towards active life, or influence of any kind, that he did not even contemplate undertaking the labours of a preacher. He was just at that age—twenty-seven—when, to such intellects as his, not broad and sceptical, but deep and profoundly convinced, knowledge presents itself with allurements irresistible. He had, a year before, published the first sketch of his "Institute of Christian Religion," and his mind was doubtless revolving the larger and more matured dogmatic treatise, as we now have it. "I was wholly given up to my own interior thoughts and private studies," he says of himself, looking back on this period of his life. A constitution delicate and irritable, and health already broken by suffering and study, seemed to disqualify him for the stormy career of preacher of the Gospel in those troublous times. Farel, however, the Reformed minister of Geneva, heard that the author of the "Institute" was in the town. He hastened to him; explained to him the urgent need in which Geneva at that moment stood of a well-instructed minister—"the fields white for the harvest"—his own failing strength, and the feebleness of his colleagues. Calvin refused. His health was unequal to the labour, his character too unpliant for negotiation with adversaries. He could serve the Reformed faith far

more effectually by his pen, and to that service he meant to devote his life. "I perceive what it is," said Farel; "you are wrapt up in selfish love of leisure and books. May God's curse rest upon these studies, if you now refuse your aid to His Church in her time of need!"

• Such was Calvin's call to the ministry at Geneva. The story reads like a scene dramatically drest up by a modern historian. But we have it on the unquestionable authority of Calvin himself,* of whom even his enemies will admit, that he knows not how to decorate or disguise a fact. His obstinate will, proof against persuasion, yielded to the terrors of the malediction, and he remained with Farel. He was chosen one of the preachers, and nominated "Teacher in Theology." His name occurs in the Register of the Council for September, 1536, with the designation of "*iste Gallus*."

Geneva, which was to become the centre of French Protestantism, was the last of the Subalpine cities to revolt from Rome. In the course of the summer, 1535, the transition to the Reformed faith was effected. Mass ceased to be celebrated on the 10th of August of that year, and the usages of the Helvetian churches gradually received legal establishment in the city. The writers of religious annals, apt to be content with names and forms, regard this exterior change as the critical date in Genevan history. But the real emancipation of the citizens of Geneva had been worked before, and was no less a civil than a religious revolution. The foundation of Genevan reform was not laid by the preaching of Farel, but in the long struggle of the gallant burghers against the encroachments of the Dukes of Savoy. If we wish to understand the elements of moral life which, in 1536, lay ready to the moulding hand of the great Reformer, we must look to another and earlier source than the rise of Lutheranism.

The city and territory of Geneva, like the ecclesiastical principalities of Germany, was, technically, a free town of the Empire; practically, was under the sovereignty of its own Prince-Bishop. The bishop delegated his temporal jurisdiction to a *vidomme* (vice-dominus), who was in the sixteenth century the Duke of Savoy. The dukes garrisoned the castle of the island within the walls, as well as two strong fortresses outside—one on the Rhone, the other on the Arve. But alongside of these seignorial rights the burghers enjoyed large municipal franchises, and governed themselves, not only regulating the police of the town and the markets, but imposing taxes, and electing the syndics, as the chief magistrates were styled. The population, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, is computed at twelve thousand.

* Prof. in Comm. in Psalmos.

The clergy, in an episcopal city, were naturally very strong. Including the thirty-two canons of the cathedral of St. Peter, there were at least three hundred ecclesiastics, regular and secular, officiating in the town.

The consolidation of the territories of the House of Savoy between the Jura and the Alps, began seriously to threaten the liberties of Geneva. And when, in 1504, Charles III. succeeded to the ducal coronet, a death struggle ensued between the burghers and the vidomme. It lasted twenty years, long enough to call out the spirit of heroic resistance in a good cause—the cause of liberty—to a superior force. For though the Dukes of Savoy could not dispose of any great force, they would have been far more than a match for the little republic, with its insignificant population. But in their distress the *eidguessen*, as the party of liberty were called (confederates), had the support of the now free cantons of Switzerland, and especially of their neighbours of Berne and Friburg. The final victory was achieved in 1526, the leaders of the monarchical party, the *mamelus* (meaning Mahometans), were banished, the vidommate abolished, and its jurisdiction transferred to a board of magistrates. Though the rescue came, at last, from foreign aid, the twenty years' conflict had been a school of patriotic virtue and manly sentiment. The impulse and energy of Swiss independence had been communicated to the Genevese. Their adoption of the Reformed faith was the consequence, not the cause, of their political emancipation. It is of the first importance to observe this, in order to appreciate the nature of Calvin's power. To understand that which he added, it is indispensable to have a clear conception of that which he found.

To read the usual ecclesiastical narrative of these transactions,* one must believe that, previous to the arrival of Calvin, the most frightful disorder reigned unchecked throughout the city. The anarchy is represented as complete, the licence of manners carried to debauchery. Having thrown off the authority of the clergy, and the irksome restraints of fasting, penance, and auricular confession, the people, we are told, gave themselves up to every kind of dissolute excess. The Catholic historians dwell on this picture because it sullies the Reformation; the Protestant biographers of Calvin repeat it because it exalts the merit of their hero in effecting the cure. "The transition," says Dyer, "was almost as abrupt and striking as if a man, after spending all Saturday night at an opera or masquerade, should, without any preparation, walk into a Friends' meeting on the Sabbath

* See in Dyer, "Life of Calvin," pp. 59—80; and in Gaberel, "Hist. de l'Eglise de Gen.," chap. viii.

morning." Those who believe in miraculous conversion will have no difficulty in extending their hypothesis to the case of a whole people, and may affirm that the Genevese were "converted" by the preaching of "the Gospel." But one might ask the more reasonable among these historians—those who believe that moral effects must have moral causes—How came the people of Geneva, then, to submit themselves to Calvin's discipline, to surrender themselves of their own free will to this solitary and unarmed invader?

The truth is that the representations of the anarchical and corrupt state of Geneva during the ten years which intervened between the abolition of the *vidommate* of the House of Savoy and the arrival of Calvin (1526-1536), are greatly overdrawn. We must remember that the details come to us mainly from ministers or lay-elders, in whose eyes dancing was a profane amusement, and cards a device of Satan; who inflicted fine and imprisonment for the offence of dressing a girl's hair in long ringlets. Their accusations of vice, profligacy, and dissoluteness must not be construed literally. To Hooker, who lived under the despotism of Elizabeth, the "popular," or democratic polity of Geneva seemed of itself rank licence. Nothing that is brought forward to prove the corruption of morals indicates that Geneva was worse than other towns of its size. Many of the practices complained of were usages of long standing, and derived from Catholic times. On the other hand, it may readily be admitted that in the first hours of recovered liberty some extravagances of behaviour and language are likely enough to have occurred. The creed of childhood is never parted with without *some* shock to the character. The police of the streets cannot be so severely enforced where the life and property of the free citizens are duly respected, as it may when they are at the disposal of an absolute prince. Add to this that the religious persecution just beginning in France was filling Geneva with refugees. Among the honourable exiles were found not a few fugitives from justice, persons of ruined character, who sought to pass their crimes under the disguise of political misfortunes, or worthless monks who had apostatized in order to fly with a mistress. Nor must we omit a small but insidious element of discord in the Catholics who still remained in the city, still cherishing the silent hope that their country would, before long, return to the bosom of the Church, and seeing in its discontents and intestine divisions the hopeful signs of such a termination.

* Such, in general, was the situation of affairs in Geneva when, in 1536, the young Frenchman, "*iste Gallus*," became one of its ministers. To an aspiring and far-sighted ambition it was just the theatre for a signal personal success. Provided that the

Dukes of Savoy were kept at a distance—and this the strength of the Republic of Berne seemed to guarantee—here was just the opening for a purely political career. The scale to be sure was small—a town of 12,000 souls, a territory of a few square miles. But where, at that day, was there any prospect of fame and fortune to the unaided adventurer except through servile dependence on the capricious favour of some king or noble? But Calvin thought neither of fame nor fortune. The narrowness of his views, and the disinterestedness of his soul, alike precluded him from regarding Geneva as a stage for the gratification of personal ambition. This abnegation of self was one great part of his success. Even at periods when his unpopularity was at its height, all parties recognised this disinterestedness, and secretly respected and feared a man who wanted nothing for himself. One idea possessed him, governed, impelled him. For so profound and consecutive a reasoner no man was ever less reflective. He had no self-consciousness. His theory was not a part of his mental furniture, as other men's theories are to them. It was the whole of his intellect. No question had to him two sides. There was but one right reason. All other modes of thought were depravity; not reason at all, but moral perversity. To resist God's Word is blasphemy, to be met not by argument, but by coercion. There must then be authority to compel obedience to God's Word, since all deviation from it is a criminal act, not a corrigible error of judgment. It was no offended self-love that rendered him so violent and implacable towards his adversaries, but impatience at the obstacles they opposed to the establishment of truth which was to him as clear as the day. Authority then, external force, is the one remedy he would employ. Neither art, nor eloquence, nor intrigue, nor soft words, nor gentle influences; such means never occurred to him. Here is the absolute truth, the revealed Word of God; those who will conform themselves to it—well; those who will not must be compelled into submission. Nor must individuals only be reduced to subjection; the civil power in the State must learn to bow to the spiritual authority. This was the astonishing enterprise which a solitary exile, without friends, money, or resources of any kind, undertook, and successfully achieved. It may be doubted if all history can furnish another instance of such a victory of moral force.

No sooner was Calvin associated with Farel in the ministerial office than the two colleagues applied themselves to frame ecclesiastical ordinances in this spirit. A doctrinal confession in twenty-one articles which they drew up first, met with some, but not very serious, opposition. But when they proceeded to call on the Council to put in force some regulations which were

already in existence, prohibiting games of chance and dancing, and in other ways curtailing freedom of action, a spirit of resistance began to manifest itself. Calvin would not yield an inch. The public registers present us with such entries as this :—

• "1537. Mai 20. • Une epouse étant sortie dimanche dernier avec les cheveux plus abattus qu'il ne se doit faire, ce qui est d'une mauvaise exemple, et contraire à ce qu'on leur évangélise, on fait mettre en prison la maîtresse, les dames qui l'ont menée, et celle qui l'a coiffée."

Another time, a man seized playing cards is exhibited in the pillory with the pack of cards round his neck. Another, who had set on foot a masquerade, is made to ask pardon on his knees before the congregation in St. Peter's Church. Every citizen was obliged to attend sermon twice on the Sunday under pain of fine, and to be at home by nine in the evening; and tavern-keepers were ordered to see that their customers observed these regulations. Every week produced some new ordinance more meddling and inquisitorial than the previous. The exasperation of the young men daily increased. The more liberal and independent minds began seriously to feel that a new tyranny was being established over them, at a time when they had hoped to begin to enjoy in peace the liberty they had conquered at so much cost. That two strangers, interlopers from France, should thus lord it over those who had hazarded their lives and fortunes to deliver their city from the Duke of Savoy was not to be borne. Many of these citizens, besides, were not in sympathy with Protestantism at all. They had forsaken Catholicism, it is true. But it was only because, in so doing, they felt that they disposed most effectually of the civil authority of their bishop. Their motives had been political rather than religious, and their devotion was rather to their country than to "the Gospel."

A party of opposition was thus gradually formed to resist the encroachments of the pastors, and of the spirit of control which animated them. This party united in itself the two extremes of the population—the best and the worst—the rabble and the most distinguished citizens who had led the van of the movement of emancipation. This party of *Libertins*, as they began to be called, occupied a conservative position. They claimed their right to enjoy in peace the liberties they had fought for against the innovations of the preachers. In November, 1537, there was a scene in the Council. The councillors of the Libertine party went so far as to draw their swords, and reminded the Council that by what they had gained their freedom, by the same they would keep it. "Le tout," says Roset, "sous ce prétexte de maintenir les franchises."

The more the young men chafed against the bit, and the high-

minded and liberal patriots struggled in the net which was closing on them, the greater was the satisfaction of the mass of respectable middle and lower-class citizens who supported the ministers. They had no difficulty themselves in submitting to any amount of restraints. The narrowest creed imposes no fetters on the understanding of such men. The grosser portions of sensual pleasure satisfy the demands of their taste, without the accessories of social sympathy. It was sweet to them to see the talented, the wealthy, the distinguished, struck down by the levelling hand of Calvin. His maxim was, "Eminent services to the State, so far from standing in mitigation of moral delinquency, aggravate it. If a citizen has shed his blood for his country, is he to ask in return the liberty to do what he likes?" A moral code levels distinctions in a way no other code can. Birth, and pride, and blood secure an upper class from the petty and mercenary temptations which would bring them within the grasp of criminal law. But let fornication and intrigue be made punishable offences, and whose turn is it then to stand at the bar?

A republic, however, such as Geneva became, is not built on so rotten a foundation as the mere spirit of envy of superiority. This base passion worked here, as elsewhere, doubtless. It worked negatively in balancing the pretensions of the more educated and superior class. But the positive strength of the party lay in the French refugees, and in the religious spirit which they brought with them. This peculiar temperament of religious stoicism, with the stress that it lays on the ethical virtues of temperance, fortitude, and self-control, is, under the name of Puritanism, too well known to English readers to need description. It is not so generally understood that, though it derives to this country directly from Geneva, and is popularly associated with the name of Calvin, it was not the home-growth of Geneva, nor was it originated by the Calvinistic discipline. This concentrated, severe type of character was brought to Geneva from France, where it had been generated by a reckless and cruel persecution. Virtue, strung to an intensity often almost savage, could scarcely have sprung into existence under the ordinary conditions of society, in which, if there is much sorrow, there is also some enjoyment. The peculiar ethical temper of Calvinism is precisely that of primitive Christianity—of the catacombs and the desert—and was created under the same stimulants.

Formidable from their intensified moral energy, the French emigrants were not inconsiderable in point of number. It was part of Calvin's policy to admit strangers to the freedom of the city unrestrictedly. Towards his later years we find (1558) as many as three hundred incorporated in a single day, of whom two

hundred were French, fifty English, twenty-five Italians, and five Spaniards. But even in 1536 they were numerous enough to excite the jealousy of the native patriots. And, organized as a State party by the master-spirit of Calvin, their influence was out of all proportion greater than their numbers. For a period of more than twelve months after Calvin's association into the pastorate, his power was slowly and surely mounting. But, as will always be the case, the encroachments of a party of innovation call into action the spirit of opposition. The friends of liberty had been surprised rather than routed. They had time in their turn to organize, and they were soon in a position to make an effectual stand. Matters were brought to a crisis, as usual, not on the merits of the new discipline, but on a point of ceremony.

The Republic of Berne, in consideration of the services it had rendered to that of Geneva, considered itself entitled from time to time to tender its advice on the internal affairs of its young ally. This interference had hitherto been always well received by the Government to which it was addressed, and had generally been adopted. But, following the example of the civil power, the pastors of Berne ventured to make suggestions, in a tone of admonition, to their brother ministers of Geneva. The Bernese church used stone fonts for baptism; retained four *fêtes* during the year, viz., Christmas, New-year's Day, the Annunciation, and the Ascension, and employed unleavened bread in the Lord's Supper. All these ceremonial observances Calvin had suppressed, not in the spirit of contradiction, but conducted to the conclusion by the strictest logic from the principles of the Reformation. The Bernese mistook their man if they thought Calvin would be docile to their theological suggestions. It was not that Calvin laid any stress on ceremonies, or shared the fanaticism of his ignorant sect, who thought the Catholic ceremonial pagan and profane. Narrow as was his theology in many respects, he was above such weakness. His remark on the English Prayer-book is well known, from the irritation it caused in the minds of some of the Anglican High Church prelates. "The Book of Common Prayer had in it," he said, "tolerabiles ineptias; some follies, which, however, might be easily allowed to pass." In this very year (1538), in the preface to a Catechism which he published at Basle, he wrote these words:—"We should rather endeavour a unity of doctrine and spirit among Christians than pettishly insist on establishing certain ceremonies. Little will be said of forms on the Day of Judgment." When, however, summoned to conform to the Bernese usages, he at once refused to compromise the independence of the Church of Geneva by accepting the authority of a

neighbour republic, however respected, however intimately allied to his own. The Libertine party instantly saw the opportunity afforded for turning opinion against the pastors. The Libertines had now the majority in the Council, and they espoused the side of the Bernese with affected zeal. They sent for the pastors, Calvin, Farel, and Courault, and ordered them to celebrate the Supper with unleavened wafers at the approaching Easter Communion. The ministers replied that they could not recognise the authority, but were willing to submit to the decision of the collective Helvetic Churches in the synod of Zurich, which was to be held after Easter. The Council was equally firm on its side. It prohibited any celebration on Easter Day except with the wafer. Easter Sunday arrived. The excitement of the people was at its height. Farel preached as usual at St. Gervaise, and Calvin at St. Peter's. Both addressed the people on the same topic—on the Communion—and concluded their sermons with declaring that they would not administer it in the present state of passion and division in which the city was. The next day the Council decreed the banishment of Calvin and Farel. On Tuesday the sentence was adopted in the Council General without discussion, and notice was served upon the two Reformers to leave the city within forty-eight hours. Nor was this a temporary outburst of popular dislike; for when the Bernese espoused their cause, and despatched a special embassy to persuade the people of Geneva to receive back their ministers, the proposal was rejected. And in a General Council, held on the 27th of May, the decree of banishment was confirmed almost unanimously.

In this unanimity of voices against him, we seem to see the disappearance of Calvin's authority as abrupt as its rise had been. Entering the city a friendless and penniless exile in August, 1536, he had found himself in the short space of a few months dictating restraints, and enforcing rigorous laws which the established authorities of the place, the Little Council and the Syndics, could not have dreamed of proposing. But he, like all suddenly successful men, strains his power till it breaks; opinion deserts him. Not satisfied with a vast moral influence, he will have despotic control. He disgusts every one, and the people tear down their own idol. This is in April, 1538. Wait but two years more, and we find the syndics and Council of Geneva "affectionately recommending" themselves to their "good brother and singular friend, Docteur Calvin," then in exile at Strasburg, imploring his return—

"Vous pryons très affectes vous volloir transporter par devers nous, et en vostre prestine place et ministere retourner. Et esperons en layde de Dieu que ce seray ung grand bien et fruyet a laugmentation de la se. Evangile. Voyeant que nostre peuple vous desire. Et ferons

avec vous de sorte que aurez occasion vous contenter.—A Geneve, 22 Octobre, 1540."

We cannot be surprised that the historians and biographers flounder helplessly among conjecture and hypothesis on the causes of these rapid fluctuations. Their most laboured surmises are little better, possibly are further from the truth, than the simple philosophy of the Pastor Bernard—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!"* or the more learned theory of Hooker, moralizing in a strain borrowed from the Latin classics over the levity of popular humour. In a free constitution, where the acts of the Government are determined by the opinion of the majority, such fluctuations of policy indicate the alternate prevalence of nearly-balanced parties. When in April, 1538, the party of the Libertines triumphed over Calvin and the Reformers, a discerning eye might have seen that the triumph, complete as it seemed for the moment, was destined to be short-lived. The Libertine party in Geneva, as against the Calvinists, laboured under the same disadvantage as the Protestant party in Europe at large did against the Catholics. They had no rallying principle, only a negative protest against constraint; powerful to overthrow, but perishing by suicide as soon as they have conquered. On the other hand, the Reforming party were strong in the possession of that exalted idea of moral duty and purity of life which was beginning to form itself among the French Protestants. Such a party may be extirpated by the sword; but where the free play of opinion is possible, it is no matter of doubt that it will prevail over the partisans of a mere abstract liberty.

On reviewing Calvin's letters written during exile, there can be little doubt that he foresaw his own restoration as certain. He had committed faults during his career as pastor of Geneva, and his imperious and peremptory manner had contributed to his unpopularity. But during his exile he showed a magnanimity truly noble. He maintained a correspondence with his friends and former flock in the city. But it was to urge them to respect their ministers *de facto*; to avoid all occasions of offence, and to submit in matters indifferent. When Sadolet, at the suggestion of the Pope, addressed his conciliatory epistle to the city of Geneva, and there was no one in Geneva competent to make a fitting reply, Calvin undertook it. He would not intrigue for a restoration; he would not speak of it, or propose it. He withdrew to Basle, and occupied himself with other things, with the second edition of "The Institutes," or the "Commentary on the Romans." While at Basle he received a "call" to the French

* Bernard to Calvin, Feb. 3, 1541.

Church at Strasburg. He was employed as deputy to the Diet at Worms, and again at Ratisbon. In all these various duties and employments his merit and services to the Reformed cause became every day more conspicuous. His position with respect to Geneva was altered. It was their turn, if they wanted him, to sue to him. When they did so, by the letter of the 22nd October, 1540, he delayed his consent, and put them off. But it was not in the spirit of a Coriolanus, or to enhance his own value. The hesitation proceeded from his having contracted engagements with his Strasburg congregation, which he did not feel at liberty to break off at once. On the 13th September, 1541, he re-entered Geneva, after an exile of three years and a half.

On the very day of his entry he waited on the Council, and gave in his demand for the establishment of a system of discipline, and a tribunal, or consistory, to enforce it. He was received with every mark of honour and affection, and was presented with a coat of broad-cloth (drap), a token of distinction, as private citizens wore serge. A committee was appointed to draw up an ecclesiastical constitution. A very few weeks sufficed for their task of legislation. It was but to draw, in the form of enactments, the principles explained in Calvin's "Institution."

The "*Ordonnances Ecclesiastiques de l'Eglise de Genève*"* well deserve the careful attention of the historian. We have in them not the mere arrangements of a single Swiss town, but the one form of church polity which best expresses the spirit of the Reformation. The religious instinct of the Reformed communions instantly sympathizing with the simplicity with which it went straight to its mark, diffused it over a large part of Europe. Calvin had provided a form of government for all the countries where the civil power had not already set up one. Wherever individual liberty was able to assert itself, the Calvinistic discipline instantly followed. It reformed Scotland, emancipated Holland, attained a brief but brilliant reign in England, and maintained a struggle of sixty years against the royal authority in France.

We must not, however, imagine that any mere form of polity could have power to work this renovation. The Genevan discipline armed the spirit of independence in Europe, but it did not call it forth. At its source, in Geneva itself, the discipline did not create freedom; it organized and affirmed it.

The distinction of Calvin as a Reformer is not to be sought in the doctrine which now bears his name, or in any doctrinal peculiarity. His great merit lies in his comparative neglect of dogma. He seized the idea of reformation as a real renovation

* They are in print. Geneva, 1577.

of human character. While the German Reformers were scholastically engaged in remodelling abstract metaphysical statements, Calvin had embraced the lofty idea of the Church of Christ as a society of regenerate men. The moral purification of humanity, as the original idea of Christianity, is the guiding idea of his system. The Communion of the Saints is held together by a moral, not by a metaphysical, still less by a sacramental bond. In casting about for the ultimate ground of this spiritual virtue which was the earthly condition of the renewed man, the logical mind of Calvin refused to rest in any intermediate causes. He swept away at once the sacramental machinery of material media of salvation which the middle-age Church had provided in such abundance, and which Luther frowned upon, but did not reject. He was not satisfied to go back only to the historical origin of Christianity, but would found human virtue on the eternal, antecedent will of God. If he left the Atonement, he seemed to deprive it of any original efficacy, or inherent virtue by referring it, too, back to an absolute decree, in conformity with which it was arranged.

Hence, too, the religious society is necessarily democratic. For all other inequalities among men sink into nothing in the presence of the levelling decree, which sets apart a select few out of the mass to be recipients of the divine favour. But as our eyes cannot distinguish the elect from the rest of the visible church, all must, in this world, be treated alike. The citizens of this spiritual republic must govern themselves. Doctors and pastors, indeed, there must be, but they are servants to the community, not lords over it. The function of the doctor is very slightly touched in the "Institution." It is only to teach, and reduces itself to a pure interpretation of Scripture. That of the pastors is more important, as to them belongs reproof, exhortation, admonition, advice. But in this ministration, they are but the exponents of the word or law of God, and have no power or authority of themselves, or as belonging to any privileged order. As their duty will often place them in collision with their flocks, their rights must be clear and well defined. The civil authority, though distinct from the spiritual, is bound to support it. The magistrate must enforce the penalties imposed by the ecclesiastical tribunal, preserve the exterior form of religion, and suppress by force crimes against public religion, as idolatry and blasphemy.

These general principles of government, as expounded in the "Institutions," were embodied in the arrangements, now carried out by Calvin in Geneva. The details are these:—

The five pastors of the city parishes, the pastors of the rural districts, and the teachers of theology (when any), were embodied under the style of "The Venerable Company." This board of

ministers superintended the theological students, selected the ministers for ordination, subject to the approbation of the flock, and had the ordinary administration of the Church. When a minister's place was vacant, the candidates were first examined in the interpretation of Scripture. The examination was conducted by the Company of Pastors, but in the presence of (lay) delegates deputed by the Council of State. After the examination the councillors withdrew, and the election was made by the Venerable Company, and determined by the majority of voices. Their choice was first submitted to the Council for its approbation, and on the following Sunday announced to the people from the pulpits. The members of the congregation were requested to transmit in writing to the Syndics any objections they had to make against the minister-elect. Eight days were allowed for this purpose. If no objections were brought, the candidate was ordained. This was the pastoral organization.

More important was the disciplinal organization. This, the working element of the whole system, was not entrusted to the pastors, but to a body called the Consistory. In this board the five pastors of the city parishes were united with twelve elders (*anciens*) elected out of the members of the Councils, by the Councils and the Company united. It was a main point with Calvin, that the lay element in this body should outnumber the ecclesiastical. For the control given to this Consistory over the morals and deportment of the citizens was so searching and domestic, that to be at all tolerable, it was necessary it should be lodged in the hands of the congregation itself; exercised by the people themselves upon themselves. To the Consistory belonged an absolute and irresponsible authority of censure, enforced by the power of excommunication, which the civil arm was obliged to give effect to. From his cradle to his grave, the Genevese citizen was pursued by this inquisitorial eye. Those parts of life which are most private and withdrawn, were here exposed to public view, and made an affair of public concernment and welfare. It must suffice to cite a few of these regulations as a specimen of the rest:—

Dress—"Est defendu à tous citoyens . . . tout usage d'or ou d'argent en porfillures, broderies, passemens, couetilles, filets, ou autres tels enrichissemens d'habits, en quelque sorte et manière que ce soit.

"Sont defendues toutes chaînes, bracelets, carquans, fers, boutons, pendans d'or sur habits, cordons d'or ou d'argent, et ceintures d'or, et en general tout usage d'or et de pierrerie, soyent pierres, perles, grenats ou autres, sur habits, en ceintures, colliers ni autrement.

. . . "Est defendu aux hommes de porter de longs cheveux, avec passe fillons, et bagues aux oreilles.

"Est defendu aux femmes et filles tout frisure, relevement et

entortillement des cheveux, et de porter aucuns grenats ou pierreries, en leur coiffures et cornettes. Toutes façons superflues et excessives de pointet coupé ou autre ouvrage ou pointes excessives, soit en valeur ou grandeur, sur les collets et rabats.

Toutes fraises excessives et fraises en pointet coupé, tant aux hommes qu'au femmes, et tous rabats doubles excessifs.

"Que nulles filles de qualité que elles soyent, n'ayent à porter aucuns anneaux avant qu'estre fiancées, a'l peine de 60 sols, et confiscation des dites bagues.

Entertainments.—"Item, que nul faisant nopces, banquets ou festins, n'ait à faire au service d'iceux plus haut d'une venue ou mise de chairs ou de poisson, et de cinq plats au plus, honnestes et raisonnables. en ce non comprises les mesmes entrées, et huict plats de tout dessert et qu'au dit dessert y'nait pastisserie, ou piece de four, sinon une tourte seulement, et cela en chacune table de 10 personnes.

"Sont défendues aus dites nopces ou banquets toutes sortes de confitures seches, excepté la drogée le tout à ferise de 60 sols.

"Est défendu à toutes personnes de provoquer autrui à boire, ni l'accepter, en aucuns festins, ou autres répas.

Wedding presents.—"Est défendu aux espoux et espouses de faire aucuns dons et presens a autres qu'a eux, ni mesme aux servants et filles, et que ceux qui se feront mutuellement soyent en toute médiocrité.

"Est défendu de donner aus dites fiançailles, nopces, ou baptisailles, des bouquets liés d'or ou canettes, ou garnis de grénats, perles, et autres pierreries."

Many legislators have enacted sumptuary laws. What is surprising is, not that Calvin should have proposed this code, but that it should have been accepted by, and acceptable to, the people, and should have been acted upon without difficulty. The regulations, some two hundred articles in all, were published, and for some weeks the people had the opportunity of considering them, and talking them over in their family circles. On November 20th, a solemn Council-General was convoked in St. Peter's Church. Each article was read and put to the vote separately. Before they quitted the church, a whole people, between two and three thousand free and independent citizens, had voluntarily engaged to observe the whole circle of moral duties in this rigorous form; to attend divine service regularly, to bring up their children "in the fear of the Lord," to renounce not only sensual indulgences, but nearly every form of amusement, to adopt the severest simplicity in their dress, the strictest frugality and order in their abodes.

Nor were these vain promises. The Ordinances were not only accepted, they were carried out in the letter and the spirit. Pastor Gaborel gives us some curious instances. They are extracted from the Registers of the Council, and those of the Consistory, from 1545 to 1557.

"A man, who swore by the 'body and blood of Christ,' was condemned to sit in the public square in the stocks, and to be fined.

"Another, hearing an ass bray, and saying jestingly, 'Il chante un beau psaume,' was sentenced to temporary banishment from the city.

"A man was sentenced to the 'amende honorable,' for saying in church, at the moment of the benediction of the Communion, 'Taisez vos, y est prou prié.'

"A young man, presenting his bride with an accompt-book, said, 'Tenez, madame. voici votre meilleur psaume.' Another, a working-man, for saying in a wine-shop, 'S'il y a un Dieu. q'il me paie mon écot,' both had to undergo some penalty. A young girl, in church, singing the words of a song to the tune of the psalm, was ordered to be whipt by her parents.

"Drunkenness and debauchery were visited with more severe penalties; adultery, more than once with death. Prostitutes who ventured back to Geneva, were mercilessly thrown into the Rhone. Cards were altogether prohibited. Rope-dancers and conjurers were forbidden to exhibit. Usury was restricted, no higher rate of interest being allowed than 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.

"In 1544, the Consistory, laying a complaint before the Council against the Sr. Roseti, that he 'had given the Sr. Morel the lie, and had said that he was as good a man as he was, et est soupçonné de paillardise,'—the delinquent, or *suspect*, was sent to prison.

"1553, on complaint by the Consistory, that 'last Sunday, at a christening of a child of T——, there had been singing and dancing, which is against God and the ordinances,' ordered, that this be not again allowed.

"The romance of 'Amadis' having found its way into the book-shops, the Council forbid the reading, and order the copies to be destroyed."

The rigour which the ministers, through the Consistory, exercised over their flocks, they did not spare each other. On certain days the pastors met for mutual censorship, when they were bound to produce, without reserve, whatever they knew or believed to be faulty in each other's deportment. To take an instance, after Calvin's death:—

"A M. Druson, minister of one of the country parishes, is complained of on more than one account. His sermons are not understood; he does not visit his flock. Further, it was alleged that, having engaged himself in marriage to a young person, he broke it off just before the contract was to be signed, on the plea that her portion was insufficient. The scandal was judged heinous: M. Druson was deposed from his functions, and forbidden to approach the Communion."

It would be easy to multiply these instances. The Register of the Consistory is said* to contain the record of four hundred and fourteen cases in the two years 1558 and 1559 alone. But it is

not the aim of these pages to attract ridicule to the subject of them ; or to discuss the labours of the most earnest of men, in that style of ghastly buffoonery which is becoming more and more the tone of the periodical press in this country. The thoughtful reader will read these minutiae neither with scorn nor pity. He will recognise in them, in the first place, the character of fact ; a disclosure, in undress, of human character and actions which the lofty philosophic generalities of history have too much the power to control or disguise. In the second place, if we are disposed to think that the historical picture is "frittered ;" that the grand and masculine figure of Calvin is degraded by the miserable details of the petty strife, we shall remember that principles are nothing except in their applications. The story of Genevan reform may instruct us how the insignificant squabbles of a municipal council may be ennobled into one of the most important chapters of the history of civilization. The educated man of our day is paralysed by this fastidious intellectualism, which disdains the littlenesses of ordinary life. Hence, superior mental endowments are retiring more and more from the field of action. In spite of the advances of education, of which we hear so much, society and affairs are more than ever in the hands of the "practical" man, of the vigorous will, but uninstructed intellect. Refined knowledge is entrenching itself in literature ; but literature is becoming less and less powerful in its action on society, as the element of will becomes more palpably deficient in it.

The movement of the Reformation, as being so largely an intellectual one, incurred the same danger as that which thus threatens our modern civilizing progress. The scientific spirit, which reached its height in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, saw the rise of the Reformation with anything but a favourable eye. Erasmus complains heavily of the damage Luther is doing to letters. Bembo is all astonishment at the piety of Melancthon. The men of the Renaissance turned with disgust from the men of the Reform. Their taste was offended by the barbarous violence ; their critical impartiality, by the headstrong one-sidedness of the new movement. But more than this. Their culture, by enervating their character, had placed them in antipathy to the moral earnestness of the German Reformers. By touching the deeper sources of moral life, however, Luther was able to do what Erasmus could not have done. The intellectual movement of Humanism was swept into the mightier movement of the Reformation. But the Reformation itself very soon began to betray an interior weakness of the same kind with that which had neutralized the effort of the Humanists. In the earlier days of Luther, while Protestant effort was directed to realize the conditions of human redemption and moral recovery,

the movement expanded with an elastic force which carried all before it. The moral revolt against the mechanical salvation by church and sacraments, further strengthened itself by allying, or absorbing, the intellectual revolt against the Church as teacher, which we may designate as the Renaissance. But a moral effort soon gave place to controversy on dogma. From enforcing justification by faith, the Reformers soon began to think the mode of stating the doctrine the all-important point. The intellectual was no longer for the sake of the moral. The Reformation impulse was fast dying out in dispute on symbol and dogma, as little sanctifying in the production of character, as the scholastic pedantry of Roman theology. The effort of the Protestant teachers was beginning to be directed to the propagation of theological opinions. The old idea of orthodoxy remained unshaken, only that the particular opinions qualified as orthodox were slightly varied.

The Protestant movement was saved from being sunk in the quicksands of doctrinal dispute, chiefly by the new moral direction given to it in Geneva. The religious instinct of Calvin discerned the crying need of human nature to be a social discipline, rather than a metaphysical correctness. The scheme of polity which he contrived, however mixed with the erroneous notions of his day, enforced at least the two cardinal laws of human society; viz., self-control as the foundation of virtue; self-sacrifice as the condition of the common weal. His legislation did not create, but it concentrated and directed, this moral force. We are tempted to laugh at the record of the day by day enforcement of his code. Let us remember the axioms of the schools that, "All actions are in singulars," and that only in single instances is the practice of rules possible. Had Calvin, like Plato, left only a paper-sketch of a republic, in glowing language and magnificent imagery, how much more would he have been admired by the world! He did how much more than describe a virtuous society—he created one! Calvin's ideal is, doubtless, vastly inferior to that of Plato, but it is under the disadvantage of having been worked in practice. With what surprising effect it worked, the whole history of Protestant Europe is witness. It was a rude attempt, indeed, but then it was the first which modern times had seen, to combine individual and equal freedom with strict self-imposed law; to found society on the common endeavour after moral perfection. The Christianity of the middle ages had preached the base and demoralizing surrender of the individual; the surrender of his understanding to the church; of his conscience to the priest; of his will to the prince. Protestantism, as an insurrection against this subjugation, laboured under the same weakness as all other revolutions. It threw off a yoke and

got rid of an exterior control, but it was destitute of any basis of interior life. True freedom can only be founded on a strong sense of personality; the conscious possession of a moral force, from which the outward actions flow. Mere emancipation from the tutelage of a church or a government will not convey this basis of self-reliance. The will is not free, merely because it is relieved from outward restraint. But this is all that any revolution does; to destroy impediments to free agency, not to regenerate the forces of action.

The polity of Calvin was a vigorous effort to supply that which the revolutionary movement wanted,—a positive education of the individual soul. Crushed under the weight of a spiritual aristocracy on the one side, and ground down by the huge machine of administrative monarchy on the other, all personal freedom, all moral attributes, had nearly disappeared among the people on whom this superincumbent mass pressed. To raise up the enfeebled will, to stir the individual conscience, to incite the soul not only to reclaim its rights, but to feel its obligations; to substitute free obedience for passive submission,—this was the lofty aim of the simple, not to say barbarous, legislation of Calvin. The inquisitorial rigours of the Consistory encouraged, instead of humbling, independence. Government at Geneva was not police, but education; self-government mutually enforced by equals on each other. The power thus generated was too expansive to be confined to Geneva. It went forth into all countries. From every part of Protestant Europe, eager hearts flocked hither to catch something of the inspiration. The Reformed Communion, which doctrinal discussion was fast splitting up into ever-multiplying sects, began to feel in this moral sympathy a new centre of union. This, and this alone, enabled the Reformation to make head against the terrible repressive forces brought to bear by Spain,—the Inquisition and the Jesuits. Sparta against Persia was not such odds as Geneva against Spain. Calvinism saved Europe. The rugged and grotesque discipline of Calvin raised up, from St. Andrew's to Geneva, that little band, not very polished, not very refined, but freemen!

“That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

Such is the admirable force upon the human conscience of the simple virtues of sincerity and self-denial. Where they are exhibited in a distinct and recognisable form, they never fail to conquer, and to spread themselves. Henceforward Calvinism tended to take up into itself all the moral worth existing anywhere in

Protestantism. As the Humanistic movement had been absorbed into the Protestant, so the first, or Lutheran, reform was gradually overborne by the Calvinistic, save where State interests interfered to prevent it. Such is the law of all great movements. The truly great exert a magical influence. Character is more powerful than intellect. The lesser stream empties itself into the greater. Lutheranism was incapable of propagating itself. Calvinism reappeared again and again, with no less vitality than at first. It animated the Cameronians of Cleland, no less than the Independents of Cromwell or the defenders of La Rochelle.

It is necessary to dwell on the services rendered by Calvin to human liberty, for his sins against it were of the deepest dye. These may be brought under two heads:—1. His political intolerance shows itself in the suppression of the Libertine party in 1555. 2. His theological intolerance, as shown by the cruel execution of Servetus and of Gruet, and his conduct to Bolzee, Castaillon, Gentilis, &c.

1. For the overthrow of the *Libertins* in 1555, Calvin will be acquitted by history. The necessities of his position may be held to excuse him. It was a struggle *à l'outrance* for power in Geneva. Not, on Calvin's part, for selfish power, but for the maintenance of that system which was unmistakeably working for the best interests of the city, and which was, besides, acceptable to the majority of the inhabitants.

The Libertine party, who had triumphed in the expulsion of Calvin and Farel in 1538, and had again succumbed to the restoration of the former in 1541, slowly and steadily regained their lost ground. The severity and painfulness of the discipline galled the weak brethren and the "outsiders." Though Calvin never lost the steady support of the thorough-going men, a formidable amount of unpopularity gradually accumulated against him. The young men of the *Liberal* party gave the tone. It was eagerly adopted. Calvin was not safe from insult in the street; they hissed him as he passed along. The children were encouraged to make faces at him. They turned his name into Cain. The opposition succeeded in penetrating into the Council; and at the elections of 1549, Amied Perrin, the leader of the Liberals, was chosen First Syndic.

Amied Perrin, captain-general of the republic, had married into the family of Favre, one of the leaders in the liberation of Geneva. Old François Favre, the father-in-law, retained all the fiery spirit of the *Eidgnoss*. His son-in-law, Amied, equally chivalrous and patriotic, had much less sense and ballast. A man of fine commanding figure, who dressed with elegance, wore his sword well, and conversed with the skill of a French courtier, but vainglorious, full of himself, unable to control

his loquacious vanity at table, or in the council, he was particularly exposed to the sarcasms of the grave and censorious citizens of the new stamp. The hatred that grew up between this man and the Reformer was one of those intense, immortal hates which a character like Calvin's is alone capable of provoking and sustaining. On Calvin's side it was only slightly relieved by the contempt which he felt for the "Stage Cæsar," as he called Amied. But in describing his wife Françoise, and his father-in-law Favre, Calvin has withheld none of the colours of religious malignity. With this family his struggle was long; it ran through several years, with alternating success. Perrin was no match for Calvin face to face before the Council. But he was sustained by his party, and by the secret inclinations of the people, who, while they lamented his principles, conceded some latitude of speech and conduct to the gallant soldier. Once Calvin succeeded in getting him dismissed from his employments, expelled from the Council, and imprisoned. But he soon recovered his liberty, his office, and the public favour. More than once, during the struggle, the Liberal party seemed on the point of triumphing, and Calvin was expecting a second exile. Thus, he has been compared* to one of those middle-age Popes who, while Europe trembled at their frown, were themselves ever on the point of being driven out of their own capital. Sometimes the parties broke out into open violence. But to the credit of the republic it may be observed that wherever Calvin appeared on the scene, a certain degree of respect and forbearance was shown him.

The sort of feeling with which he was regarded may be gathered from one of these incidents. Viret happened to be on a visit in Geneva. A personal enemy of Calvin succeeded in getting into his hands, through Viret's servant, some of Calvin's letters; Viret, who was minister at Lausanne, being one of the persons with whom Calvin maintained a confidential correspondence. In one of these letters Calvin had said, in his usual style, severe things of the Genevèse. One passage was—"The people here assume the name of Christ, but they desire to live without him. I have to wage an incessant war with this hypocrisy." This letter was handed about in the town, where it excited the greatest indignation, and finally was made a charge against Calvin before the Council. He had added in the same letter, "I expect little of the syndics of this year." On this the accusation of "defaming the Government" was founded. Calvin's answer was obvious. "A confidential letter to a friend was not a published opinion at all. Besides, the expressions referred to

* Lerménier, "*Revue d. d. Mondes*," 1842.

events now three years old; and he was ready to uphold their truth." After Calvin had been heard, and had withdrawn, Farel, who happened to be present, said—"Troth, sirs, but ye ought to handle more tenderly with a man such as is Calvin, a man who hath not his equal in knowledge or in repute throughout all the churches. His censures be something rough, but ye should not be so delicate. He hath not spared Luther or Melancthon, and they have borne it meekly. Nor is it meet that magistrates should be thus occupying themselves with the scandal of the taverns." The Council felt the justice of these remarks, and the matter was let drop.

At length in 1555 the crisis came. The *dénouement* was simple enough, and the victory was complete. The leaders of the Liberal party were either exiled or beheaded, their property confiscated, and to propose their recall was made a capital offence. But what exactly the nature of the treason in which they were implicated, whether it was political or ecclesiastical, whether it was plot, riot, or armed insurrection, we try in vain to make out from the confused and contradictory statements of the historians and biographers. The defeat of the Libertines is almost as great a historical enigma as the conspiracy of Catiline. It is not that there is a lack of original evidence. But this is so overlaid by the partisan statements of controversial or apologetic biographers, that it will require the careful and tedious process of a thoroughly critical sifting before any notion can be formed of the real character of these transactions. No life has been more written and re-written than that of Calvin. None stands in greater need of a really critical biographer. The letters of Calvin, which have as yet been only very partially published, are in process of collection by M. Bonnet. The "Société d'Histoire et d'Archéologie" of Geneva, in publishing some of the remains of Bonivard, and the "Société de l'Histoire Protestante" of France, have done useful service in preparing original material. But what is above all wanted is the publication, in their integrity, of the Registers of the Councils and the Consistory. Without these before him, the writer of history can only be misled by the partial and garbled extracts which are scattered up and down the various books which treat this period of the annals of Geneva. The most complete selection which has as yet been printed comprehends no more than the five years from 1532 to 1536. This, which is annexed to M. Gustave Revilliod's edition of "Froment," is only an extract, and omits those extracts which had previously been printed by Baron Gréus; an omission which detracts considerably from the utility, as well as the authenticity of the volume. M. Revilliod promises a continuation of his labours. It were much to be wished that, in that part which covers the early history of

Calvinism, the most faithful reproduction of the original documents should be made the rule of editing.

In the case of the Libertines, the accusation against Calvin is, that the men who had founded the liberties of their country were put to death, exiled, ruined to make way for the establishment of his own authority. This charge is only partially met by M. Gaberel's list of names.* He shows by a tabular comparison of the *Eidynoss* of 1519—1530 with the *Libertins* of 1555, that only five of the latter are included among the former. This is true. But, though the older liberators had been removed by death in the interval, it is undeniable that the Libertines of 1555 were the true political representatives of the patriots of 1530. In many cases they were their sons, nephews, or otherwise related. But what if they were, if they refused to submit to the institutions established by the free choice of the free community? Calvin argued that previous merit only enhanced the guilt of lawlessness. He would not have admitted the plea of Tancred for Rinaldo—

“Ti sovvegna
Saggio Signor, chi sia Rinaldo, e quale;
Non del chi regna
Nel castigo con tutti esser uguale.”

Neither, again, must we be misled by the historians who blacken the moral character of the Libertines, and adopt, in their ordinary sense, the epithets “vicious, dissolute, debauched,” which the Calvinists applied to their opponents. The Libertines wished to live as other people live, not more. What they opposed was, judicial cognizance of offences against morals, which were not also offences against society. The name which the Calvinists succeeded in imposing on their adversaries has prejudged their case. The term “Libertin” was transferred to the Liberal party in Geneva, the remnant of the old Liberators, from an Anabaptist sect which had arisen in the Low Countries. The antinomian doctrines of Quentin and Cop, the Spiritual Libertines, were never adopted by the Genevese patriots, who were neither theologians nor metaphysicians. They were no systematic defenders of sensuality; but claimed, as Michel Roset reports their own words—“vivre en liberté, et ne vouloir être contraints au dire des prêcheurs.” They did not theoretically deny the obligation of morality; but they thought it too much to be obliged to swear that they would keep the Ten Commandments.

The historian must never consider himself the apologist of his characters, or think that his business is to obtain a verdict. But if the view we have taken of Calvin's enterprise be at all correct,

* Gaberel, i. 303.

we see that the success of that enterprise involved the fall of the Libertines. To submit or to withdraw from the city was the only alternative that could be offered them. Neither had Calvin any choice. Either he must destroy them, or they would destroy —not himself, but his work, which he believed to be the work of God. His fight with the Libertines was not persecution of opinion, or an attempt to bring dissidents into the Church by force. The Libertines never alleged that their consciences were violated, but only that they did not like the constraint. If they were compelled, it is only as any recalcitrant minority is compelled, in every free State, by the majority. Such a minority can only claim our sympathy for their resistance, either when they suffer for conscience' sake, or for some noble cause. In this case no ground of conscience was or could be alleged. The Libertines had reasons and a good cause, but their opponents had better.

There is, indeed, a seeming paradox in the situation, when the Liberal party appear as the enemies of freedom. But this is not the solitary instance in history of the same phenomenon. It may easily happen that Liberalism may be found on one side and Liberty on the other. For Liberalism is only the irreflective desire to be quit of constraint; the natural instinct of the freeman, but nothing more. It is not till that instinct has been deepened into consciousness, till the impulse has been educated into spontaneity, that the liberty of a truly free will begins to be exercised. The roving savage and the citizens of a Republic are both free, but in a different sort. Any anarchy has in it more opportunity for manly virtue, than the strait-waistcoat of "order" imposed by the political keeper. But true liberty is only realized through self-control, when "the weight of chance desires" has been felt, and been shaken off by an effort of the will. The modern State, a mere engine of police and property, is wholly incapable of conferring freedom on the individual. It only attains its end by encroaching on the individual. To this policed society the old social contract theory strictly applied, when it represented each as sacrificing some of his own liberty for the benefit of all. Law is conceived as so much surrender of right, and justice as "the good of others." "*In pessimâ Republicâ plurimæ leges.*" But in the pure State, which is founded on virtue, or "the law of Christ," restraint is not imposed from without, but issues from within. The state of salvation within which the elect is placed, is the "kingdom of Heaven," in which he has no superior but God, and is himself the only aristocrat. Holiness, or strictness of life, becomes his point of honour. The inward "assurance" of his election elevates the "saint" above the difficulties of virtue. Morality is to him not a law which he is

under the disagreeable necessity of obeying, but the only sphere in which he can exhibit the energies of his spiritual character. The will is the man. "Il peut tout en étant soi ; il ne peut rien sans l'être. De la vérité et l'originalité de l'âme procède la puissance."*

•2. The political intolerance of Calvin was his strength ; and the tyranny of the discipline became the cradle of liberty. It was very different with his intolerance of opinion. We must side with Calvin as against the Libertines. Every philosophic mind will say with Gibbon—"I am more scandalized by the burning of Servetus than by the whole hecatombs of human beings immolated in the *auto da fés* of Spain and Portugal." But it has been our intention in this paper to consider Calvin in his political action only. His doctrinal and philosophical views form a separate subject. Suffice it to say that though Calvinism was an advance on the earlier Protestantism, in endowing it with the idea of the Church, as the society of the Believers, it did not make a step beyond it in the direction of emancipating Reason. Calvinism conferred on the human will its true freedom of action through restraint. His own powerful will impelled him to modify the ethics of Protestantism. But intensity of will is ever in an inverse ratio to breadth of intelligence. Calvin had a passionate desire to live as a free man under the law of God. He felt no corresponding necessity for intellectual emancipation. His mind had not compassed the idea of truths of reason. He knew only traditional dogma. And, to save the good character of Protestantism, it was desirable that the world should understand that religious Protestants repudiated all idea of touching the dogma as much as the Catholics themselves. The punishment of Servetus was a stroke of policy. Calvin gained in character with his contemporaries by it. He had justified his faith by his acts, and not left the Church of Rome the sole glory of taking vengeance on the enemies of Christ. All the Protestants approved ; Melancthon emphatically so. Calvin never repented it. Greatly as the Calvinistic Churches have served the cause of political liberty, they have contributed nothing to the progress of knowledge.

* Sayous, "Etudes sur les Ecrivains Français."

ART. II.—THE LAST DAYS OF CHURCH-RATES.

1. *Braintree Church-rate Case. Report of the Proceedings on the occasion of the Presentation of a Testimonial to Samuel Courtauld, Esq., at Braintree, on September 25th, 1855.*
2. *Evidence on the subject of Church-rates, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, by John Hodgkin, on the 27th of Sixth Month, 1851. Reprinted from the First Report of that Committee.*
3. *A Practical Guide to the Duties of Churchwardens in the Execution of their Office; with lists of Cases, Statutes, Canons, &c. By Charles Greville Prideaux, M.A., Barrister-at-law. Seventh edition. 1855.*
4. *A Treatise on the Powers and Duties of Parish Vestries in Ecclesiastical Matters; being a Vestryman's Guide. By Alfred Wills, Esq., Barrister-at-law. 1855.*
5. *Letter to Lord Stanley on the Law of Church-rates, by Sir John (now Lord Chief Justice) Campbell. 1837.*
6. *Practical Directions to the Opponents of Church-rates. Part I. Third edition.*
7. *Illegal Church-rates; being Practical Directions to prevent their collection. 1857.*
8. *Objects and Operations of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control. Offices, 2, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet-street.*
9. *The Liberator. A journal issued by the Society, &c. Established 1855.*
10. *Debate in the House of Commons, on Wednesday, April 21st, on Sir John Trevelyan's Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates.*
11. *Address of William Allen to the Parishioners of Lindfield, in condemnation of Church-rates. 1839.*
12. *Census of Great Britain, 1851; Religious Worship; Report and Tables.*

“**T**O church-bot must all men lawfully give assistance.” So said the laws of Canute, as published by the Record Commissioners: and this is supposed to be the earliest reference to church-rates in our history. The common jokes about “church-shot,” played off in regard to the same impost, are not applicable, as would be seen at once if the entire sentence from Canute’s memorable letter were given. Among the “debts to the church”

which he desires to have paid up before his return from Rome, are "the Peter-pence due by each house in all towns and villages, the tithes of fruit in the middle of August, and the kirk-shot (cyric-sceat, or church-sceot) at the feast of St. Martin to the parish church." This last was simply the first-fruits of corn seed, paid on the 11th of November; and the popular jests about ecclesiastical ammunition will not therefore bear examination.

How comes this law of Canute to be the first reference to such an impost as church-rates, when there had been churches in England for four centuries? Because the repair of the churches had been otherwise provided for. When Augustine was in Britain, Pope Gregory desired him to appropriate a part of the voluntary contributions of his followers to this object. The contributions were to be divided into three portions: one of which was for the poor, another for the clergy, and the third for "kirk-bot," or the maintenance of the churches;—a distribution which was perpetuated in the institution of tithes. In the words of Archbishop Adfric's canon on this matter—"The holy fathers have also appointed that men should give their tithes to the church of God, and the priests should come and divide them into three parts: one for the repair of the church, and the second for the poor; but the third for the ministers of God, who bear the care of that church." This was promulgated in A.D. 970, and confirmed in Witenagemot in A.D. 1014. But, on the one hand, various fines for offences were applied to the repairs of churches; and, on the other, the bishops were required to keep up the edifices at their own cost, if not otherwise.

It is a curious question how and when the clergy managed to rid the tithes of two out of the three obligations they were destined to fulfil, so as to appropriate the whole to themselves. In regard to the church-repair, even Lord Campbell's learning can furnish nothing better than conjecture. He says—"Probably the burden was very gradually shifted to the parishioners, and their contributions to the expense were purely voluntary. The custom growing, it was treated as an obligation, and enforced by ecclesiastical censures." The common law for some time protected recusants; but the bishops prevailed with Edward I. to admonish the judges, and then to stamp on his ordinance the character of law. And Lord Campbell says—"From the year 1285, therefore, the bishops were authorized to compel the parishioners by ecclesiastical censures to repair and to provide ornaments for the church."*

In the reign of Henry VII., however, high authorities asserted, apparently without opposition, the obligation of the clergy to

* "Letter to Lord Stanley on the Law of Church-rates." By Sir John Campbell. 1837.

devote one-third of their incomes to the poor, and another "for the repairing and building of their churches and mansions." So wrote Dudley, a privy-counsellor of Henry VII. And in the same century the great ecclesiastical lawyer, Lindwood, ultimately Bishop of St. David's, declared that by the common law the burden of repairing the church is on the rector, and not on the laity, adding—"But certainly by custom even the lay parishioners are compelled to this sort of repair, so that the lay people is compelled to observe this laudable custom." It was the nave that was in question throughout, the care of the chancel being, from first to last, imposed on the owner of the tithes.

Thus far the law and custom related to a condition of society in which there was only one religion. Whatever the fact might be, the profession was of a homogeneous church, to which every person belonged, by which every individual was benefited, and to which, therefore, every individual was indebted. To refuse payment of any dues sanctioned by custom first, and then by law, was treated as irreligion when there was no other communion for any man to belong to, and as dishonesty when every individual received benefits from the church which were indispensable, and could be had from no other source. In those days social life was impossible outside of the influence of the church. The sacraments were necessary conditions of every man's welfare. There were no Scriptures for popular reading; there was no notion of prayer otherwise than through the priests; nor could any one choose who should marry him, or baptize his child, or bury his wife, or certify on his behalf, on all the occasions of his life and business. He belonged to a parish where there was one church, with its priest: and he must be in connexion with them, or be an outcast altogether. Under such circumstances, it might fairly be regarded as an offence to refuse to contribute to the maintenance of the establishment in such ways as were ordained by law. As Lord Coke puts it, after stating the privileges of every parishioner—"In respect of which inestimable benefits, he is chargeable to repair his proper church in which he receiveth them, but shall not be forced to the reparation of any other church in another parish in which he doth not inhabit." It had not yet occurred to the ecclesiastical mind to issue laws enforcing the attendance of all parishioners at the church, and their receiving the communion; because the offence of absenting themselves had not arisen, except as an individual delinquency. Any such delinquent must indeed have been an odd sort of person to refuse a claim so reasonable at such a risk. The risk was excommunication for the individual; and when divisions spread so as to include any considerable number, an interdict on the parish, or a

portion of it. The peccant individual was treated as an outcast from society, and the parish under interdict as an outcast from the Church. The individual was not only excluded from the church and its services, so as even to be deprived of the absolution of the dying and the burial of the dead, but could find no one to sit at table with him, or to serve him, or transact business with him, or let him a house or a field: and he could not sue or be sued, or be a witness in any cause, or act as a jurymen. The bravest man must have felt his heart sink when the first monition was served upon him, warning him of his doom; and it is inconceivable that any one could hold out through the three requisite monitions, and the prospect of such penalties, for the sake of a small contribution to his parish church, at a period when no competing faith involved conscience in the question of payment. When we find any John Keyser or Hillary Warner braving such a lot, we may infer that the homogeneous character of the national religion was departing as confidently as when we meet the term "conventicle" in the statutes. Keyser, excommunicated for eight months, declared that he did not fear the visitation—that he was not excommunicated before God, whatever the archbishop might say; "for that he, the last harvest, standing so excommunicate, had as great plenty of wheat and other grain as his neighbours, saying to them in scorn (as was urged against him) that a man excommunicate should not have such plenty of wheat." He was imprisoned in Maidstone gaol, duly attended to by means of a writ of *habeas corpus*, made the subject of a special consultation between the judges and divines, and delivered as "not to be suspect of heresy." This happened in the fifth year of Edward IV. Hillary Warner, in Henry VII.'s time, escaped, as not a heretic, though in error, in holding the opinion that he was not bound to contribute to the support of any clergy but those of the church which he attended. These men were Lollards. The notion of conventicles was fairly introduced; opinions were classed under the heads of errors and of heresy, with careful discrimination; and the way was opened for scruples about paying for the support of such religious observances as were believed to be wrong and pernicious; in other words, for the refusal of church-rates.

When Wycliffe's doctrines had so spread as to involve whole parishes, or any considerable portion of any one, the method of punishment by interdict came into use. The people under the cloud of ecclesiastical displeasure were at first naturally apt to be aghast;—no service-bell, no passing-bell when their nearest and dearest died;—those nearest and dearest thrown into a pit without burial-rites, in a heap with any others who might die;—the church dismantled and put in mourning, and the sacred ves-

sels and relics laid on ashes on the ground;—no marriage, no Sunday services, no fasts or festivals,—no connexion at all with Heaven or the clergy, except that, as infants and the dying must not be sent to hell for other people's fault, baptism and the viaticum were coldly and stolidly administered by priests who would not speak a word outside of the service-book. It is true, the clergy found, in course of time, that a society could hold out when an individual must give way; and that the parishioners would easily reconcile themselves to keeping Sunday in their own way, or not at all; and to seeing couples live together without marriage, when the rite was refused; and even to laying their dead in their own gardens and orchards, as the early Quakers did, if no priest would bury them. But it required some time and practice to induce this change of views; and few scenes of greater desolation can be imagined than that which was contemplated by the early Nonconformists as their liability if they refused the payment of church-rates.

The case is now somewhat different. Here is one of the most recent instances, as reported in various newspapers,—which is all we know of the parties. Among other places disturbed by church-rate contests at present is the quiet town of Market Harborough, in Leicestershire. Mr. Nunneley, a respectable dissenter, refuses to pay the last rate ordered; and so, it seems, does Mrs. J. Jarman. The churchwardens complained of the non-payment, and the magistrates summoned Mr. Nunneley to appear before them in Petty Sessions. The clerk to the magistrates proved, in the first place, by the testimony of the churchwardens, that the rate was imposed by a vestry-meeting regularly summoned. The defendant demanded the production of the minute-book in evidence of this fact, and as the only effectual evidence of it. After much debate, the demand was refused, on the technical ground that notice of the claim had not been given; but, at a later stage, the magistrates found they could not get on without the vestry-book, and it was produced,—it having been in court all the time, in the churchwarden's custody. In the next point, Mr. Nunneley was evidently on very strong ground. He asserted, and it does not appear to have been denied, that an important motion proposed at the vestry-meeting was not entered in the minutes. If this was true, it unquestionably invalidated the rate; but the magistrates' clerk met the objection by the plea that Mr. Nunneley was not competent to dispute the validity of a document forming a part of his own evidence. The justices retired and consulted upon it, and, on their return, declared a decision as remarkable as their clerk's plea;—that the minutes were correct, though they contained no mention of an important motion proposed by a ratepayer. Mr. Nunneley then made the

declaration common in such cases ;—that he had *bonâ fide* objections to make to the legality of the rate. The magistrates had heard enough to be aware that this was true ;—that grounds of question existed : and here therefore their jurisdiction ended. As the ecclesiastical courts alone can decide on the validity of a church-rate, the magistrates had only one legal course before them :—to end the case, leaving it to the churchwardens to prosecute their claim in the ecclesiastical courts if they chose. But these magistrates of Market Harborough, like a good many justices elsewhere, exceeded their powers. They declared that Mr. Nunneley was bound to satisfy *them* of the illegality of the rate ; and, not being satisfied by objections which are, if true, indisputably fatal to the rate, they issued their order for payment, enforced by notice that a distress-warrant would be served if the amount of rate and costs was not paid by a specified date. The local newspapers seem to have treated this as the end of the business, concluding that the recusant would pay ; but there can be few Quakers at Market Harborough, or the reporters can have little acquaintance among the Dissenters, if they really supposed that the magistrates could settle the matter. Recusants who go as far as Mr. Nunneley did, usually go further. In these days, when there is a "Liberation Society" to advise and assist, and popular law-books for guide, and a good deal of social sympathy, and every prospect of a speedy change in the law, many go even further than disobeying the order. It was with no surprise therefore that observers of the affair saw the following paragraph a week or two later.

"On Saturday last at Market Harborough, a successful descent was made on the premises of Mr. J. Nunneley and Mrs. J. Jarman, and twelve cheeses, 10 lbs. of hog's lard, one great lump of sugar, 24½ lbs. of bacon, forty-nine brushes, and 12 lbs. of long sixes were carried off as a seizure for church-rates. We hear that the occasion of the sale is likely to be improved by those who object to this kind of confiscation, and that the public will be invited to express an opinion on the subject."

Thus was the affair *not* concluded. Mr. Nunneley appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench for a rule to quash the order of the magistrates, on the ground that it was made without jurisdiction. The rule was granted. Lord Campbell remarked, "that the justices could not give themselves jurisdiction, by wrongly and capriciously deciding a fact contrary to the truth, upon which their jurisdiction depended," and implied that in this case they had done this. "Mr Justice Coleridge, Mr. Justice Erle, and Mr. Justice Crompton expressed themselves to the same effect." We congratulate Mr. Nunneley on his nobly-earned success.

Such are the changes wrought by time in the destinies of people

who will not pay church-rates! It is inconvenient to undergo a distraint,—vexatious to see one's bacon and cheese carried off,—exasperating to be deprived of one's sugar and candles; but it is not so bad as having to throw the corpse of one's best friend into a pit, or being unable to get married, or being shunned as an out-cast from God and man. The Quakers, who have undergone the chief part of the modern persecution, seem to take it very serenely; and some have even their own jokes about it. We have heard of one whose old brown cob was seized for church-rates, and who saw, on getting up next morning, that his faithful steed had trotted back to his stable. We have heard of some jesting about the convenience of getting plate cleaned,—the fact being that the old silver teapot is seized once a year for church-rate, and appears again in a few days, in a highly creditable state of burnish. A ham left opportunely on a kitchen dresser will often content the avenger of law and gospel. He had rather see silver spoons lying about, or some article which he could put in his pocket; whereas the desire on the other side is to compel him to take the most bulky and conspicuous furniture, to rouse the attention of the neighbours. This was certainly effected in the Market Harborough case. The forty-nine brushes could not be stowed away in any pocket; nor would less than a cart convey the twelve cheeses, and the bacon and sugar,—to say nothing of 12 lbs. of candles. One's curiosity is aroused to know what Mrs. J. Jarman's amount of rate was, as Mr. Nunneley's was only 1*l.* 16*s.*, and the costs seven and sixpence; but the inequality of the impost is one of its vexations. On the very spot where ignorant gentry are erroneously complaining that the recusants will not pay a charge which was calculated in the cost price of their property, they may see a shopkeeper charged 1*s.* for church-rate while his buxom neighbour, the widow who keeps the "Queen's Head," is subject to a levy of 1*l.* It is not a tax on property at all, but a personal charge; and hence much of the existing recusancy. Many a churchman as well as dissenter would now rather refuse than pay; a fact which points to penalties somewhat milder than those of excommunication and interdict.

It is generally supposed that the modern phase of the church-rate question arose with the Braintree case, in 1834; but the Bocking dissenters referred, in their earliest proceedings (August 24th, 1834), to public meetings, suits in the ecclesiastical courts, and voluntary rates in the place of compulsory levies, which show that there was a good deal of agitation abroad when the rate-payers of Bocking entered upon the noble struggle which issued in their victory in 1853. As this case is always now regarded as typical of the whole conflict, as every issue was tried in the course of it, and as it obtained the great legal declaration which can

never again be questioned, "That a rate must be made by a majority, and that no other rate is valid;" it must be considered to constitute a new period in the history of church-rates.

The parish church of Bocking needed repair in 1834. Dissenters abound in Bocking, and they resented a compulsory levy of money to repair a church which they never used, though many of them would have cheerfully contributed towards the object in a voluntary way. They issued an address to the rate-payers, declaratory of the state of the law, and of the principle and feelings of the Dissenters in regard to the tax.

"There is not, nor ever has been," says the Address, "either statute or common law in this country whereby the church-tax could be enforced upon any parish, by authority of the civil magistrate, unless at least a majority of parishioners in vestry had concurred in it. The spiritual courts have, indeed, in times past, assumed the power of compelling a majority to concur in church-rate, by excommunication and the imposition of penances; but Dissenters owe no allegiance to Church of England law, and all attempt to bring them under its power by its spiritual censures is now wholly abandoned, as alike unjust and impracticable. The law of the land then, as it now stands, expressly gives to a majority the right to say whether they will have church-rate or not."—*Braintree Case*, p. 36.

Their own case was thus stated:—

"Various denominations of Dissenters having separated from the Church of England, as that Church had separated herself from the Church of Rome, and having their own chapels to build, and their own pastors to support, and their own services to sustain, are now throughout all the land declaring the injustice of being any longer rated to support the services of a Church from which they have conscientiously differed and departed.

"Surely Dissenters might appeal confidently to the justice and liberality of their Christian brethren of the Church, and say to them, 'You have your churches built by the nation; and you have arch-bishops and bishops, cathedral deans and prebendaries, &c., endowed with vast wealth; and you have tithe; and is not all this enough, and will you—can you—come to us to pay for sweeping your pews, and washing your priests' vestments, and even for the sacramental bread and wine for your communion services?' Eminent men belonging to the Church of England have not scrupled to declare through the press and from the pulpit the grievous injustice of calling upon Dissenters to pay church-rate, and have seemed to think the Church dishonoured by such a practice; and the Dissenters of Bocking now earnestly appeal to their neighbours of the Church to adopt these sentiments, and to have the generosity to go to the vestry-meeting to vote with the Dissenters against the imposition of church-rate upon them—or at least not to go to that meeting to vote in favour of it."—*Braintree Case*, p. 36.

Their appeal to their Nonconformist neighbours was this:—

“Dissenters! after all, our chief concern is with ourselves; whatever course of conduct our Christian brethren of the Establishment may think it right to pursue on this occasion, our own path is plain before us. The law declares the majority of a vestry-meeting shall decide the question, and let us thus far vindicate the law as it now stands by freely exercising the just rights that law secures to us. Our religious principles, as Dissenters, are violated by this tax; our own pastors, wholly dependent as they are upon the support we can afford to give to our own religious worship, are wronged by it; our equal rights as citizens are infringed by it, for by it all are taxed, and one sect only receives the benefit; let us then come forward as men contending for sacred principles, and with one accord bear the fearless, united, and effectual testimony of our votes against it.”—*Braintree Case*, p. 36.

The majority voted against the rate: the fact was denied: scrutineers were appointed on each side; and their reports differed widely—one pair reporting a majority of seven for the rate, and the other a majority of thirty against it,—the discrepancy arising from different views of the title to vote conferred by certain poor-rate payments. The majority was finally admitted to be against the rate. Two years later the same stir was made in the neighbouring parish of Braintree,—the agitation being begun, not by the Dissenters, but the churchwarden, on the eve of a discussion of the whole subject in parliament. The reverend chairman exerted himself so vigorously (though unsuccessfully) to prevent the meeting being adjourned to the church, and to exclude reporters, that the spokesman of the Dissenters was obliged, in the first place, to instruct those present in the legal powers of the chairman of the vestry,—whose function was to keep order, and to ascertain the sense of the meeting, and not, under any pretence whatever, to overrule, evade, or control the decisions of an assembly in which all were, as ratepayers, on a ground of perfect equality. These matters seem very elementary at the date of twenty-two years ago; but any of our readers who have witnessed parish vestry-meetings within the last year may be aware that it may be still as necessary as ever to instruct parish functionaries in the rudiments of their duties. There are too many incumbents and curates who cannot receive the idea of dissenters being as good as other people in vestry; and too many churchwardens who depend for inspiration wholly on the clergyman or the justices,—not presuming to have an idea of their own in regard to their proper business.

On this second occasion, the majority against the rate was admitted at once: but, on the next Sunday, notice was given in church that an eighteenpenny rate had been made in vestry, and allowed. The public were immediately informed, by an address

from Mr. Courtauld, the devoted leader in the recusants' cause, that the rate was essentially illegal, and that its payment could not, therefore, be enforced. The course which has now become familiar (except to country justices), in order to deal with such illicit demands, was pointed out to all householders, of any sect, who should choose to repel the exaction. Their legal course was that which Mr. Nunneley now, and the Ambleside Nonconformists recently, and the Pontefract recusants last autumn, pursued; and the only wonder is that any magistrates remain ignorant of a process so common, and commit themselves to illegalities so gross as have been perpetrated in a dozen cases within as many months.

The ratepayers were advised that they might refuse to pay the rate. If summoned before the magistrates, they must appear, and ought to be accompanied by a legal adviser, who would keep them right as to the forms to be observed. They must then simply declare that they object to the rate as illegal; and this declaration ousts the jurisdiction of the magistrates, who have no authority to decide on the question of the validity of the rate,—that being a question for the ecclesiastical courts alone. The magistrates can henceforth do no more; and if they proceed to issue an order for payment, to be followed by a distress-warrant, they must abide the consequences of transgressing their jurisdiction. If further attempts were made to obtain the rate, it must be by the churchwarden bringing a suit in the ecclesiastical courts,—which would be too costly a proceeding to be adventured in the case of a rate known to be illegal from its origin. Funds were promised by the leading dissenters to support recusants, if the churchwarden should prove obstinate. So many refused to pay his claim, however, that the rate was abandoned, and the money was returned to those who had paid.

What the excitement had risen to by this time we see by a recommendation of exclusive dealing, to be found in the "Quarterly Review"* of that time;—an incitement conveyed in the form of a solicitous inquiry of "dissenting tradesmen" about the state of their books, after refusing a rate to the church. Meantime, the old church at Braintree was falling into a very sad state; for the churchwarden would do nothing but through the rate which he could not obtain. At a remarkable meeting in the next June, where the *ex-officio* chairman was replaced by a chosen chairman, as often as he refused to put to the meeting any motion which displeased him, a poll was taken both by open voting and by the ballot (the alarm of exclusive dealing having spread by this time). In both cases, the numbers were 70 for

* "Quarterly Review," vol. lvii. p. 371.

the rate, and 209 against it. The churchwarden, nevertheless, imposed a rate of 3s. in the pound; and a refusal to pay it carried the case up to the ecclesiastical courts. On this becoming known, vestry meetings assumed a new tone throughout the country: funds were contributed; and the newspapers took up the question as involving vital principles of religious liberty.

In neighbouring parishes a monition of the Bishop of London was pleaded, after his lordship had gone down to see the condition of the edifice; but the obvious reply was, that the episcopal monition could only be to repair the church, and not to levy a compulsory rate for the purpose. Several hundred pounds had in fact been readily contributed, in a voluntary way, for special repairs; the dissenters of Halsted subscribing liberally while the contribution was declared to be in lieu of church-rates. As soon as a rate was again proposed, in defiance of good faith, the dissenters' pockets were buttoned up again; and the last state of the parish was worse than the first. The agitation was renewed by the church party; and it required more meetings, and increasing majorities against the rate to obtain any respite,—those majorities being regularly produced, in spite of the most stringent influence exerted by the pro-rate party over the poorer and more dependent ratepayers.

Meantime the Whig ministry had brought in their measure for the extinction of church-rates—a measure which was presently found to be no such boon as the church required, though sufficiently reasonable in regard to the Dissenters. Mr. Spring Rice, now Lord Monteagle, proposed to place church lands under management which should increase their productiveness, and to apply the fresh income to the maintenance of the churches in the first place, and then to the purposes of the Ecclesiastical Commission. The Church would not hear of it. Though informed that no rate had been levied in Sheffield since 1818, nor in Manchester for four years, and that the levy was refused in new quarters every day, the opponents of the Government measure held to their point—that they would have the increased income from the lands, and the Dissenters' money too. This was decided by fifteen bishops assembled at Lambeth, and promulgated in the Lords in such good time that the ministerial measure obtained a majority of only five in the House of Commons. The bill, put forth as the leading Government measure of the session of 1837, was dropped.

"The Braintree Case," meantime, was slowly passing from court to court; and it was not till February, 1841, that its first phase was decided. The judgment, delivered in the Court of Exchequer Chamber, was against the churchwarden, whose *ex-officio* rate, set up against the vote of the majority, was dis-

allowed. The churchwarden did not appeal, but abandoned the rate; and the parishioners supposed the matter was settled. But it was hard to give up after such a contest; and Chief Justice Tindal had dropped a hint which it might be worth while to follow up. He had said that though an *ex-officio* rate was good for nothing against a vote of the majority, a vote of the minority might perhaps be sustained; and this issue it was at once determined to try.

This was the most serious point of the whole struggle for the Dissenters; for they entered upon it in the full knowledge that the existing law enabled the ecclesiastical authorities to imprison Dissenters for an unlimited time, if they thought proper to use that method of inducing them to vote with the minority. Undeterred by such a liability, they refused a shilling rate in May, 1841, and thereby brought down on the parishioners of Braintree a citation and monition from the Bishop of London, to assemble in vestry at eleven o'clock, A.M., on the 15th of July, 1841, "then and there to make a rate, under pain of the law and contempt thereof." The country at large had its attention fixed on that meeting; and out of it arose the proceedings which have secured the country from all other church-rates but such as are voted by a majority in vestry.

The majority refused the rate absolutely; and the churchwardens made a rate, nevertheless, in declared obedience to the bishop's monition; and the vicar, churchwardens, and some parishioners signed it. It was a grave crisis; for not only did many years of litigation ensue, but when at length, in 1853, it became apparent that in the last appeal—that to the House of Lords—the rights of the majority would be sustained, it was openly avowed that the church party intended to proceed penally against the objectors to a rate:—that is, they might imprison for life any parishioners who disobeyed the monition of the diocesan court to make a rate. This was a season of great anxiety. The cause lingered on, being postponed in the Lords, from time to time; and it was difficult for the Dissenters, although nearly sure of their victory, to decide whether to endeavour to hasten or retard the decision: for it might consign to a gaol, and other penalties, their revered and beloved leader, Mr. Courtauld, and several coadjutors worthy of their place by his side. It was now nineteen years since the struggle began at Bocking; much strength of body, peace of mind, and store of money had been lavished on the cause: and it would have been a dismal ending if victory should consign to persecution and endless imprisonment the very men who were proved to have had the law on their side, from first to last. The greyhaired Protestants of the cause did not shrink. They declared that they would endure anything rather than sur-

render a principle, knowing that all over the kingdom parishes were shaping their course by that of the Braintree majority, and that the decision of the Braintree case must be the starting-point of a new action on behalf of religious liberty. In that year, 1853, the Lords at length passed the pregnant decision, "that a rate must be made by the majority; and that no other rate is valid." By this decision the state of the law was rendered not only clear, but indisputable; the pretence of church-rate being a charge upon the land was swept away; the impost stood forth in its true character of a personal tax—once unexceptionable, but long ago become oppressive through change of circumstances—and the ground was cleared for efforts to get rid of the impost altogether, such as the measures which have been since brought forward in Parliament, obtaining larger and larger majorities in the House of Commons.

We have dwelt thus long on the stories of Bocking, Braintree, and Halsted, because they cannot be yet duly understood by men who profess to be tired of hearing of church-rate martyrs. While members of Parliament, and even statesmen, are still found who propose mere "chop and change," to get rid of the name of church-rates, while asking for the thing under a new term, the Braintree case is not sufficiently well known. While magistrates in town or country take on themselves to decide as to the validity of a rate, and enforce payment in defiance of law, the Braintree case has not been sufficiently studied. We may add, that while there are any parishioners anywhere, of any religious denomination, who object to a compulsory payment from all for the church of a part, or who would have religious affairs conducted in a spirit of fairness and of peace, who do not rejoice in the honours which have been decreed to Mr. Courtauld by a large public, where Churchmen mingle with Dissenters, the Braintree case has not been studied enough. We commend it to our readers accordingly.

Others, meanwhile, had been fighting the same battle in many parts of the same great field. Not only were "the Friends" always protesting and enduring, as throughout the whole life of Quakerism, but the refusals were multiplying, and the rate was diminishing more and more rapidly. We are told now that the amount required, from all England and Wales, is only 150,000*l.* a-year; and the "Liberation Society" declared, in the winter, that in the course of a very short time 50,000*l.* had been refused within their cognizance.

The experience of the Quakers, up to seven years ago, is concisely given in Mr. Hodgkin's evidence, in regard both to escape and penalties. When the Friends are making out the statistical returns of their sect, they find occasional "chasms"—

absence of news of "sufferings" from towns or districts; and the cause being inquired into, it is found that church-rates have not been demanded.

"When we know that there are members of our Society in towns such as Newcastle, and Wakefield, and Huddersfield, from which towns we have had no returns of distrains for church-rates, we have thought it right to institute an inquiry into the circumstances. I will just mention, in reference to a few of the towns which present no returns, that in Newcastle, Plymouth, Wakefield, Leeds, and Halifax, there has been no rate at all; in Leeds and Halifax there has been a voluntary subscription. In Leicester, all the parishes but one refused a rate; that one granted a rate until last year: it was then out-voted, and they had since attempted, but abandoned, the minority rate."

* * * * *

"In Reading, one parish out of three refused a rate. In Dover it was merely that there was an interval without a distraint for the rate. In Northampton, three out of four parishes refused a rate. At Huddersfield there has been no rate for more than thirty years. In North Shields there was a rate, but no distraint. At Liverpool there was a rate, but there seems to have been an appreciation of the religious views of our Society, and therefore they very considerably did not enforce any distraint. At Bradford the rate was refused; a minority rate has since been enforced. In Brighton the same course has been pursued, but the minority rate is in litigation in the Ecclesiastical Court. At Sheffield the rate was refused. At Carlisle it was refused ten years ago, and subsequently collected by subscription. At Stockport there has been no rate for twenty-five years, under rather particular circumstances, I believe. At Macclesfield there was a rate, but at Nottingham three out of four parishes refused a rate. The following is an extract from a letter received from that town:—'In the largest parish (Mary's) in this town, rates have been refused for nearly, if not fully, twenty years. In one of the two others (Peter's), a rate has been agreed to for putting the graveyard wall in good repair, and I think recently a rate has been granted to repair the building; a subscription was proposed. In the other parish (Nicholas) rates have been refused during a long period. This mode of compelling the Episcopalians to meet their own expenses has greatly added to their zeal and efficiency as a religious association.'"

* * * * *

"In Birmingham, also, and in Rochdale and Middlesborough, the rate has been refused. In Warrington there is a small rate, not enforced against Quakers, the general feeling of the town being that, as they support their own poor, they ought not to be required to pay church-rates."—(Hodgkin's *Evidence*, &c., pp. 32, 33.)

If this is the way the tax was prospering seven years ago, in the places where Quakers most abound,—their whole number being, at the last census, "under 20,000,"—it seems in about as hopeless a condition as ever any poor impost was. The propor-

tion of refusals to pay, which brought on an actual distraint, is large in a body of 20,000 persons (including women and children), so many of whom were exempt from the demand. In the five preceding years, distraints had taken place in 1661 cases:—that is, on an average, property was annually seized in 332 houses inhabited by Quakers in England and Wales, exclusive of the towns mentioned above in which they were let alone. The public really ought to know how much they owe to the members of a small sect who have so quietly borne so heavy a share of the penalties of resistance. Mr. Hodgkin says:—

"In the parish in which I myself reside, Tottenham, in Middlesex, in the year 1840, there were twenty-seven distraints upon the members of our religious society for church-rates alone; and the mere fees upon a most simple and unexpensive process as it ought to have been, amounted to 23*l.* 4*s.* The distraints are made where a number are residing together, with comparatively very little expense and trouble; and if there were any disposition on the part of the magistrates to cut down the expenses, further relief might be afforded. In the year 1841 there were fifty-seven distraints, and the mere expenses (I am not now speaking of the loss of property, which was very much greater, of course, on account of the depreciation of the goods that were sold) were 39*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

"3028. *Sir D. Dundas*—You mean the costs? The mere costs.

"3029. *Chairman*—Is it felt to be a very great mortification by members of your community to be treated as criminal offenders? I think that in many instances the religious grounds of our procedure are so appreciated by considerate persons, that we do not lose caste on account of it. At the same time there is a considerable mortification, more especially to those who are moving in a certain class in society, with regard both to their neighbours and their dependents.

"3030. Have you any example which you can give the Committee of that? An instance occurred very lately under my own observation of a young man, a respectable professional man, who was just setting out in life, forming a good connexion; he required a house for residence, and in taking it he mentioned to the agent of the nobleman who let it to him that he should not be able to pay the rate, but that the law would take its course as usual. He is at present under serious apprehension, whilst he is performing the duties of a good tenant, of being evicted by the nobleman on the simple ground that he cannot think of having a house of that description disgraced."—*Evidence, &c.*, pp. 34, 35.

It requires the evidence of parliamentary returns to compel us to believe that the entire tax yielded only 300,000*l.* twenty years ago, before the falling off caused by extensive resistance; and that of this amount little more than 200,000*l.* was required for the repair of churches. Now that the levy is reduced to 150,000*l.*, every honourable Churchman, clerical or lay, must desire that such a pittance should be provided by other means than seizing

honest people's goods, and selling them in public market. Such stories look ugly when we light upon them unawares, and especially in foreign newspapers. The following, taken from the *Gateshead Observer*, we met with in an American journal the other day. Let us hope its transatlantic readers will take it for a *canard* :—

“THE ‘MILCH COW’ OF THE CHURCH.—The Rev. Clement Moody, Vicar of Newcastle, seized a milch cow belonging to Jonathan Priestman, Esq., of Benwell Hall, a member of the Society of Friends, on Tuesday last, for non-payment of rent-charge in lieu of tithes, amounting to 8*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* The animal will be sold, we believe, on Monday next, in the yard of the Half-Moon Inn, Newcastle. We know nothing of the merits of the case. The exaction may be ‘in the bond;’ but it is melancholy work to have the Episcopal Church drawing enforced sustenance from a Quaker’s milch cow.”

The opposition seems to spread rapidly at present, judging by the majorities in the House of Commons in favour of the total abolition of the impost, and by the narratives of church-rate contests which appear in the newspapers. From being in a minority of 48 no long time since, the cause speedily obtained 91 votes, or a majority of 43; which had become in February last 53, in May 74, and on the 8th of June 63, after an anxious pro-rate muster.

As to the tales of resistance, they are too numerous to be done justice to here. The cases of three respected citizens, summoned before the magistrates at Pontefract last November, fixed attention in an unusual degree, from the clearness with which the extent of the justices’ jurisdiction was set forth and admitted. The magistrates did not commit themselves like those of Market Harborough, but declared the case at an end, as far as they were concerned with it. Things took the same course in various parts of the kingdom during the winter. In March there was a great stir at Taunton, where, since 1852, there has been an apprehension that the fine old church tower would fall, if repairs were delayed. The Dissenters of Taunton seem to be willing to subscribe towards the object, if they are allowed to do it in a way which shall not form a precedent for demands which they consider objectionable: but the churchwardens gave out, at a certain point of the collection, that not a shilling more was to be got from church members, and measures were taken for laying a rate, which had the immediate effect of buttoning up all pockets. The rate was refused, and a subscription raised instead, for the defence of the recusants, in case of legal proceedings. In April there was a decided stand made at Truro, and also at Charlbury; and Manchester was thrown into great excitement by an attempted recurrence to a compulsory rate, after a long course of years, during which the plan of voluntary contribution had answered

perfectly well. Manchester people are not the most likely to go to sleep while the yoke is slipped over their necks; and they roused themselves immediately with such vigour, as to remind observers of what was said on oath before the Parliamentary Committee in 1854—that “at Birmingham they could no more collect a church-rate than pay off the National Debt.” Next came the case of a parish in York, where the total amount required was 16*l.* 8*s.* The rate was refused by a large majority, who must have had the principle in view, though Lord Derby and other legislators ventured to say publicly, about the same time, that refusal of church-rate was an affair of party politics or of the pocket. At Alton matters took a different turn. A rate of fourpence in the pound was contested, but voted for by a small majority; the success being lost, if the minority chose to press it, by an illegal act on the part of the chairman, who refused to receive a protest against the rate on the ground of illegality; such a refusal being itself an illegality which vitiates the whole proceedings. It is sometimes said that the difficulties in the way of laying a legal church-rate are so great, that a committee of lawyers is scarcely competent to the task; but, numerous as are the blots which may be hit by opponents who understand the law, they are outnumbered by the advantages yielded by the clerical and magisterial chairmen, who have a fancy for taking their own way in that position. Honourable exceptions occur, and in no small number; but the commoner spectacle is of a chairman who silences one speaker, will not hear another, will receive no notices, will look at no papers, will not admit cottagers or other humble voters, will not allow anything he dislikes to be set down in the minutes, will not let the items of expenditure be specified, and so on,—taking no warning that by every such breach of his special duty he invalidates the entire proceedings of the meeting. If, in addition, he and his coadjutors go about telling the people that church-rates are a charge upon the land; that church-rates are authorized by Scripture; and that all who refuse them are subject to punishment by law: if they lock the gate of the churchyard during the week, so that the notice of a vestry-meeting may pass unnoticed by Dissenters; if they impute corrupt motives, like Lord Derby, or point jests at Non-conformists who are acting from conscience, like the quizzers of church-rate martyrs, they will probably become instructed in the law at their own cost, and witness the repeal of the impost through the spirit which they have themselves roused.

To return to recent cases;—none can be more interesting than the Keswick case, as related in the *Penrith Chronicle* of May 11th: but we have yet to learn the issue. When the Vale of Keswick was thinly settled, the old Crosthwaite church supplied

the needs of a parish of extraordinary extent. As the population grew, and was concentrated in particular spots, one portion of the vale after another was crected into a separate parish; the town itself finally, with its populous environs, being constituted the parish of St. John, in connexion with the pretty church, well known to lake tourists, which stands, with its parsonage and schoolhouses, at the head of Derwentwater. The whole group of edifices was the gift of the late Mr. Marshall of Haldsteads, and all have been sustained in full activity by voluntary contributions, from their opening to this day. Yet the Crosthwaite vestry has persisted in laying church-rates throughout the vale, including the town, as if no other church existed, and in defiance of the judgment of the chancellor of the diocese, that such a demand is illegal. The parishioners of St. John's submitted too long to the exaction: but last year the richer rate-payers, considering their poorer neighbours, gave notice that they would pay no more church-rates to Crosthwaite vestry. On a rate being laid, this spring, they took measures to inform the town of the nature of the case, and the rights of ratepayers. A compulsory levy is threatened in return; and notice is given that no recusant will be allowed to hold a seat in Crosthwaite church; and that any such person entering a private pew will be turned out. To this pass has church-lucre brought the professors of the Gospel in Keswick in the year of their Lord 1858. The case is of value and special interest as counteracting the popular notion that church-rates are a Dissenters' question only. There have throughout been clergymen and whole flocks of their followers who have reprobated and deplored the method of sustaining the churches by a compulsory tax, as heartily as any Quaker or free-thinker in the land; and now the townspeople of Keswick appear on the same side. The world, inside and outside the church, will be eager to know how the struggle ends.

In the same district, a conflict in which the "Friends" were largely interested has terminated favourably for them. Quakers abound in Kendal, and within some distance of it; and those of Ambleside have fought a good and successful fight,—after the peaceable method of their sect. Soon after the Pontefract cases came into notice, Mr. John Crosfield, of Ambleside, a member of the well-known firm of Liverpool merchants of that name, refused to pay church-rate, and was summoned to appear before the magistrates in petty sessions to answer for his conduct. He appeared accordingly, and frankly placed in the magistrates' hands a letter of legal advice, on which he was acting, and delivered in a notice that he entertained an objection to the legality of the rate; and that, as the jurisdiction of the magistrates was

thus ousted, he should bring an action in the proper court if they proceeded against him any further. The magistrates adjourned the case for a fortnight, and then dropped it. Nothing, however, was further from their intention than giving up the point. There was no knowledge in the neighbourhood of the history or the principle of such opposition. Common-place persons observed as a matter of course,—“Oh! he must pay his rates;” and the magistrates and clergy led the way in treating the case as one of grudging money, or of refusing to pay butcher and baker. No time was lost in laying another rate, and a large one; and no time was lost in preparing to resist it. Many Quakers were concerned in it, and one wealthy “Friend,” who had not been asked for church-rate for twenty years, was now called upon. Others, both Churchpeople and Nonconformists, felt bound to support the “Friends,” while agreeing in opinion with them against the tax. The church was new, and ought not to need repairs for many years: but the rate was swollen by charges for two churches in the vicinity,—those items being set down in the vestry-book as subject to approval by counsel before the money should be applied. Great pains were taken to make everything legal: but the efforts did not succeed. The forms of the meeting, and of the entry, and of the notices were an improvement upon those of former occasions; but the legal testimony to the invalidity of the rate would have been strong enough to bring the proceedings to an end, if another point had not soon arisen. Various objectionable items were provided for and legalized by the vote of a majority in vestry which would have been disallowed if the parishioners had been up to their business,—as the salary of the organist and his assistant, more bells than the “one bell” permitted by the law, and several other matters; and there were items which the recusants were informed could not by any means be rendered legal. So the recusants took their part, and refused to pay.

Then followed the incidents common in such struggles. The churchwardens were themselves sent round with their books all in order to those who were likely to refuse. The churchwardens delivered their message,—that summonses would be issued to recusants; and it was not unnatural if one or both gave way to sighs and lamentation that he was ever made churchwarden, and to anxiety lest it should be supposed to be his doing that Quakers and ladies were threatened. Here, a wife, frightened into audacity, disobeyed conjugal orders, and slipped out to pay the rate as soon as her husband's back was turned; and there, a pious old soul, troubled by doubts, opened her Bible, and found (we are sorry we cannot give chapter and verse) that Christians are enjoined to pay

church-rates. One saucy fellow asked whether he was to pay for washing the incumbent's shirt, as he saw the washing of the surplice was charged; and another complained of paying for an organ which deafened him. When a rate-payer consulted the vestry-book, as he had a right to do, he found the leaf containing the signatures, and some other parts of the minute, cut out of the book, and pinned in, with some folds which seemed to show that it had been on its travels. Here was some tampering with the minute-book, complicating the case. To the small incidents created by the stir, there seemed to be no end. The summonses were issued; the ladies appeared by their legal advisers; and Mr. Crosfield had his solicitor, while personally present. The court was crowded; and three magistrates were on the bench.

The first case called on was not a Quaker one, but that of Mrs. Harriet Martineau, which must be determined by other enactments than those made for Quakers. The business in hand was to make declaration that a *bonâ fide* objection was entertained to the legality of the rate; such declaration placing the affair in the hands of the churchwarden, who must carry the suit into the ecclesiastical court, if he meant to press it at all. On the opening of the case, one of the magistrates volunteered the observation that the bench entertained no doubt of the *bona fides* of the objection: yet, when a specimen of the objections had been adduced (the obligation to which is doubtful) the same magistrate decided, with one other, that the objections were not *bonâ fide*, (assuming that the rate was valid, which it was not in the magistrates' province to decide,) whereas, the third justice dissented from the judgment, and declined to proceed to making an order for payment. He incurred almost as much wrath as the Dissenters for publicly declaring his conclusions: but he could not be expected to subject himself to the consequences of transgressing his jurisdiction because others made such a venture.

The Quaker cases followed suit: and probably many supposed the matter settled, as newspaper reports usually do at this stage. A clergyman present—an incumbent of a neighbouring living—probably supposed the Dissenters done for, as he needlessly addressed a Quaker gentleman with “I shall not say ‘good morning’ to you.” The serene and lively “Friend” replying, “Civility does not cost much,” he was told, “No; for then *you* would not give us so much of it.” Such is the Christian love and courtesy bred of church-rates!

The orders were issued, and a distress-warrant therein threatened, if the rate (six shillings and threepence in some cases) and the costs (six shillings more) were not paid in ten days. They were not paid; but the opinion of counsel was obtained by some of the recusants,—all the legal opinions coinciding as to the

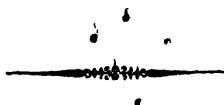
magistrates having transgressed their jurisdiction, and the rate being open to objection in various ways. The affair was much talked of; disapprobation and dislike of the impost were more openly expressed; and stories were told in all quarters of former seizures of Quaker coffee-pots from the dresser,—and of hams from the ceiling, and stock from the shop, and horses from the stable, and cows from the meadow. Every one was on the watch, as the incumbent said the rate would be enforced, and menacing speeches were put into the mouth of the magistrates' clerk. One of the recusants sent to the justices the solicitor's letter which contained the opinion of counsel; and it was probably this which caused the first petty sessions day to pass over without any issue of distress-warrants, and then a second and a third; after which it became evident that the magistrates and churchwardens had dropped the case. The next occasion will, no doubt, find the people better prepared to know their own minds, and do what they think proper.

But what a state of things this is for legislators to propose to prolong out of attachment to the church! It cannot be prolonged, however, as ministers in the Lords, and large majorities in the Commons now testify. In the debate on the Oaths Bill, on the 1st of June, ministers manifested their expectation of being obliged to yield up church-rates; and the third reading of Sir J. Trelawny's bill in the Commons on the 8th of June, left no doubt about it in the minds of any party. Meantime, what is the best thing to do? The choicest authority perhaps is the *Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control*,—an association of a highly practical character, which has, in the fourteen years of its existence, effected some excellent reforms, and prepared the way for many more. A society which has obtained the withdrawal of the English *Regium Donum*, and extinguished *Ministers' Money*, and organized a parliamentary resistance to all endowments of sects in Ireland, and opened Oxford University to Dissenters, and enabled them to take academical degrees at Cambridge, and procured improvements in the burial laws, may well be trusted as guides in the church-rate question. Their advice is,—to apply to their office in Serjeant's Inn, for counsel and aid (gratuitous) in impugning and resisting a church-rate. They have issued the useful little manuals named in our heading, by means of which any ratepayer may learn how to proceed, and may perceive that it is scarcely possible to lay and levy a rate where the parishioners think proper to use the existing law for resisting it. Such resistance is now a social duty: and it is a policy which must obtain speedy success. The rate-payers should endeavour to obtain a majority in vestry against the rate, as the shortest method. They should endeavour to

confine any rate which they cannot prevent to proper legal objects,—the repair of the church (except the chancel), the fencing and decent order of the churchyard, one bell, sacramental bread and wine, books for the pulpit, washing the priest's surplice, and sweeping the church. It is only by consent of a majority in vestry that payments for ornaments and comforts,—the organist's salary, a peal of bells, carpets and cushions, a warming apparatus, &c., can be legalized; and there are objects which can by no means be made legal, though poor ratepayers are charged with them every day—such as visitation feasts, churchwardens' dinners, making a road, or augmenting clerical salaries. Let an eye be kept on all these items; and also on the minute-book, whether the entries are legal in all particulars,—which it appears they seldom are. Let the chairman be kept in order, or the rate refused if he makes any deviation from the legal course; and let no recusant put up with any transgression of their jurisdiction by the magistrates in petty sessions, any more than by the minister in the chair in vestry. Due study of the books at the head of our article, and especially of Prideaux's "Churchwarden's Guide," and of the Society's tracts called "Practical Directions," and "Illegal Church-rates," and persistent action upon their advice, and under the guidance of the *Liberation Society*, would make any future levy of church-rates impossible, even under the existing law. But the repeal of the impost itself is a better thing, and a very certain one now. By the method of resistance, founded on vigilance, a whole village was released the last week in May. No less than twenty-five parishioners were summoned before petty sessions at Chorley, and, objecting to the rate on the ground of illegality, were dismissed by the magistrates, as beyond their jurisdiction, while adducing that allegation. Such an incident, happening weekly in one quarter or another, would presently introduce better methods of procuring the 150,000*l.* per annum,—which is all that is wanted, and which every sincere Churchman will be ashamed to beg from, or wrangle about with Dissenters. The other method is to petition Parliament—to petition the Lords—till the point is yielded. We perceive that the strenuous efforts of the pro-rate party this spring had obtained by May 21st only 11,380 signatures on behalf of the impost: whereas, though the *Liberation Society* counselled the postponement of petitioning till the Bill should reach the Lords, the signatures spontaneously offered to petitions against the rate amounted, at the same date, to 17,930. The proper time for petitioning had arrived to the former party, and not to the latter; and yet the majority was as we see.

Our statesmen cannot have attended to the matter of late, or Lord Derby would not have exposed his ignorance as he did to

the deputation in April, when he inquired whether any gentleman had ever thought of a method of providing a fund in the way which had actually been a main topic of Mr. Packe's bill of two years before; and Lord John Russell would not go on lamenting to the last moment that the reformers would listen to no compromise,—no plan of levying the same tax under another name. Mr. Bright was the faithful spokesman of a good many Churchmen, as well as all enlightened Dissenters, when he informed Lord John Russell and some half-dozen authors of compromises that the intention of the people is to get rid of the tax altogether, as essentially intolerable. Whether the churches shall be kept in repair by funds obtained from church property, or by the voluntary contributions of those who use the edifices, is the real question for the church to consider. The rate is doomed; and to struggle to preserve it is simply loss of prestige, and labour in vain.



ART. III.—DOMESTIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.

Domestic Annals of Scotland; from the Reformation to the Revolution. By Robert Chambers. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: 1858.

"**HISTORY**," says the author of the work now before us, "has, in a great measure, confined itself to political transactions and personages, and usually says little of the people, their daily concerns, and the external accidents which immediately affect their comfort." Regretting this cold and abstract character of history, and anxious to impart to his own narrative that nearer interest which the warmth of personal emotion and action alone can give, Mr. Robert Chambers has, in relating the domestic annals of his country during the troubled and important period included between the reign of Mary Stuart and the abdication of James II., detailed that series of occurrences which lies beneath the historic surface. He has endeavoured to show the effects of passion, superstition, and ignorance on the people—to describe the natural events, or the artificial arrangements which forwarded or arrested the national welfare—to record the phenomena of moral and religious life, and generally to chronicle "those things which enable us to see how our forefathers thought, felt, and suffered, and how, on the whole, ordinary life looked in those days." This is assuredly a very noble literary enterprise,

and Mr. Chambers' zealous and laborious efforts to realize it are entitled to our sincere and grateful commendation. That he has not realized his historic ideal is no discredit to an author whose deliberate aim was only to furnish a distant approximation to it. The "Annals of Scotland" are not a composition, but a compilation. The materials collected are not fused into one glowing and homogeneous whole; there is no continuous impression, no unity of effect; none of colouring, or locality, or time. The national life is all splintered up, and though the "*disiecta membra*" of the body of the age are easily found, yet the reader is left to rearticulate these "ribs of death," to give flesh and colour to the reintegrated skeleton, and to animate it with the informing breath of the synthetic intellect. If, however, we have no one living picture of the Scotch men and women of the Reformation, we have at least in these "Annals of Scotland," a series of valuable detached photographs; if the interpreting muse of history be absent, we are at least not misled by that spirit of falsehood which exaggerates singular and exceptional incidents, distorts facts to satisfy prepossessions, and elevates idiosyncrasies into characteristics. In these chronicles, moreover, we have no rhetorical extravagances. The plan adopted is to give the language of the original contemporary narrators, with occasional omissions and verbal alterations, and to connect the various political events by a brief introductory narrative preceding each section of the work. This Mr. Chambers has done concisely, faithfully, instructively. If we do not endorse all his verdicts, and sometimes even dissent from his judgments entirely, as in the case of Lord Strafford and Mary Queen of Scots, we are at least assured that our annalist is no partisan whose prejudices would bias his conclusions.

Our historic survey comprehends a period of about one hundred and thirty years; a critical period for Scotland, for England, and indeed for Europe. For it was a period of intellectual revolution, a period of decay and anarchy, but also of growth and returning order. Catholicism had ceased to have influence over the minds of men. It had grown decrepit, and now in its old age and weakness all its faults came out. To its inherent defects it added the accumulated vices of years. The faith which had once consoled and supported men had become, in Scotland at least, a wicked and mischievous falsehood, presenting fictions for facts, and so perverting the intellect; proclaiming indulgence for vice, and so depraving the moral character; without social efficacy either for restraint of evil or encouragement of good. Since the life of Scotland had been broken on Flodden Field, and its people had turned away, with estranged hearts, from England, and had looked to France for

friendly alliance, a supposed community of interests had brought these two countries into intimate and personal relation. The present monarch was "our Sovereign Lady Mary," the wife of Francis II. She had been carried in the sad and troublous season of her childhood to France, and during her absence, her mother, a princess of the house of Guise, acted as regent of Scotland. It was then that the new faith began to attract the hearts and convince the minds of the Scotch nation. The sloth and luxury of the priests—the proved falsehood and established worthlessness of the old creed—the enforced ignorance and systematic demoralization which the Church regarded as necessary securities of its existence—the profligacy, and avarice, and dissimulation of the Catholic hierarchy, were all brought out into the clear, full light of day. The people, who had been kept, like Samson, in weakness and blindness by these clerical Philistines, felt some return of their old strength, and now, as the morning of reviving faith began to dawn, the scales fell from its eyes, and as with the restored strength of the Hebrew deliverer, and happier than he in its recovered sight and ultimate fate, it arose like him with a mysterious and irrepressible energy, and seized and shook the pillars of the edifice where it had been a show and a derision, and destroyed the temples and palaces of superstition, crushing its oppressors who feasted or ministered therein. The national emancipation was finally effected in August, 1560, when an assembly of the estates of the kingdom abolished the jurisdiction of the Pope, proscribed the mass, and ratified the Protestant Confession of Faith. "Lo, here then," exclaims an old writer, "a nation born in one day: yea, moulded into one congregation, and sealed as a fountain with solemn oath and covenant." The priests, with all their gorgeous vestments, have disappeared; the name of the Pope has become a byeword, and Scotland is converted, as it were in a moment, from all the time-honoured reverences and observances of the ancient faith. For the authority of fathers and councils, and the magnificent ceremonial of the mediæval Church, her children have the true religion. The Bible speaks to them in their own mother tongue; and, however little able we of a later day and ampler knowledge are to receive its oracles as final, yet where Catholic and Protestant alike acknowledged its inspiration, the old Reformers of Scotland had surely every logical justification, in the great controversy with their opponents, to maintain the overruling force of its decrees, where Bible and Church stood in mutual antagonism. The people of Scotland then rightly saw in the Word of God, as interpreted by the best minds among them, a higher authority than that of priest or church. Its inspiration was felt; its spirit possessed them; it spoke for them, thought for them, put words

into their mouths which explained, in their view, the mysteries of life and death, and gave them the power to communicate their else incommunicable feelings to others. The chief organ of the Reformation in Scotland—the true representative of the earnest, manly, sincere belief of the time—was John Knox. The insight and courage of this man reacted on his age, and influenced unborn generations. He saw through every falsehood, however specious; he braved every consequence, however appalling. His preaching stirred the heart of Randolph, the English ambassador, like the sound of trumpets; and Queen Mary, with the beautiful face and the “diamond heart,” stood silent and abashed before him. Not less courageous nor less disinterested was Andrew Melville, the learned principal of the theological college of St. Andrews. When the Earl of Arran asked, with threatening brow, “Who dared subscribe their treasonable articles?” he answered, “We dare, and will subscribe them, and give our lives in the cause.” And withal he took the pen and subscribed, calling on the rest, who did the same. To the Regent Morton, who angrily exclaimed, “There will never be quietude in this country till half a dozen of you be hanged or banished,” he replied, “I have lived out of your country as well as in it. Let God be glorified, it will not be in your power to hang or exile His truth.”

Men of this heroic mould were not wanting in Scotland in days when noble and peasant had to fight for their faith—days when Mary of Guise called in troops from France to resist the Reforming lords and their adherents; and later, when during the terror of the anticipated invasion of the Armada, it was known that there was a party prepared to co-operate with the Spaniards if they had landed on the Scottish coast. Those were fearful days. The violence and insecurity of life during this period may be inferred from the deaths which befel so many eminent men. Stewart, the ex-Chancery of Scotland, was mercilessly killed by Parkhead; the good Regent Moray was shot by Hamilton; Lennox, who succeeded him, fell by a similar fate; and Morton, who afterwards was advanced to the regency, suffered on the scaffold. With all its valour and noble love of truth, Scotland was, judged by every modern standard of humanity, barbarous and ignorant. Few persons could read or write. Scientific or literary culture scarcely existed. It was the universal fashion to wear gams, and every light occasion served to justify their use. The rich exercised great oppression on the poor, and no judicial trial was considered fair or effective without an armed muster of the friends of the accused. Knox and Melville, and the Presbyterian clergy generally, with the faithful few in whom principle fostered the flame of religious feeling, which of itself speedily burns out, represent the real intelligence and piety of the country. They

undertook the difficult task of regenerating society. To subdue all this heathen ferocity; to terminate the feuds which were transmitted from father to son with every accompaniment of misery and crime; to repress barbarism, bloodshed, and sensuality, was the enterprise which devolved on the Assembly and Estates of Scotland. This was not an easy enterprise; the qualities required for its fulfilment were not those which in our quiet days are thought best to forward the work of social progress, but rather those which indicate heroic sternness, those which can bear to inflict pain because their possessors have learned the lesson of endurance and self-discipline themselves. Forbearance and charity, and the wisdom that can tolerate many forms of truth beside its own, and even allow some admixture of error for sake of the good which is implicated in it, were not the virtues which the early Reformers and old Covenanters found possible or availing. A new development of the nation's life was gradually asserting itself; amid much deplorable fanaticism and unhallowed superstition the Scotch people were struggling forward in the right direction; in the direction in which lay freedom, and truth, and sincere and righteous living. In this struggle they had to contend against the power and prestige of the ancient church, and the old semi-feudal society. They had to choose between reformation by the sword, the axe, and the prison, and self-destruction, and what in their eyes was of far higher consequence, the destruction of their cause. The Protestant movement in Scotland, unlike that of England, was a military insurrection; and an indispensable condition of its success was to fight without quarter. The new religion and the old met in battle-field, and men with drawn swords in their hands know that the only way to peace is through victory—victory on one side, defeat on the other. The Scotch nation fought for its faith and its freedom, and whatever abatements we have to make from the merits of the people and their leaders, however we may lament their bigotry and condemn their persecuting spirit, we cannot refuse to acknowledge the value of the services which they rendered. During the contest with their unhappy queen, during the factious opposition of the great nobles in the minority of her son, and the disasters brought upon the people by the ill-advised attempts of the First Charles to destroy a nation's faith and a nation's life, through all the solemn tragedy of the Covenanting time, through the campaign of Montrose, and the persecutions under Olaverhouse, Scotland showed that her sons had in them the blood that martyrs shed, and the metal of which heroes are made. That fierce resistance of men who believed in the Lord and his Christ as men have never since believed; who listened to the preaching of the Book which for them contained

all wisdom that earth could crave or heaven reveal, till under the open skies and amid the overhanging mountains of the land they felt the Divine presence, and were convinced that God was with his soldier saints; won for their country the repose, the freedom, the prosperity which it has since enjoyed. It would have been better, *we* think, if its progress in virtue and intelligence had been effected by that peaceful wisdom which is from above. But rough work must be done in a rough way. Lightning, as Carlyle says, must precede the light. "The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes! but until by lightning and other fierce labour your foul chaos has become a world, you cannot have any light, or the smallest chance for any."*

Yet while asserting our conviction that the people and clergy of Scotland were right in the main, we by no means intend to justify their conduct or their measures absolutely. Their zeal for purity of doctrine and holiness of life appears to us to have been carried to an unwise excess. No doubt the mass was in every sense idolatry; but why pursue the solitary Catholic to the silent chamber, where he knelt before the altar in the sincerity of his heart? why compel an external conformity, on pain of life or limb, to the Presbyterian worship, when it could only result in hypocrisy, or in bitter hatred and mad defiance? We trust that under every system of belief the sensualism that petrifies the heart and destroys the very power of loving, will be discountenanced; but was it right that no mercy should be shown to the error that often arises in a "beautiful delusion,"† or the affection that the church had not consecrated, or even to the illicit union which had been formed in an hour of passionate self-forgetfulness, and sorrowed over in secret with bitter self-rebuke? In those days of stern discipline absence from church was punishable,—contumacious behaviour was visited with excommunication, and excommunication implied the loss of civil rights and separation from human converse. The rigid observance of the Sabbath formed part of the new theological code, and so strenuously was it enforced, that we read of a gentleman who was prosecuted for bringing home a millstone on Sunday, and of another who was arraigned for gathering gooseberries in time of sermon. As a specimen of clerical interference with private life, we may mention that the Kirk-session of Perth (1586-7) would not allow two unmarried sisters to live together in one house, but ordered them "to go to service, or where they may be best entertained without slander, under pain of imprisonment and banishment from the town." Poor Patrick Anderson, a Catholic, is thrown into prison, where he lies long months, for preaching the old faith with a zeal

Carlyle's "Cromwell," vol. ii.

† See Goethe's "Faust," last scene.

and courage which no generous opponent could deny; a Lady Livingstone is suspected of unsoundness in the faith, and is harassed into all miserable evasions and deceptions to escape excommunication; and severe pains are inflicted on Gabriel Mercer and Alexander Crichton for frequenting the company of Robert Crichton, excommunicate papist. All this goes on in Reforming Scotland; while far off, in Calvinistic Switzerland, St. Francis of Sales, with invincible courage, meekness, and patience, labours to reclaim men to the religion of their fathers, showing that these malignant papists have tender human hearts; and by the sweetness of his disposition and natural piety, reforming the sinful Catholic and converting the obstinate heretic.

But from this general review of the historic drama that was enacted during this wild and sorrowful period, from this estimate of the character and mission of the Reformers of the Northern kingdom, let us proceed to a more detailed and exact description of the men and manners of that iron age. Socially it was a barbarous and cruel epoch. The feuds of the nobles were incessant, and the best blood in the land was spilt in these senseless personal quarrels. Johnstones and Douglasses, Maxwells and Montgomeries wandered over the land fighting and plundering. Fearful deeds were done, and sad sights beheld in those days. For example, certain poor women came out of the South country, with fifteen bloody shirts, to complain to the king that their husbands, sons, and servants were cruelly murdered by the Laird of Johnstone, themselves spoiled, and nothing left them. The poor women, seeing they could get no satisfaction, caused the bloody shirts to be carried by pioneers through the town of Edinburgh, but the king was nothing moved. This happened on Monday, 22nd of July, 1593. In December of the same year the Lord Maxwell, as warden of the Western Marches, attempted to bring the Johnstones into subjection. Lately reinforced by the reiving clans of Scott and Graham, the Laird of Johnstone had cut off a party of the Maxwells, and now, with eight hundred followers, beset Maxwell, who, with fifteen hundred foot and horse, was marching against the Lockwood under royal commission. When Maxwell had crossed the water of Annan, Johnstone fell on him and slew him. All fled through the stream, not without suspicion of treacherous desertion. "Such was the famous clan-battle of Dryfe's Sands, the last of any note fought in the southern part of Scotland." But even this encounter is thrown into the shade by an outbreak of private vengeance between the clan Gregor and Colquhoun, Laird of Luss, in the year 1608. This outbreak took the form of a pitched battle. It was fought on the banks of Loch Lomond; the victory remaining with the MacGregors. On this occasion no less than one hundred and forty persons

perished; vast herds of cattle were driven off by the conquerors, and the district was wasted with fire and sword. This devastation was not uncommon during the civil war. The famous harrying of Bothwell Moor, when the cry of the plundered people rang through the land, and a brave John Craig, minister of religion, compelled the Regent, unwilling as he was, to give them a poor and partial redress, is a striking but not solitary instance of the terrible results of domestic warfare; while the præterhuman insensibility to which the passion of men can descend, under the inspiration of an implacable hatred or an exasperated partisanship, may be estimated by the frightful act of cruelty which about the same time condemned Adam Gordon to an infamous immortality. This miserable man, when the heroic wife of Alexander Forbes maintained her house against him and refused to surrender, set fire to the building and burnt it. Its magnanimous defender, her children, and servants, twenty-seven persons in all, perished in the flames. The reiving clans of Scott and Graham were mentioned above. To these protected marauders must be added the Border thieves that were for ever harrying the land. Bold, reckless, and violent men, they were only to be encountered with an armed force. In 1568 the Regent Moray made a raid to the Border against these banditti, and a bond was subscribed by the influential persons of the southern counties at Kelso to put down the thieves of Liddesdale, Ewesdale, Eskdale, and Annandale. It is said that no former ruler ever so thoroughly awed the Border men. Two similar expeditions were afterwards organized by Morton. The ravages committed by the Bells and Irvings some years later were rigorously punished by the king. In 1606 the Earl of Dunbar held two justiciary courts in the Border, in which more than one hundred and forty of the most formidable robbers were sentenced to death. The sentence was carried into effect, and this district was declared to be "settled," as it had never been before. It was not always easy to enforce the execution of justice. The thieves took refuge in strong houses, furnished with iron gates, made grillwise, the bars curiously interlacing with each other, and generally fitted with huge staples and padlocks.

The disposition to violent and lawless acts was often exhibited. Two sons of James Hamilton of Livingstone having some ground of offence against David Dundas of Priestinch, had gone at mid-day with an armed body to his fold, and there barbarously mutilated and slaughtered a great number of his cattle. Two months afterwards, when letters of citation were issued against these young men, the laird, with his wife and four sons, beat the messenger unmercifully, compelled him to eat and swallow the letters, and promise never to bring such documents against them in

future. The witnesses⁴ who accompanied him they struck with swords and pistols, and left for dead. In those days agrarian outrages were of frequent occurrence. Sometimes a rival claimant to proprietorship appeared to molest the tenants of the landlord in possession; sometimes the tenant himself became the object of jealous antipathy to a less fortunate neighbour. It was for the dismissal of his wife from Woodhouselee that Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh murdered the good Regent. Thirty years after the same estate again became the occasion of aggression, though of a less tragical kind. The representative of the murderer, with an armed company, proceeded to the lands of Woodhouselee when the tenants "were in peaceable and quiet manner at their ploughs," and threatening them with death if they continued their work, actually compelled its instant abandonment. A month afterwards a similar outrage took place between Edinburgh and Leith, on an estate belonging to Patrick Moneycuny. In this case the aggressor, David Duff of Leith, not only prevented the fulfilment of a contract of tenancy, but constrained the servants of the proprietor to desist from their work, secretly broke their plough, and then seeking the occupier of the farm, insultingly bade him go between "the plew-stilts and see how she wald gang while the morn." The Gordons of Gight, maternal ancestors of the poet Byron, were conspicuous, at the opening of the seventeenth century, for an outbreak of the wild and passionate temper which characterized this race. Conceiving a spite against Magnus Mowatt of Balquhollie, the laird and two of his younger sons went in the June of 1601 with a large armed and mounted company to his lands, and destroyed all the growing crops. The following month John Gordon, with a friend and servant, entered the village of Turriff, attacked Alexander Copeland and Ralph Ainslie with deadly weapons, wounding the latter past hope of his life, and leaving the village for a time, returned in greater strength at midnight, broke into the house of William Duffus, and "bringing him forth to the street, there had nearly taken his life by firing at him a charge of small shot."

The street quarrels so frequent in the sixteenth century strikingly illustrate the barbarous temper of the times. While sword and buckler were the ordinary gear of gallant men in England, small fire-arms were in use in Scotland, and gentle and noble often wielded them in desperate and deadly fray. The streets of Edinburgh and Aberdeen were famous for these conflicts. In the former town they were more lasting, more fatal, and more frequent than in the latter; nor did they terminate till the reign of the sixth James was far advanced. If the most lawless outrages and atrocious murders were often committed with impunity, yet the executions were so numerous as to leave us in no doubt

as to the vigilant and vengeful character of the law, and to afford a fair measure of the criminality of the times. At Glasgow, on 28th March, 1567, the number of executions amounted to twenty-eight; at St. Andrew's, on July 5, 1568, seven pirates were by the Regent's order condemned to be drowned. In 1603, Macgregor of Glenstrae, with twelve of his clan, were hanged on one gallows. In 1636, Gilderoy, of ballad fame, and nine others, suffered, or at least were awarded, a similar doom. Thirty years after, Patrick Roy Macgregor and his band were executed. We have already seen that in 1606 the Earl of Dunbar hanged upwards of one hundred and forty of the "nimblest and most powerful thieves."

Such was the social order in Scotland in those old days. There was no peace, no quiet enjoyment for any man. It was no fair Cosmos that the Kirk and Estates of Scotland found ready shaped to their hand, and requiring only a little additional embellishment for its perfection, but a "foul chaos" which only the lightning could penetrate, and the storm purify. In perfect correspondence with the social character of the age were the phenomena presented under the intellectual category. In the absence of the true interpretation of nature, a false conception of all physical and mental processes prevailed. Unable to discern the real significance of this marvellous existence—unable rightly to conceive the great mysteries of birth and death—or to discover, under the terrors and splendours of the universe, beneficent methods and tranquil grandeurs, they beheld everywhere the shadows of their own degrading imaginations, they accepted fictions for facts, and made nature conform to their own puerile and barbarous preconceptions. In the eclipse of the sun they saw the indication of an offended Providence; in the pestilence an expression of Divine wrath against the supposed crimes of sorcery and witchcraft; in the famine a punishment for their sin in the temporary toleration of the mass. The aurora borealis was fruitful in predictions of disaster to the excited feelings of men who beheld in the firmament "battle arrayed, spears and other weapons, and as it had been the joining of two armies." In our days a comet passes among the satellites of Jupiter, and with such harmless visitation that it leaves them shining as serenely and steadily as before; but to our ancestors it appeared as a menacing messenger, the undoubted effects of whose "scourge made of wands all fiery" were a great and mighty battle in *Barbaria*, in *Afric*, wherein three kings were slain; and within the country the chasing away of the *Hamiltons*, &c. The "*Piery Besom*" of 1556 was commissioned expressly to announce the death of *Christian, King of Denmark*, and the war between *England* and *Scotland*. On its last visit, if the

astronomers are right, Cranmer was undergoing his martyrdom of fire. Should Professor Hind's prediction be verified, it will find us, we trust, not simply tolerating, but relieving the mystic criminal of the Middle Ages, the "persecuted Jew." It found our forefathers ignorant of the stage-coach, unprovided with the simplest agency for the conveyance of letters. It will find us exulting in the railway, and the steamship, and laying the electric telegraph in the waters of the Atlantic.

In Scotland the varieties of superstition, during the period we are reviewing, were as strange as they were numerous. Sometimes we find in them the counterparts of our own superstitions, originating, like ours, in the absence of those scientific tests which regulate or check our tendency to explain unusual phenomena, or in the undue exaltation of the religious sentiment. A Scottish gentleman, for instance, in 1678, sought relief from a painful disorder from a magician in Italy. He was told that he need not have come so far from home, as there was a person in Scotland who could cure him. Of this person a circumstantial description was given him. The patient returned to Scotland, and some years after he met on the bridge of Earn one to whom the description in every particular applied. He requested his aid, and was cured by the stranger with a few simple herbs. The physician was prosecuted as a necromancer in compact with the devil, notwithstanding his protestation that the cure was natural. Mr. Chambers most justly remarks that in this narrative the reader will recognise a story which has been told with many variations as to time, place, and circumstance, but always with the assumption of what would now be described in certain circles as an exercise of the power of *clairvoyance* respecting a person unknown and living at a great distance. Even our modern spiritualism was not unrepresented in the reign of James VI. Mr. Williamson, schoolmaster at Cupar, solemnly assured his friends that when in London he was once invited by a stranger to dine with him. He accepted the invitation, found a magnificent table and a distinguished assembly. The *guests were all served by spirits*. Delighted with the advantages of this incorporeal ministration, Mr. Williamson asked permission to join their privileged society. Great, however, was the dismay with which he recoiled, when informed that as a necessary preliminary he must renounce his baptism and abstract his spirit from all materiality! During his alarm and the prayer for protection which it naturally dictated, his æthereal companions disappeared. Apprehensive of the pecuniary liabilities which this sudden withdrawal might impose on him, he summoned an attendant, and learned, to his unspeakable relief, that "there was nothing to pay, for *they* had done it all." Here, again, Mr. Chambers ex-

plains these mysterious phenomena by postulating a condition of brain artificially produced in which the suggestion of objects and events is sufficient to generate a belief in their reality.

Another illustration of the spiritualism of our ancestors is furnished by Mr. Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle. Inspired by the laudable desire of repressing the "impudent and growing atheism," this gentleman wrote in 1691 an essay on the nature and actions of the subterranean invisible people, heretofore going under the names of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies. The Fairies he describes as possessed of light and changeable bodies, like condensed clouds, and living in little hillocks, where they are sometimes heard to bake bread, strike hammers, and do such like services. In speech and apparel, he tells us, the fairy folk resemble those under whose country they live. Women are yet alive, continues the orthodox minister of Aberfoyle, who aver that they were once taken away to nurse fairy children! After what the unenlightened believed to be his death, Mr. Kirk appeared to a relation, telling him that he was himself in Fairyland, and that only by the performance of a particular ceremony could he be restored to human society. When the prescribed rite was about to be celebrated, this captive of Titania appeared a second time; but the selected hierophant was so astounded at the apparition that he failed in the task which he had undertaken. Consequently, adds our historian, Mr. Kirk was left to "dree his wierd" in Fairyland.

All this fairy faith was rife in Scotland when the chief of Shakspeare's company, Lawrence Fletcher, was in Aberdeen. Might not the great poet of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" have there collected materials for the beautiful embodiment of its fading graceful legends, as Mr. Knight conjectures that he did for those scenes in "Macbeth" which represent the workings of a dark and baleful superstition?

In the religious exaltation of those days, illusions of sight and hearing often assumed the form of an epidemic. Optical phenomena, cerebral derangement, and physical laws not then ascertained, suffice to explain the prodigies which historians commemorate, from the neighing of horses and the shock of armies that the Greek, in his excited imagination, heard on the plain of Marathon four hundred years after the Persian invasion, to the last vision of the Virgin Mary to the dreaming shepherd-boy in Catholic France, or the most recent appearance of the Saviour on his cross to the enthusiastic miner or fisherman, in the bewildering raptures of conversion, in Protestant England. "The predominant popular idea," as Mr. Chambers remarks, "always appears in the vision." If the poetic Greek was visited by Apollo or the nymphs—if in the apostolic age the image of his

holy ideal ever came and went before the quickened vision of the devout Christian—if in mediæval story the divine Mother calls some Maid of Orleans as she watches in the fields, the Scottish peasant had in those old Covenanting days his appropriate experience of præternaturalism. With him the celestial revelation commonly took the form of preaching and psalm-singing. Thus, the night after the battle of Rullion Green, in 1666, the voice of a multitude about Gilston mount, making the sweetest melody imaginable, was heard by many persons who publicly attested their conviction: and a year or two after, in those places where the Gospel was most frequently preached, the brae-sides were seen covered with the appearance of men and women with tents, and voices were heard in them. There is something of the sublimity of the Apocalypse in the description given by Alexander Stirling of a similar vision of mystic beings singing beside a milk-white horse with a blood-red saddle on his back, so teaching him that the Everlasting Word would soon come to that place, and with it its sure and sorrowful accompaniment, for “the white horse was the Gospel, and the red saddle persecution.”

These hallucinations were comparatively innocent, and not unredeemed by a gleam of fancy, or charm of moral feeling. But we have to describe now the characteristics and consequences of that dark and baleful superstition which cast a shadow over the rising day of Scotland, in the times of the Covenanters, as it had thrown a yet deeper blackness over the long night of the Middle Ages—the belief in sorcery or witchcraft. This cruel and degrading faith was not peculiar to the Scotch Reformer; though his religious zeal, and his more submissive regard for the authority which prescribed and sustained it, the Book of Books, which spoke to him now in his own native tongue, may have intensified his credulous predisposition, and sharpened his implacable hatred of this imaginary crime into fresh and additional acuteness. The act under which so many unfortunate men and women suffered was passed by the Estates of Scotland in the third year of Queen Mary. It prohibited all manner of witchcraft, sorcery, or necromancy, and condemned to death all who practised or countenanced them. It was impartial in its application; no rank or social elevation was a security against its ascription. The grave matron, the beautiful maiden, the titled dame, and the powerful noble, were all indifferently amenable to the suspicion, and therefore to the punishment, of witchcraft. We read of a Lady Foulis who was accused of this crime, of a Lord Bothwell who was compromised by its imputation, of a Master of Orkney, an earl's brother, who was tried for its alleged commission; while Eupham M'Calyean, daughter of a Judge of Court-session, was burned alive as a witch, and William Stewart, Lion King of

Arms, was hanged as a necromancer. The deplorable circumstance was the confirmation given to the popular fanaticism by the voluntary confession of the miserable victims of an unaccountable delusion. The imbecility of the human intellect, when deprived of the support of a scientific training, or, at least, of the regulating and alterative influences of a philosophic public opinion, is evinced more clearly and more unequivocally in the phenomena of witchcraft than in any other with which we are familiar. It is humiliating to reflect that ignorance was ever ready to corroborate what credulity invented, that the fictitious charges which the public terror circulated were corroborated by the prescriptions of a traditionary hallucination. The accused themselves believed in their criminality. They pleaded guilty to an indictment of imaginary sin and impossible crime. They acknowledged the reality of their alleged visits to the invisible world; of a personal contact with the Satan of mythological Christianity; of their raising storms for the destruction of shipping; and of many other implications, some grimly terrible, some ridiculous, and all impossible. They flew upon corn-straws, they were entertained by the queen of faëry, they took the shapes of hares, cats, and crows, they transferred the pains of parturition not only to another woman, but even to a man, or one of the inferior animals; they inflicted terrible sicknesses on human beings; they destroyed cattle, and withered the young corn in the blade. They did all these things; that is, they were accused of doing them, and believed they did them. Were they lunatics, or was it the lust of notoriety, and the love of imputed power, and in some cases the agony of torture, which wrung from them the confession of guilt? Whatever the cause, the result was the same—death. Generally, they were burnt, sometimes singly, sometimes in batches of from twenty to thirty, and even of fifty. Often the recorded sentence against these victims of this atrocious superstition is one that thickens the blood as we read it. They were condemned to be *worried at the stake*. The human mind was not sceptical in those days. The Estates of the kingdom, the presbytery of the Church, the peer and the peasant, the judge and the criminal, the Protestant and Catholic were all equally convinced of the supernatural efficacy of the old woman, whose crime was a spiteful look, or the fair maiden who charmed her lover's heart by the natural magic of her beauty. Yet in those days Shakspeare was creating his human-hearted Imogens and Helens, and Bacon was introducing that only true wisdom which makes man the interpreter and minister of nature.

All this time there was growing up in Scotland a superstition less deplorable in its consequences than that which we have now described, but which, always vexatious and ensnaring, has become

almost intolerable in our own generation. In direct opposition to the decision of St. Paul, and with that strange predilection for the Old Testament theology which distinguished alike the Scotch Covenanter and the English Puritan, the Presbyterian Kirk introduced into Scotland the Judaical observance of the Sabbath, retaining with some inconsistency the Sunday festival of the Catholic Church, while rejecting all the other feasts which its authority had consecrated. In spite, however, of ecclesiastical acts and temporal statutes, many years elapsed before the nation attained to that "placid acquiescence" in the sullen and sanctimonious monotony which now disgraces the day. The principal demands of the new Church were for complete abstinence from work and mercantile transactions; but so late as 1596 we find a local presbytery complaining to the Privy Council of the obstinate refusal of the people to abandon a Sunday market. Somewhat later the civic magistracy of Aberdeen was obliged to content itself with the injunction that no market, either of fish or flesh shall be held on the Sabbath day in *time of sermon*. There is evidence that at this period taverns were allowed to be open, and public amusements permitted in the intervals of divine service. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, tailors, shoemakers, and bakers in Aberdeen were accustomed to work till eight or nine every Sunday morning. While violation of the prescribed ritual observances was punished by fine, the exclusive consecration of the Sunday which subsequently prevailed was then unknown. Indeed there were regular "play Sundays" in Scotland till the end of the sixteenth century, when in obedience to an ordinance of the General Assembly, the religious exercises of the citizen monopolised much of his time, and he was bound under penalties to avoid the profanation of the Sabbath day. It is worth noting here that in Scotland then, as still in Norway, the Sabbath was held to commence at sun-set of Saturday, and to terminate at sun-set, or six o'clock, on Sunday.

The Reformation, while it gradually drew around this festival of the ancient Church the ring fence of an unnatural restriction, had sternly repressed the observance of Christmas, Easter, and the various saints' days. Then, too, the old May games virtually went out, and the hobby-horse was forgot. Some of the hereditary amusements, however, still enjoyed "a sort of twilight life;" and though the serious classes frowned, the simpler order of the people was too much in love with Robin Hood and the Abbot of Unreason to resign its wonted sports without a struggle. Some religious practices of the ancient Church, too, were still dear to the hearts of those who had so lately broken away from its hallowing associations. Pilgrimages were not unfrequent, and the Chapel of

the Virgin and the Chapel of Grace were visited by the pious Presbyterian as well as the faithful Catholic. Customs of even pagan derivation still flourished in the country; and the balefires that were kindled at Midsummer were extinguished by indignant presbyteries with a slow and often frustrated hand. The old creeds die hard; and not till they have lost all social efficacy does their vitality quite desert them. Even in dying they bequeath some graceful form or touching memory; and we can hardly wonder at the rigid and ascetic Puritan, who has other work to do than to preserve the symbols of a pious fancy, indiscriminately condemning all the monuments and usages of a past which had transmitted so much of falsehood, folly, and sin. The Reformers of Scotland never modified their opinions or their practices; and the Chapels of Grace shared the fate of those nobler structures whose fall Knox himself ceased to regret when he reflected how irrevocably they were identified, in the popular feeling, with the fair humanities, no less than the repulsive superstitions of the ancient faith.

The general character of the civil and ecclesiastical legislation in Scotland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be inferred from the enactments already cited. Some additional illustrations, however, may be here adduced of the statute-making genius of this period, which will not be without historical and social interest. The administration of secular affairs was conducted by the Privy Council in Edinburgh; that of spiritual affairs by the General Assembly during the reigns of James and Charles I. It is singular that the adjustment of the titles by King Charles, in 1627, proved an admirable practical measure, anticipating the Commutation Acts of England and Ireland by more than two centuries. In 1616 the Privy Council ordained that there should be a school in every parish in the kingdom for the advancement of the true religion, and the training of children in civility, godliness, knowledge, and learning. Among the people of the Scottish Border, the custom of going into Cheviot to hunt, which furnished the occasion for the grand and touching ballad of "Chevy Chase," had been sustained from an immemorial antiquity. The propriety of abolishing a usage which could not but generate ill feelings between his English and Scottish subjects now presented itself forcibly to the king. The Council accordingly enjoined the inhabitants of the southern counties to cease their ancient practice of going into Tyndale, Redesdale, the fells of Cheviot, and Kidland, for hunting and the cutting of wood, under pain of confiscation of their worldly goods. Frightful instances of barbarous or superstitious legislation occasionally occur in the first half of the seventeenth century, as in the case of Henry Dick, Donald Brymer, and Janet Inrie;

who were sentenced, with others, to be beheaded for disregarding the prohibition contained in the disputed text in Leviticus, which stigmatizes as incest every connexion with a wife's sister. The proceedings of the Council, when they determined to discountenance the inhuman practices of the wreckers of Dunbar and the Western Islands, evince a more enlightened spirit. The same commendation cannot be bestowed on its commercial policy. On one occasion it prohibited the export of gold; on another, that of wool. In 1615 it discovered "a most unlawful and pernicious trade of transporting of eggs forth of the kingdom;" and apprehensive that there would be no eggs nor poultry found within the country, commanded all merchants and owners of vessels to discontinue this pestilent and unpatriotic traffic, on pain of heavy fines and such further punishment as the Council might see fit to decree. In 1625, another "wicked crime" was detected—the transport of tallow; and "those godless and avaricious persons who, acting without regard of honesty or the common duties of civil conversation, perpetrated this enormity, were punished with confiscation of all their removable goods." There are other instances of the aversion with which export trade was then regarded, and of the measures adopted to procure its suppression; but those which we have now mentioned will serve to illustrate the short-sighted policy of the Privy Council of Scotland a little more than two hundred years ago. The proletary question was one of considerable difficulty, even in those days, though the numerical force of the people had not brought out its paramount importance, as in our own time. There was no Poor-law then. Vagabonds thronged every street and infested every highway. The leper and the lunatic wandered at will over the country, carrying with them annoyance, disgust, and terror. Sometimes local relief was afforded them; sometimes they were dispersed or banished. The gipsies, who first appeared in Scotland in 1540, when a writ of the Privy Seal was passed in favour of John Faw, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, were afterwards denounced as idle and counterfeit people, and dealt with in a summary manner, the scourge and the gallows being constantly in requisition. In the year 1579, the Egyptians, in common with minstrels, songsters, and tale-tellers, are made the subject of a special enactment. In the same year we have an amusing instance of *à priori* philanthropic legislation, which reminds us of the familiar anecdote of a French queen, who expressed her surprise at the folly of the starving population of Paris for dying of hunger, when there were plenty of cakes in the shop windows to be had for money. By the Act to which we now refer, the genuine poor were enjoined to repair to their native parishes, and there live in almshouses. This, like poor Maria Antoinette's

confectionary scheme, was, as our annalist remarks, a very nice arrangement; only—there were not any almshouses for them to live in! Further to characterize the legislation of this year, we may add that two poets were hanged in August, and an Act of Parliament passed against bards and minstrels in October. A general assembly was held at Glasgow in 1610, in which the king's plan for a more comely and peaceable government in the Scottish Church was in part accomplished, and he was acknowledged as the supreme representative and depository of ecclesiastical power. The Presbyterian historians, attributing the success of the measure to the magical rhetoric of money, designate this convention the Golden Assembly. In 1639, in conjunction with the Parliament, it formally affirmed the abolition of Episcopacy, on which the king resolved to hazard a second expedition against the Scots. Under the General Assembly the local Kirk sessions exercised a vigilant and stringent jurisdiction. Licentious conduct was severely punished by the Reformed Church. Excommunication, pecuniary fine, exposure before the congregation, carting, ducking, and banishment, were the penalties it awarded. The Aberdeen Sessions, in 1562, abolished the then not discreditable custom of entering into conjugal life on the strength simply of a contract of marriage. This usage was known by the name of handfasting. The ceremony of marriage at a subsequent period was optional. The clergy regarded this as immoral, and ordered the union to be followed by its ecclesiastical complement, enjoining the interested persons to live a celibate life in the interval. Throughout his "Annals," Mr. Chambers testifies to the generally correct deportment of the Presbyterian clergy, and to their sincere anxiety to promote virtue among the people, while condemning their intrusive and intolerant spirit. Of the Privy Council, too, he observes, that a survey of its records would exhibit many beneficent and merciful edicts mingling with the severe orders against Conventiclers. Its measures for the accommodation of the countless feuds of the gentry were often successful; and if the quarrels among the upper classes were not diminished in number, they were at least carried to less ferocious extremes. Petitions for freedom from sickly prisoners, or for an abatement of fines, were frequently conceded; and in all cases where theological fanaticism was not present to evoke or compel the spirit of persecution, we find a genuine human feeling, and an earnest desire to promote the welfare of the community.

We may recall here that through the whole of this period the legal employment of torture by Covenanting statesmen and royalist officials, in and out of Scotland, as the appropriate method of eliciting information, was constantly vindicated and enforced. In 1684 an instrument of torture, called the thumbikens, was

adopted by the Privy Council, at the recommendation of Generals Dalrymple and Drummond, who had seen it in Russia. In September of that year William Carstairs, afterwards the Principal of the University of Edinburgh, was compelled, in the presence of the Council, to illustrate its efficacy as a discoverer of truth; and under the agony produced made some disclosures which seem to have satisfied his interrogators. This identical instrument subsequently came into his possession, and was long preserved by his family. An anecdote, transmitted by his descendants, conveys an appropriate comment on the barbarous expedient for extorting truth by the application of bodily suffering. "I have heard, Principal," said King William to him, "that you were tortured with something they call thumbikens; pray what sort of instrument of torture is it?" "I will show it you," answered Carstairs, "the next time I have the honour to wait upon your Majesty." Accordingly, soon after the Principal brought the thumbikens to be shown to the king. "I must try it," said the king; "I must put in my thumbs here; now, principal, turn the screw. O not so gently, another turn, another—Stop! stop!—no more. Another turn, I am afraid, will make me confess anything."

Those days of intimidation and persecution are over; those days of vexatious and inquisitorial superintendence, of gloomy superstition and frantic fanaticism, with all their machinery of shame and torment, lie far behind us. It would be a false modesty to deny the improved moral tone of our own times, its intellectual superiorities, its greater breadth of individual and social development. But it would be ingratitude not to recognise the stalwart valour, the heroic endurance, the earnest devoutness of the men of old, who, like the god Thor in the northern mythology, have made the land "a right fair home" for us. But we must return to that bygone age, and see somewhat more of its mould and fashion—of its manners, its commerce, its agricultural and other industries—its personal heroisms, and even its science and literary culture.

Among the more characteristic of the social institutions by which the discords and savage schisms of the foul chaos of ancient society were subdued into incipient harmony, and a practical union of separate interests between man and man was established, we may mention that of *manred*. Originally *manred* was a service of allegiance; but in its more modern application it denoted an agreement between a superior and inferior, or between two persons of equal power and importance to countenance and aid each other in all military or legal emergencies, with a reservation only of the king's rights and authority. This arrangement was evidently capable of serious abuse, and

was no doubt frequently employed to intimidate justice as well as to restrain violence. It grew up spontaneously, however, out of the exigencies of a barbarous time, when law was uncertain in its procedures and partial in its awards; and when the homefelt sense of an imperious want craved some solution for the problem which that want suggested. In the early history of the Reformed religion, we find it not unfrequently dependent for its progress on combinations of this irregular, and perhaps illicit character. In 1589, a Board of Association was concluded between Sir Walter Scott of Brånxholm and fifty of his kin and clan. The document which ratified the convention came into the possession of William Scott, Esq., of Raeburn, and is described by one whose genius has shed a lustre on the common name which all the heroism of his ancestors could not impart, as calculated to secure against any clansman taking "room, or possession over the head of another of the name." All who were accused of such encroachments were bound to stand by the award of five men bearing the name of Scott, and elected indifferently by all. Even the chief himself was obliged to submit to this arbitration, which evinces an unexpected independence on the part of the clansmen. The bond is further described as intended to prevent kinsmen from going to law, and to promote a species of justice within the clan. Of all the powerful and wealthy nobles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries whose alliance through the ties of marriage or the bonds of manred was eagerly sought by those of less brilliant fortune, none approached the great Marquis of Huntley in the influence which he possessed, or the emulous admiration which he inspired. Nor had the resources of his ancestors been less formidable, or their connexion less attractive. The Gordon charter-chest exhibits a grand series of these bonds, extending from the year 1670 to 1444, and containing a hundred and seven in all. Among the clients or retainers of the existing marquis in 1600 were numbered the Earls of Argyle and Orkney, the Lords Lovat and Spynie, the barons of Moray, the chieftain of Glengarry, Cameron of Lochiel, and Lady Menzies of Weem and the clan Macpherson. Such power as this support and following implied, rendered the opposition of the Marquis of Huntley to the Protestant interest very effective, and invested him with a superiority which barely recognised a limit in the royal supremacy itself.

The rental sheet of this wealthy and powerful nobleman for the year 1600 is still extant, and affords a fair measure of the resources of the more affluent representatives of the Scottish patriciate of that day, the due abatements being made for their inferior personal ascendancy or more restricted proprietorship. The document extends over fifty-nine pages of print in small

quarto, and contains the particulars of money and produce due from each farm in the marquis's estate. The money-rent amounts to 3819*l.*, besides 630*l.* of teind silver. The farm victual payable to this possessor of many an ample lordship and barony was 4498 bolls, including oats, meal, and some other commodities; 1147 sheep, lambs, pigs, and cattle for slaughter; 5592 geese and poultry, 5284 eggs, 30 kids, 94 stones of custom butter, 40 barrels of salmon, 990 ells of custom linen, and many other items which it would be tedious to enumerate. The Marquis of Huntley's principal residence was Strathbogie Castle. This castle was rebuilt in 1602. "The remains of the house," says Mr. Chambers, "yet attest a grandness of living suitable to the wealth and political importance of the family."

Of a less ambitious character was the mansion occupied by Mr. Stuart of Coltness, half a century later. It appears to have consisted of the tower built by his predecessors, with a modern supplement added by himself, comprising the principal apartments, eight in number. The offices and men-servants' rooms were in a separate court. A high front wall towards the east, with an arched entry, enclosed all. Without were the stables and a trained-up thorn with a bower in it. Beyond the stables were the farm-buildings. The gardens lay to the south of the house. There were three terraces, one for flowers, in front of the mansion, and two on the east and west for a cherry and nut-ground, with a bank on the left for a strawberry-bed. The terraces were flanked with a stone wall for ripening and improving finer fruits. An orchard and kitchen-garden with grass walks lay to the south of this wall; a small square enclosure to the west formed the nursery-garden; and beyond the nursery-garden was a park with birches towards the house, and on the other three sides rows of ash and plane, and in the middle a goodly thicket of firs. North of the house was a grass enclosure of four acres, with a fish-pond in the corner. The whole of "this policy," protected by a strong wall and hedge-rows of trees, formed an oblong. The principal entrance was from the east.

There was little of beauty and symmetry in these arrangements, however they may have satisfied the demands of convenience and hospitality. But the sunny terrace with its flower-beds, the cherry-orchard, the nut-ground and strawberry-bank, are not without a charm to those who love the associations which the quaint old gardens of the last century recall.

The household book of the Dowager Countess of Mar, commencing 1038, and continuing over several years, affords us some glimpses of the aristocratic life of the period. It contains a long and heterogeneous list of items, from a pound of candles at 4*s.* to

3*l*.* for a barrel of aqua vitæ. A murtherful beggar who did knock at the gate received 2*s*.; and blind Wat the piper, 4*s*. Sir Charles Erskine appears to have expended 5*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. on citron and marmalade, and Mr. William Erskine's attendance at the "dwarf's marriage," stood him in 7*s*. 6*d*. Tobacco for my lady's use is entered at 1*s*., and her parrot's cage at 4*s*. A red scarlet coat for her grandson John cost 12*s*., and Lord James's red suit lined with satin, 7*l*. 10*s*. We will mention two other entries, 5*l*. 8*s*. 3*d*. given to the poor by Charles, son of the countess on the night of his marriage, and an unascertained sum to John Erskine to buy a bladder for trying a mathematical conclusion!

From the household books of the great Celtic chief, Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenarthy, we find that there was no lack in his establishment of beeves and wheaten bread. Claret and white wine were drunk, but in no large quantities. Lord Lovat supported a *ménage* equally magnificent in Invernesshire. Each year seventy beeves were consumed, besides lamb, veal, venison, fish, poultry, and feathered game. For the salmon produced by his rivers he received in exchange wines, sugars, and spices from France. At his death five thousand armed followers attended his funeral. Entertainment would be provided for all. Thus, although there was little or no manufacturing industry in the Celtic part of Scotland, the natural wealth of the country seems to have been adequate to supply not only the necessities, but even many of the comforts of existence.

A less attractive representation of Lowland life is given by Fynes Moryson, a gentleman who travelled in Scotland in 1698. The ordinary diet of the people was principally a vegetable one. They had little fresh meat. Even the establishment of his host, though a worshipful knight, would have had no recommendations for an epicure. The table was furnished with platters of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meat. The servants sat down with their master and his guests. Those that were seated above the salt, instead of porridge had a pullet with some prunes in it. In the country hearth-cakes of oats were commonly provided; but in cities wheaten bread was procurable by the more affluent classes. They appear, however, even in the more rural districts, to have been liberally furnished with wine. The condition of the people must have been one of ever-varying extremes during the greater part of the eventful period in consideration. The most abundant harvests were succeeded by fear-

* Pounds Scots. A pound in Scotch money is equal to 1*s*. 8*d*. sterling. The Scotch shilling to 1*d*. English.

ful dearths, and as Scotland was in general dependant for food on the home supply, an unfavourable summer or an adverse seed-time often brought a large proportion of the people to the brink of starvation. Famine and dearth were of perpetual recurrence, and were but rarely mitigated by English exports. Pestilence was the invariable attendant of a protracted scarcity, and so terrible were its ravages that no less a proportion than one-sixth of the entire population perished by the desolating malady of 1585.

The costume of this period received its appropriate recognition from the same traveller to whom we are indebted for the graphic outline of the knight's *cuisine*. The labourers and domestics wore coarse home-made cloth of hoddenn gray, and broad flat blue caps. The merchants were attired in a fabric of English or French manufacture, of a subdued colour, or of mixed black and blue. The gentry were similarly clothed, or if they wore light stuffs and affected the luxury of silks all superfluous decoration was avoided. Ladies wore close boddices, with large sleeves, short German cloaks, and French hoods. Unmarried women wore tight linen sleeves, and custom prohibited them the ornament or protection of a hat or other covering for the head. Women of the lowlier rank wore coarse stuff cloaks of chequer-work. Some years later, the official costume was regulated by Sir Alexander Hay. The senators of the College of Justice were ordered to wear a purple robe; advocates and clerks, black gowns; the provost, and other civic authorities, together with the clergy, were also enjoined to adopt this sober hue for hose and gown. On the 15th February, 1610, the Lords of the Session and the bishops proceeded from the chancellor's lodging to the Tolbooth, all, but the chancellor, arrayed in London cloth, purple coloured, with gowns and hoods of red satin.

Our delineation of the social and domestic life of Scotland, during its transition period, would be incomplete, without an attempt to describe the manifestations of the sportive tendency, or, as Schiller calls it, the play-impulse, of human nature which characterized it. The Puritan kirk left its impress here as in every other province of Scottish activity. There is always danger where there is enjoyment. The bounding limbs and bright eyes of youth are but the causes that prepare its fall. Even the most delicate sensibilities are not unallied to the sensibilities that corrupt and harden. So reasoned the Puritan and Covenanter, and if we cannot accept their logic, at least we can understand and excuse it. Pleasure has a peculiar fascination for us all, and temperance, which is the true wisdom, is more difficult to practise than abstinence. The wisest of the Greeks* compares pleasure to

* Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics," book ii.

the beautiful Helen, whose fatal loveliness brought infinite sorrows on ~~men~~, and says there is nothing for it but to do as the old Trojan warriors did, when they saw and felt the witchery of that fair face and form, *pronounce sentence against her, and send her away*. In this spirit the kirk acted, repressing every outward demonstration of animal spirits as a sort of sin. In the latter years of the sixteenth century it was customary for the newly-married in humble life to receive company and give a ball or dance. The bridal party used to go to the market-cross, and there perform these roundel rites. The kirk sessions, much scandalized at this "vanity," prohibited pipers at weddings, and even condemned those who were guilty of "promiscuous dancing" to stand in a public place and confess their fault. They did not succeed, however, in effecting the entire abolition of this ancient custom. The bridal dance, and its accompanying festivities, still continued in force, and have been kept up to the present day, though "shorn of their original spirit." A declaration of James VI., in 1618, on the subject of Sunday sports, shows that the popular recreations, which the kirk desired to suppress, but which the king conceded to all who had previously attended service in church, were dancing for men and women, archery, leaping, and vaulting. The same declaration also sanctioned May games, Whitsun-ales, morris-dances, and the setting up of Maypoles. Other documents attest the existence of golf, football, barley-break, and "firing of pieces." The bow, which the use of fire-arms had superseded, was still in use in the north of Scotland; indeed, it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that it fell into desuetude as a weapon of offence. In his wars with France and Spain, Charles I. adopted the strange expedient of raising a corps of Highland archers. The favourite pastime of the patrician class and their retainers was hunting. This sport, in the old time, was pursued on a grand scale. Five or six hundred men spread themselves over an area of from seven to ten miles, and drove the deer in herds of many hundreds to the appointed place. In one of these expeditions, described by Taylor, the water-poet, fourscore fat deer were slain in the space of two hours, by the aid of a hundred couples of strong Irish greyhounds, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers. At the grand hunt of Glen Tilt, which the queen honoured with her presence in 1564, no less than two thousand red deer were driven together from the hills of Athol, Badenoch, Mar, and Murray, and the adjoining counties, of which no fewer than three hundred and sixty, besides roes, were slain. Five wolves were also killed on the same occasion. The queen is said during this highland excursion to have presided at a competitive assembly of native harpers, and to have adjudged the victory to Beatrix Gardyn of Banchory. A harp

of antique form, now in the possession of Mr. Stuart, of Dalguise, and which bears the name of Queen Mary's Harp, is reported, on the authority of a domestic tradition, to have been the prize conferred on the fair Beatrix by the ill-starred and beautiful arbitress. Think of those happy eyes raining bright influence at this feast of song, and how they darkened in death when a few more evil years had passed away!

Next to the chase the favourite amusement of the aristocratic classes was "the most princely and serious delight of hawking." Many a Scottish gentleman there was in the old time who loved this patrician sport passing well, whether he captured partridges and moorfowl with the birds "that have a small body and large wings, called marlins, or affected most the kind called falcons, or wearying of them like a Home of Wedderburn, took to the other kind called tercel, using it even in his old age." An almost equally popular sport in Scotland was horse-racing. An annual race was held at Haddington as far back as 1552, when a silver bell was announced as the prize. In the reign of James VI. races were run at both Peebles and Dumfries. To bear off the bell is a proverbial expression, which originated in the Paisley custom of conferring on the successful candidate in the race a silver bell weighing four ounces.

In an earlier part of this essay we alluded to the visit of Lawrence Fletcher the comedian to Aberdeen. The hostility of the Reformed clergy to theatricals was of slow and gradual evolution. Even the Regent Moray allowed a play to be represented before him; and in 1574 the General Assembly, while it prohibited tragedies and comedies made of the canonical Scripture, permitted profane plays to be acted, provided they were set forth on work days only. As yet there was no regular theatre in Scotland, but the London acting companies used to pay occasional visits to the North, and notwithstanding the opposition of the kirk session of the city, succeeded in securing the patronage and retaining the active support of the king at Edinburgh, when an ecclesiastical censure was pronounced against those who repaired to the play. In 1673 two brothers of the name of Fountain had their patent formally conceded as Masters of the Revels within the kingdom. In a petition which they presented to the Privy Council, about six years after, occurs the only intimation that we have of the existence of a theatre at that time in Edinburgh. The plays and masquerades given by the Duke of York and the princesses in that city ten years previous to the Revolution were admiringly regarded by the privileged guests of the ducal family, while their celebration gave great dissatisfaction to the more rigid Presbyterians. On these occasions the "Mithridates" of Lee,

and the "Indian Emperor" of Dryden, were among the plays selected, the one for a private performance, in which the Lady Ann and the maids of honour represented the *dramatis personæ*, and the other by the Duke's company of players.

Scotland, it seems, could not write her own tragedies. She had no need to weep over fictitious woes, when there were so many real woes to wring the nation's heart. In her every mansion and hut there were solemn scenes enough exhibited during this period of decay and growth; every palace had its epic poem, every cottage its romance. The supreme question for that time, or indeed for any time, was the religious question; and the best intelligence, the deepest insight, the highest heroism, whether of hand or heart, were all busied with the solution of this absorbing and despotic problem. The theological disputes and the moral development of the age dried up and exhausted all the springs of secular inspiration. Literature, the finer expression of national character, the blossom and fragrance of the highest human culture, in all its varieties of serious or humorous, of pathetic or sustaining, was non-existent. Another age was to elapse ere the lucid and subtle intellect of Hume was to reveal the true theory of causation, or the speculations of Adam Smith were to inaugurate a commercial revolution, or the melodies of Burns, the peasant-poet, were to echo eternally in the hearts of men. Previously to the Reformation, Scotland had not been without her minstrels. Dunbar, Douglas, Henryson, Montgomery, and Scott, had all attained a certain reputation; but as literary compositions were rarely printed in the days when strenuous action was more valued than mere speculative or æsthetic ability, the vagrant manuscripts in which these verses were preserved were the only depositories of their poetical genius. Their productions, entrusted to this precarious keeping, would in all probability have been lost to posterity were it not for an accidental circumstance connected with the plague at Edinburgh in the second half of the sixteenth century. George Bannatyne, during this period of terror and anxious apprehension, retired as it was supposed to the old manor-house of Newtyle, the country-house of his father, near the village of Meigle, in Strathmore, and for three months employed himself in copying the fugitive productions of his poetical predecessors into one fair volume. The manuscripts which he had collected were mutilated and scarcely legible, yet such was the persevering industry of the young transcriber, that the poems thus preserved amount to three hundred and seventy-two, and occupy no less than eight hundred folio pages. This was an enterprise of real and lasting significance, and the Bannatyne manuscript, still in existence in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, remains as a memorial of the

taste and diligence of the compiler, and secures him a name which in all probability his own original talents, for Bannatyne was himself a poet, would have failed to acquire.

The literary accomplishments and the exquisite Latinity of George Buchanan have conferred on him a well-deserved celebrity. He is described as a man of notable endowments, of ready memory, and rapid invention. His "History of Scotland," with its "eight centuries of fable, and its glaring partisanship," indicates that its author was little accustomed to the visits of the "cross-examining god Elenchus," and was unable to emancipate himself from those personal prepossessions which are so hostile to historic impartiality, and so destructive of confidence in the candour of the narrator. For instances of the felicitous touches with which Buchanan's book abounds, Mr. Chambers refers to his picturesque description of the surface of Galloway, "in modicos colles tumet," and the equally graphic phrase by which he characterises the seaboard of Fife "oppidulis præcingitur." It will be sufficient to refer to the literary productions of the royal pupil, who was educated for a pedant, because he was incapable of being educated for a king. The essays of a 'prentice in the divine art of poetry, the "Demonology," the "Basilicon Doron," and the "Counterblast to Tobacco," illustrate the efficacies or the futilities of regal pedantry. The "History of the Reformation in Scotland," by John Knox, the "Autobiography and Diary of James Melville," "Balfour's Annals," and "Spottiswoode's History of the Church of Scotland," may be cited here as among the more noticeable of the narrative productions of the period which we are considering.

Dramatic literature was even less cultivated in the sister kingdom than historic. The first known effort of the comic muse was published in Edinburgh in 1608. It is entitled "Philotus," and is founded on an Italian novel, included with other tales in a volume edited by Barnaby Rich, and which supplied Shakspeare with the story of the "Twelfth Night." It is written in rhyming triplets, with a fourth line in the first division of the stanza according with the fourth line in the second. The versification is not unmusical; but the comedy itself is one of those compositions the perusal of which would evince an almost miraculous perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

At the head of the Burgh Moor, near Edinburgh, there stands the tall and antique tower of Merchistoun, in which the most remarkable scion of a strange and original line pursued his various studies. Here it was that John Napier brooded over theological problems, and devised the singular expedients which were intended to secure Scotland from possible invasion. Among these are enumerated mirrors for burning the enemy's ships and

reflecting artificial fire; a destructive "shot for artillery;" and "a closed and fortified carriage;" besides devices of sailing under the water, with divers other stratagems for harming of the enemy, "which," says the inventor, "by the grace of God, and work of expert craftsmen, I hope to perform." However we may estimate Napier's mechanical genius, or however sceptical an ear we may turn to the recital which he gives of some of these marvellous contrivances, which recall the resources of the genie or enchantress of Arabian tale, there can be no doubt as to the value or reality of his great mathematical construction. In that barbarous and ignorant age there lived one man whose intelligence unquestionably "redeemed from decay the visitation of the divinity among men." During the twenty years in which Napier was engrossed with theology, with semi-fabulous mechanics, and the occult sciences in general, he found leisure in the silence and seclusion of that tall antique tower to elaborate his system of logarithms, a pre-requisite to the solution of the great numerical problems which the subsequent investigations of science have originated. The fame of his little work soon reached Oxford, where an English translation was published by Henry Briggs, the most eminent mathematician of his day in England. Such was the admiration with which the translator regarded this admirable discovery, that he could have no quietness in himself till he had seen that noble person, to whose wit and ingenuity alone it was to be ascribed. Lily's assertion that every summer during Napier's life this venerable man went purposely to Scotland to visit him, requires some qualification; for as his first visit was paid in the year 1615, and Napier died in 1617, Mr. Briggs could not have made more than one other such pilgrimage to Merchistoun.

This graceful act of hero-worship was not an exceptional one at this period. The summer following the death of Napier, Scotland received a visit from Ben Jonson. The author of some beautiful sonnets, for which he is chiefly though not exclusively admired, William Drummond, was then living in his romantic mansion of Hawthornden, on the Esk, only a few miles from Edinburgh. It was mainly to see the poet in this exquisite retirement that, according to a prevalent belief, the laureate undertook his long pedestrian excursion. "The story goes," says Mr. Chambers, "that the pilgrim was received by Drummond, with wonted ceremony, under the Cove or Company-tree, which stands on the lawn in front of the house at Hawthornden, where they exchanged greetings, which fell spontaneously into the form of a rhymed couplet.* On another occasion Jonson resided

* "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben,"

"Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden."

with Drummond for three weeks, enjoying the beauty of the locality, the converse of his friend, and the "more substantial hospitalities of which, if Drummond be right, he had only too keen a relish." There seems to be no reason for doubting the sincerity of Drummond's regard for Jonson, or the genuine and genial nature of their friendship. The characteristics which the Scotch poet attributes to the English dramatist appear to have been those which the latter really possessed; and the record of his infirmities and asperities, in the famous "Conversations," published many years after in the works of Drummond, by no means indicates a disloyal or censorious disposition. It is pleasant to think of this "Foot Pilgrimage" of Royal Ben to Scotland, and how the two poets met and parted under the Covine Tree. Hawthornden is richer for the visit, and the landscape has now that true interest which the presence of human worth alone can give.

The journey of the English poet was performed on foot. There were no facilities of locomotion in the days of the Stuarts. There were no stage-coaches permanently running between Edinburgh and London, or even between any of the towns in Scotland. The usual method of travelling was on horseback, and the most delicate lady had no alternative but to adopt this mode of transport or remain satisfied with such variety of scene and incident as her ordinary domestic life afforded. This remark, however, applies only to those who were not of noble rank. "The great men," we are told on contemporary evidence, often travelled with coach and six, "with a running footman on each side, to manage and keep it up in rough places." About the middle of the seventeenth century various attempts were made to establish a communication both between the two countries as well as in the northern kingdom itself. Judge with what success when you learn that the stage-coach from London to Edinburgh performed its slow and laborious journey once in three weeks, while the fare demanded was 4*l.* 10*s.*

The postal arrangements of this period were in no degree superior. A liveried messenger was engaged by the city of Aberdeen in 1595 for the transmission of letters: and a system of posts or establishments at intervals where horses could be had for the conveyance of despatches on public affairs had been introduced prior to the year 1635. At that date the transit of letters, private as well as public, between Edinburgh and London was secured by a Governmental measure. The convoy was, of course, an equestrian one. It usually went twice a week, but sometimes only once; nor was the journey always unattended with danger. Under the Restoration the system received a considerable improvement. Postal stations were instituted between Edinburgh and Port-Patrick, the resources for the transmission of letters were multiplied, and the rates of postage legally regulated.

In Covenanting Scotland the bible of the nineteenth century, the Newspaper, was unknown; that infallible and mysterious entity, the editorial We, dictated no opinion to mental imbecility, furnished intellectual indolence with no lucid statement of argument, the gossiping politician with no admirable summary of news, and the enlightened public with no flattering reflex of its own sound judgment and superior wisdom. The functions of the daily press—whether to report, to represent, to diffuse, or confirm knowledge, to guide or correct speculation, were yet unrecognised. If Scotland had little curiosity about its own doings, or the doings of other nations, the various European communities were equally indifferent about Scotland. Clarendon tells us that previously to the preparations for armed resistance to the despotic rule of Charles I.—while the whole English nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany, Poland, and other parts of Europe—no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette. Twenty years after this popular protest against tyranny, the magistrates of Glasgow ordered a London journal for the use of the town. The first original newspaper attempted in Scotland appeared on the 8th January, 1661. It was a small weekly sheet, entitled, “*Mercurius Caledonius*; comprising the Affairs now in agitation in Scotland, with a Survey of Foreign Intelligence.” Of this journal only nine numbers were issued. Judging from the specimens which Mr. Chambers gives us of its subject matter and composition, it lived as long as it deserved, and longer.

The improvements introduced into the more active and material phases of life are occasionally referred to in the “*Domestic Annals*,” and, as illustrating the progressive civilization of the times, merit a brief notice in our review of their social phenomena. Among the indications of the growing attention to the secular interests of the people, we may number the proposition to erect beacons in the concealed rocks in the Firth of Forth, and the actual construction of a lighthouse in the Isle of May; the employment of fire-engines at Glasgow and Edinburgh; and the invention, by Sir Robert Bruce, of a machine for exhausting the water in coal-pits and quarries. In this connexion we may find an appropriate place for a brief reference to the subterranean wealth of the Northern Kingdom. Coal, in the early period of the Reformation, was only dug in readily accessible places. Later, in the remote county of Sutherland, on the coast of Brora, a bed in the lower section of an oolite formation containing this valuable mineral was worked by the clever and enterprising women on whom the management of the estate had devolved, Lady Jean Gordon. Conjointly with this coaling

operation, the same energetic lady established a salt-pit, the produce of which not only supplied the neighbouring provinces, but was transported into England and elsewhere. The full realization of the designs of the Countess Jean was, however, reserved for our own times. The search for gold and silver was ever repeated, and the repetition of the search annually resulted in the repetition of disappointment. The precious metals, indeed, were found, though in unremunerative quantities, in the mountainous district of the vales of the Clyde and Forth; and the laborious operations involved in the discovery were eventually abandoned, even by the persevering and enthusiastic Germans, to whom a grant of the mines of Scotland had been made for forty-three years. Very different was the case with the lead-mines of this locality, which have for centuries adequately rewarded the labour expended on them, and do so even at the present day.

The manufacturing industry of Scotland was growing up slowly and steadily amid the feuds of nobles, the factions of civil war, and the controversies of theologians. The first attempts at the inauguration of a domestic policy which should render the services of the foreign merchant unnecessary, were made in the reign of James VI. These attempts, though at first partially, or even completely, unsuccessful, had subsequently a prosperous issue. Edinburgh acquired some renown for its stamped and gilded leather—a substitute for our modern paper-hangings—as well as a reputation for its fine linen; Kelso had its wool-works; Glasgow had its cloth manufactory; Dalry aided literature by its paper establishment; Leith had the honour of first preaching the gospel of soap-and-water, by its laudable provision of the artificial constituent; and Wemyss aided the sanitary reform by initiating the home supply of glass. As early as 1626, the Privy Council empowered Sir James Baillie to establish the native manufacture of gunpowder; and before 1683 Glasgow could boast of two sugar-works. Thus there was a fair stint of work done in old Scotland; and while the national life was developing for the full growth, in their season, of flower and fruit, in the atmosphere of free spiritual thought above, it was striking deeper root, and holding with stronger grasp the soil which gave it fixture and refreshment below.

Scotland had yet much to learn in agriculture ere her farming could be regarded as of typical excellence. The act of 1449, which has been called the Magna Charta of the Scotch agriculturists, secured their long leases against all successors, and though subsequently much obstructed by entails, was a great and positive benefit. Still husbandry was backward in Scotland. The principal crop consisted of oats. The ploughing was con-

ducted in slovenly fashion ; and though ten years before the revolution, the use of lime as a fertilizing agent had been introduced into East Lothian, yet the science of a somewhat earlier period was no further advanced than to propose salt as a valuable dressing for pasture and arable lands. A royal patent was actually granted to Archibald Napier, at the end, of the seventeenth century, for his invention of a compost, the basis of which seems to have been common salt. The visions of abundance of grass and corn, in which the monarch and the philosopher indulged, we need hardly say were among those visions of glory which do spare the "aching sight."

From this historical survey it will be seen how, from the rudeness and ignorance of the times which preceded the Reformation, Scotland had advanced at the close of the seventeenth century into comparative refinement and culture. The mail-clad baron has given place to the embroidered gallant. The labourer tills the land in unmolested solitude. His industry is no longer interrupted by armed men ; his plough no longer broken, nor his folded sheep mutilated. Life is secured against private vindictiveness, and property is placed under the protection of law. The population of the country at this time was, if Mr. Chambers' estimate be correct, about seven hundred thousand, and the wealth of the kingdom may be inferred from its small circulation of coin—half a million sterling. Rural and urban industry were in an infantine and precarious state. Stratagem and violence were still employed by gentlemen of ancient lineage to obtain possession of some young heiress, often no more than eleven years of age, whose unimpaired fortune might restore their own forfeited credit. Justice was still partial ; and her administrators were not indisposed to listen to personal persuasion, nor disinclined to allow pecuniary inducements to accelerate or perhaps to modify their decisions. The principle of toleration was still so little understood, that, in the Claim of Rights, the Presbyterian party demanded that no Popish book should be printed. A latent doubt of the reality of witchcraft seems to have existed in the minds of the leading officials in the seventeenth century ; but the belief in the efficacy of spells and charms, and in a direct communication with the invisible world, was as deeply implanted in the popular intellect as any doctrine of the Christian religion. The disaster that followed an evil wish was still regarded as its intended consequence ; the comet still heralded war and pestilence ; and the ways of Providence were justified by the alleged proceedings of the ghost, the vampire, and the guardian genius. Yet, after every deduction and every unfavourable admission, the progress of Scotland from the first appearance of the true hero of British Protestantism, for the Puritan no less than the Covenanter must

recognise Knox as his spiritual father, was real and undoubted. All that fierce coil of truculent circumstance which distinguished the earlier period of the Reformation had been disentangled, and now disclosed capabilities for orderly arrangement and social adaptation. The most oppressive form of an ancient superstition had been overthrown, the first lesson in the doctrine of individual right and worth had been studied, the community of sentiment and conviction, which makes a nation thrill with the sense of a common life and common interest, had been created; a national character for earnestness, and uprightness, and emphatic, valiant following of duty had been evolved, and ample ground for the fair possibilities, temporal and spiritual, of the future had been won. Scotland was richer now for the noble heroisms of men like Knox and Melville, for the quiet goodness of a Home of Wedderburn, for the genius of a Napier, and the patient endurance of her sons, Catholic and Covenanter alike. A historic past was hers, and she had become conscious of her traditionary existence and her title to be included among the nations.

The old combative, adventurous, savage Scotland lies far away now. The long winters came and went over human beings of like passions with ourselves, hardening the rivers and springs, killing the young trees, beasts, and birds; the autumns were "matchless fair in Moray," the July flowers and March violets springing at Martinmas; the summer suns set and rose over purple heather and golden oat-fields for a century of years, while Scotland was praying, and fighting, and working her way to participation in whatever is best, and fairest, and manliest in modern culture and modern enterprise.

Before we close these "Annals" we would draw attention to the rich store of incident and anecdote that they contain, with their many touching and picturesque varieties of humorous and painful contingency, from the story of Grizzel and Sir Patrick Hume, and the pretty love tale of sweet sorrow and sad death which tells of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, to the legend of the gallant Montrose, shaped by the greatest of modern romance writers into an interesting and beautiful fiction, or that dark and terrible tragedy of the "Cowering Bride of Baldoon, and her dabbled garment," which the author's illustrious countryman has also embodied in a form of perennial beauty.

ART. IV.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S "RECOLLECTIONS."

Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. By his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

IT may be presumed that a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church had other motives besides the desire to produce an entertaining volume for giving these reminiscences to the world. It is hardly consistent with the respect which a true Catholic must entertain for the head of his church, whose dignity is, in the present case, reflected on the author, to make him the subject of gossip, or a mere pretext for beguiling the idleness of literary loungers. It may be, that this zealous and shrewd servant of the ancient faith, well discerning the tendencies of the times, and seeing how that reverence has well nigh departed from the earth, that respect and consideration are reserved for acknowledged power, and for merit that has made itself felt—that supernatural claims are disallowed, and infallibility a dream of the past—and that his church can no longer offer her former weighty bribes to the boldest and most energetic spirits of Europe to enter her service—has wisely decided that the substantial personal claims to respect, if not to veneration, really possessed by the chiefs of the oldest and most dignified of earthly hierarchies, shall be fairly submitted, though in a reverent and tender spirit, to such as refuse to revere in Rome a holy of holies, and who would weigh in an earthly balance claims no longer regarded as divine. Surely he has done wisely: better the plain knowledge of the simple fact, than the ignorant prejudice of bigots and fanatics of another creed; and it had been well for Rome, too, had she earlier recognised the value of truth, which might have served her with those to whom, chiefly through her own overstrained pretensions, faith became folly.

The book is well calculated to this end, and from its easy, gossiping, unlaboured, if rather circumlocutory style, will find its way to many, perhaps prejudiced readers, who would have been repelled by severely historical, or irritated by controversial memoirs, nor will it fail to throw a new and unexpected light upon persons long regarded with aversion or with prejudice. Nevertheless, the facts with which the work is furnished are infinitely diluted in narration, the reasoning is mildly logical, and never critical; even the persecution experienced, by Pius VII. at the hands of Napoleon, and the vulgar coarseness of his inferior

agents, are mentioned in a manner which would be eminently Christian, were it not so obviously politic.

It was at the close of the year 1818 that Cardinal Wiseman, then an *élève* of the resuscitated English College, entered Rome for the first time—about four years after Pius VII. had been released from his long captivity at Savona, and when Rome, sick of foreign domination and French insolence, was well disposed to rest, for a time at least, beneath the sceptre of its ancient rulers. The journey was a matter of much more time and less convenience than at present, and the Cardinal expatiates on the delight experienced by his companions and himself when they entered at length the long-desired college, which had echoed no English footsteps for many years.

"No travellers since the beginning of the century, or even from an earlier period, had visited it or mentioned it. It had been sealed as a tomb for a generation, and not one of those who were descending from the unwieldy vehicle at its door, had collected from the few lingering patriarchs, once its inmates, who yet survived at home, any recollections by which a picture of the place might have been prepared in the imagination. Having come so far, somewhat in the spirit of sacrifice, in some expectation of having to rough it, as pioneers for less venturesome followers, it seemed incredible that we should have fallen on such pleasant places as the seat of future life and occupation. Wide and lofty vaulted corridors; a noble staircase, leading to vast and airy halls, succeeding one another; a spacious garden, glowing with the lemon and orange, and presenting to one's first approach a perspective in fresco, by Poggi, one engraved by him in his celebrated work on perspective; a library, airy, cheerful, and large, whose shelves, however, exhibited a specimen of what antiquarians call an 'opus tumultuarium' in the piled-up, ~~disorganized~~ volumes, from folio to duodecimo, that crammed them; a refectory, wainscoted in polished walnut, and above that, painted by the same hand, with St. George and the Dragon ready to drop on the floor from the groined ceiling; still better, a chapel, unfurnished, indeed, but illuminated from floor to roof with the saints of England, and celestial glories leading to the altar, that had to become the very hearthstone of new domestic attachments, and the centre of ~~many~~ yet untasted joys."

There were ancient and reverent patriotic memories connected with the old and almost tottering basilica of the Holy Trinity, in close proximity to the college, where many an English pilgrim had knelt of old, as he visited, for the first and for the last time, a place then sacred as the centre of the national religion, and consecrated to him alike by the tombs of the Apostles and the graves of his countrymen, who had been pillars of the faith.

The re-establishment of the English College was almost exclusively the work of Pius and his able minister, Consalvi, acting

upon the suggestions of English Catholics, and surely was a prudent and politic measure on the part of the pontiff. The young student was introduced, with five others, to the Pope, a few days after their arrival in Rome, and we can believe that it was with no common feelings that he gazed, with all the faith, fervour, and inexperience of youth, upon the venerable and harmless old man, who had borne his unmerited sufferings with yet more of patience than of dignity. He now looked, however, on the pontiff, not the captive, and rendered to the hierarch of his faith that homage of the heart which earthly grandeur, divested of sacred authority, fails to extort, even from the inexperienced and the unreflecting. Nor was it necessary, in pursuing his reflections on the past history of the ecclesiastical prince he now beheld for the first time, to attribute the release of the Pope from unjust captivity, to any higher cause than a very ordinary motive operating on the mind of Napoleon, who was unwilling to give the allies, then advancing on Paris, the prestige, among all good Catholics, of vindicating their outraged faith, by restoring to freedom the pontiff so long unwarrantably detained.

The holy father received the six English students standing, shook hands with each, and welcomed them to Rome. He praised the English clergy for their good and peaceful conduct, and their fidelity to the Holy See, and said, "I hope you will do honour both to Rome and your own country." Surely nothing could be better adapted than a fatherly and homely greeting of this kind to confirm or awaken feelings of personal attachment and devotion. The young aspirant for honour and service in the Church of Rome is sure to receive all the encouragement which the condescension of its highest dignitary can confer. No recruit is altogether valueless, and that winning and gracious kindness, which is never wanting to the deserving neophyte, cannot fail to produce important results upon his future efforts, so that belief is stimulated by personal affection, which

"Becomes a fixed element, constant and persevering, where all else may differ, and gives a warmth and strength to their religious and ecclesiastical convictions. The German student will carry away his Roman impressions, theorized, perhaps, in a more abstruse and transcendental form; the Frenchman will bear them in a more imaginative and poetical shape; to the English mind they will present themselves more practically, and as guides to action; while, perhaps, the American will relish them the more nearly, because they contrast so strongly with whatever he admires most in secular or temporal policy, and bear the seal of a distinct order of existence."

In 1819 Sir Thomas Lawrence visited Rome, commissioned by Lord Castlereagh to include his Holiness and Cardinal Consalvi in the series of portraits intended to perpetuate the eminent per-

sons who figured at the Congress of Vienna—the latter as the representative of the Pope. The likeness, engraved for this volume, and as such admitted to be faultless, expresses the mental and moral characteristics to be expected from the manner in which he bore his long detention at Feschestrelles, and afterwards at Savona. There was, however, an interview with Napoleon at Paris, in 1804, which, if correctly reported, displays a degree of moral courage which deserved the subsequent ovation at Avignon, and displays a degree of courage rather to be expected from the conscious head of the Universal Church, than from that Barnabas Chiaramonti, whose gentle, irresolute, and feeble countenance yet lives on the canvas of the English painter, at Windsor.

The Cardinal refers in moderate and guarded language to an incident in the papacy of Pius VII., of which he himself was not cognisant, namely, the burglarious entry into the Quirinal Palace by General Radet, acting under the orders of Napoleon, on the 6th July, 1809, and the kidnapping of the Pope and his secretary, Cardinal Pacca, through France, into Piedmont, and subsequently to Savona. Had he been a Hildebrand or a Julius II., Pius might, on this, as a former Pope was on a similar occasion, have been seriously or even fatally injured in health of mind or body by the hardships and humiliations thus insolently and wantonly inflicted on an aged and dignified man: but the innate humility and unostentatious character of Pius rendered him less sensible to indignities that would have destroyed the possessor of keener susceptibilities or of greater pride.

Papal existence is necessarily monotonous, varied only by audiences and receptions, which to men often broken in health, and always advanced in years, must be deprived, by constant repetition, of any element of amusement. The ecclesiastical element so modifies the usual privileges of sovereignty, that it cannot have recourse even to those distractions which may vary, according to their respective tastes, the sometimes dreary elevation of secular monarchs.

"Early hours, a frugal table, monotony almost of pursuits, by the regular round of official audiences, fixed for each day, and almost for each hour, unrelieved by Court festivities or public recreation, such is the life, more or less, of every successive Pope. He is not exempt from any of the obligations of his priesthood. He celebrates mass each morning, and assists at a second celebration. He recites the breviary like any of his poorest curates; his beads, too, most certainly, like any simple Catholic both at home and abroad; besides, probably, other special devotions. He listens to sermons, not merely formal ones in his chapel, but to real, honest preachings, strong and bold, by a Capuchin friar, during Advent and Lent."

Not a very attractive picture of the solitary and monotonous state of one so elevated by the theory of his position above all other human beings, that he must always even dine alone.

Pius was free from the papal sin of nepotism, and scarcely contributed directly to the worldly advancement of any of his relatives; he was therefore uncheered by their society in his lonely elevation, but sometimes of an evening he enlivened the monotony of the Quirinal by admitting to his presence a few of the most accomplished and intelligent men of his capital. Canova was one of these, as also the secretary of Latin letters, Cardinal Testa, a man of liberal acquirements and enlarged mind, who united to considerable philological attainments, ever the favourite accomplishment of Italian literati, a taste for the natural sciences, especially geology. Apropos to Monsignor Testa, a reminiscence of Buffon, with whom Testa became acquainted while Nuncio at Paris, is inserted, in Cardinal Wiseman's anecdotal and inconsequential manner. It is creditable to the consideration and politeness of one who preserved something of the old school of French courtesy, and who certainly was a better gentleman than naturalist.

The Cardinal laments that the firmness of Pius should have relaxed under the pressure exercised in Paris in order to extort from him a renunciation of the papal right to nominate Gallican bishops, in favour of the secular Prince; but the Emperor had the substantial power to do as he pleased with everything in France, and as it was generally understood that the Pope acted under almost irresistible moral coercion, the French Emperor gained nothing, for no Catholic admitted that any Pope had the right or power to alienate the spiritual privileges attached to his high and holy office. The natural vacillation and irresolution of Pius were afterwards counterbalanced by the political ability and decisive character of his adviser, Cardinal Consalvi, though no higher wisdom than cautious prudence and tranquil endurance of injustice could have availed either to Pius, or his then secretary, Cardinal Pacca, in the troublous early years of his pontificate; assailed by brute force, they could but appeal, without any attempt at resistance, by patience under unmerited suffering, to the general sense and indignation of Europe. Cardinal Wiseman seems to be strongly impressed on all occasions by external magnificence and splendour, and dilates with peculiar satisfaction on the imposing ceremonial in which his Church exerts all her art to dazzle the imagination, and rivet the faith of her votaries, when she celebrates the feast of the body of Christ on Good Friday. Abstract faith, it is true, unexcited by persecution, or uninfluenced by a morbid fancy, is a cold and languid emotion, and may be the better for the influence of that elaborate machinery, which, though it is dear to the excitable populations of Italy, or of

Spain, so disgusted the stern Puritans of England and the austere religionists of Geneva. Yet, though the Cardinal may in matters of form yield to this natural weakness of his character and of the faith which he so sincerely professes, we should have thought that a man of the world, instructed by long experience, might have spared the laboured eulogy, which he deviates from his path to compose, on the meretricious splendours of the first Empire, and on the theatrical magnificence of its founder; what mere intellect could effect, acting with the brute force of thoughtless millions, without faith in, or reverence for, any destiny but his own, Napoleon might have done, but did not. So long as he could lead his armies to victory over pedantic or semi-barbarous enemies, and could bring the spoils of art from Italy, and subsidies wrung from the peasants of northern Germany to adorn or to enrich the capital of France; so long as false and inflated bulletins could claim credit for victories half gained, or could convert defeat into triumph with a credulous public, the mob of Paris, ever

"Unwise in its triumph, and base in its fall,"

and the well-drilled frequenters of Parisian salons, were willing to shut their eyes to their own slavery, and their hearts to the truth. But when the French armies met their hereditary victors on the sierras of Spain and on the fields of Belgium, and the Russian campaign had heralded his overthrow, by destroying the prestige of his fortune and of his sagacity, the popular homage, so readily retransferred to the expelled and once hated Bourbons, showed how little real hold Napoleon had gained on the affection of the general population of France. The legal reforms which he inaugurated by his authority were absolutely necessary to the effective civil and financial administration and organized government of France, and would necessarily claim the earliest attention of any absolute ruler, who succeeded alike to the yet heaving anarchy of the Revolution, and to the mixed tyranny and imbecility of the Directory; but the Code Napoleon would have been more justly denominated the Code Tronchet. Had not the Bourbons of France, though less imbecile than those of Spain or Naples, been yet utterly unfit to control the destiny even of the republic of San Marino, or could they have profited by experience, so as to be capable of entertaining enlarged or liberal political views, or could have eschewed the intolerable bigotry which has hung like a curse even to the most profligate of the princes of this race, they might yet have governed France, if indeed it can be an object of desire to be the ruler of such a people. Napoleon sought the restoration of what the Cardinal calls religion, professedly indifferent as he was to any creed, as an element

of stability in civil government, for with the priests on his side he acquired the firmest hold on the ignorant peasantry of the north and west, whose obstinate loyalty to the deposed dynasty had been by no means eradicated by the slaughter and confiscation which desolated the war-wasted provinces of La Vendée and Brittany.

The Emperor may have subsequently deplored his treatment of Pius VII., but as a mistake, not as a crime, as the Cardinal would have us believe, for that might surely sit lightly on a conscience which was unmoved by the despair and ruin with which he had visited alike the burning fields of Spain, the homely German towns and hamlets, the endless steppes of Russia, and the vineyards and villages of that France for which, as an alien, he had once expressed such bitter animosity. Surely the blindest idolatry for such a man would be destroyed on reading the letter he wrote to the English Regent, after the battle of Waterloo, when he was rejected by France, and contemplating the abyss of degradation into which this "Emperor in mind and presentiment" voluntarily descended.

The Cardinal dilates with peculiar satisfaction upon the ceremony attending the first public benediction pronounced by Pius after his return from captivity; and the description both of the architectural magnificence of St. Peter's, and the other details, furnishes the most impressive passage in his volume.

"On the day that the Sovereign Pontiff bestows his blessing from the loggia above the principal entrance to the portico of St. Peter's no one regards atmospheric discomforts. Everything is arranged for the proposed result, and no other place could answer so well. The gigantic flights of steps leading to the church, with immense terraces between, are covered with such a carpet as no loom ever wove. Groups of peasantry from the neighbouring towns and villages cover it, some standing in eager expectation, many lying down at full stretch, waiting more calmly; chiefly women and children. The men are in their gayest attire, with blue or green velvet jackets, their hair gathered in a green silk net, with white stockings, and such silver buckles at the knee, and still more on the foot, that if such articles had been discovered in an ancient tomb, and supposed to give a rule of proportion for the primeval wearer, they would have given the lie to the old proverb, 'Ex pede Herculem.' But the female attire on those occasions was, far more than now—since the invasion of Manchester has reached even Apennine villages—characteristically distinct. The peasants of Frascati and Albano, with immense gold earrings and necklaces, the silver skewer through the hair, under the snow-white flat ketchief, with richly brocaded stomachers, and showy silks, looked almost fair beside 'the oriental splendour of costume, supposed to be in truth Saracenic, of the dames from Nettuno,' a veil of domestic texture of gold, relieved by stripes of the richest colours, formed the crown of a dress truly

elegant and magnificent. Gay colours also form the predominant feature of more inland districts, as of Sonnino and Sezze. . . . After long expectation, a few heads are just seen, but hardly recognisable, above the balustrade of the balcony, then the fiabella, or fans of state, and last, lifted high the mitred pontiff. A few words are spoken, which are indistinguishable below. The Pope rises, raises his eyes to Heaven, opens wide and closes his arms, and pours out from a full heart, and often with a clear, sonorous voice, a blessing on all below."

On this great occasion St. Peter's appears to the highest advantage; at other times rather resembling a collection of churches than one great consecrated Basilica, it becomes on the occasion of the papal benediction, from the vastness of the assembled multitude—which is then, and hardly at any other time, in proportion to the colossal church—a whole, a single mighty fane, such as the world never saw before. "That central pile, with its canopy of bronze as lofty as the Farnese palace, with its deep diving stairs, leading to a court walled and paved with precious stones, that yet seems only a vestibule to some cavern of a catacomb, with its simple altar that disdains ornament in the presence of that which is beyond the reach of human price—that which, in truth, forms the heart of the great body, placed just where the heart should be—is only on such occasions animated and surrounded on every side by living and moving sumptuousness; the immense cupola above it ceases to be a dome over a sepulchre, and becomes a canopy over an altar; the quiet tomb beneath is changed into the shrine of relics below the place of sacrifice; the quiet spot at which a few devout worshippers at most times may be found, bowing under the hundred lamps, is crowded by rising groups, beginning from the lowest step, increasing in dignity and in richness of sacred robes, till at the summit and in the centre stands supreme the pontiff himself, on the very spot which becomes him—the one living link in a chain, of which the very first link is riveted to the shrines of the apostles below."

A spectacle so imposing, and a *coup d'œil* so magnificent, may well impart warmth and vigour to the slumbering reverential emotions of the excitable and susceptible population of the papal provinces, and may justly excite admiration in the breast of the most cynical Protestant: it is at least as effective, and greatly more decorous, than the revivals which the degenerate descendants of Puritan forefathers find to be essential in renewing the religious feeling of the Northern United States; and that very Lutheranism which rose up in opposition to papal usurpation of supremacy in matters of faith, while in its ritual far less attractive, is in its administration more intolerant than the magnificent superstition it was intended to supersede. "The spirit of Lutheranism is that of repulsive intolerance; its system of administra-

tion (the Consistorial) is red tape in its most stringent form ; and its ritual an ossification of mediæval formality—what Puseyism would be, deprived of its painting, music, and flowers," is the testimony of a shrewd and unprejudiced witness, writing from Germany.

Cardinal Wiseman narrates with great gratification the kind reception accorded in London to the Pope's legate, Cardinal Consalvi, who was sent to England in June, 1814, with a letter from Pius to the Prince Regent, undeterred by the penalties of the once formidable statute of Premunire, which, at least in recent times, could only have been terrible to foreign intriguers and meddlers in the internal affairs of England. It was the first time for two hundred years that a cardinal-legate had been publicly received and officially acknowledged in London—and he was now deputed by the infallible head of the Church to express the sentiments of admiration, friendship, and attachment for the Prince Regent entertained by the Pope.* But English arms had contributed to restore liberty to the captive pontiff, and English liberality had spared some expense to his embarrassed exchequer, and, we will hope, that all the admiration and most of the good-will with which Consalvi was charged, were intended for the people of England.

At the Congress of Vienna the strenuous but prudent efforts of the papal envoy to effect an equitable restoration of its confiscated territories to the Holy See, were in a great degree successful ; and he appears to have made a considerable impression upon Lord Castlereagh, who was at least a competent judge of diplomatists. The administration of the political affairs of the papacy seems to have been entirely in the hands of Consalvi after the restoration of Pius, and it was peculiarly fortunate that the Pope should have had the benefit of so able and devoted a servant, whose mental and moral characteristics were those most wanting in his master ; assiduous in business, firm of purpose, sagacious in design, he restored the finances of the Roman States by prudent reforms, and strict but not illiberal economy. It is true that, after the death of Pius, in August, 1823, he was superseded by Cardinal della Sommaglia, a personal friend of the new Pope, Leo XII. ; but the latter subsequently did ample justice to the able minister, to whom the papacy owed so much, when it required a firm hand and a practised sagacity to restore order in the administration, and vigour to the executive.

Cardinal Wiseman has filled many pages with matter that could have had no place in his "*Recollections*," being antecedent to his first visit to Rome as a student ; but we are well pleased to

find one fact recorded, which could not fail to be appreciated by even the Catholic population of Rome; viz., that when the restoration of the noble spoil plundered by France from the imperial city had been effected by the allies, it was at the cost of the English Government that these magnificent trophies of the highest art were reconveyed to Italy. If a trifling, it was yet a graceful courtesy on the part of the English nation, and seems to have been remembered with more gratitude than the millions she has lavished on feeble and spiritless continental allies, who were unwilling to risk their lives in defence of their own hearths and liberties, unless paid for doing so by England.

The Cardinal bears emphatic testimony to the proficiency of many of the Italian priesthood in the neglected eloquence of the pulpit. It seems now at least to be studied as an art in Rome, since its importance as a means of proselytizing has been forced upon the general intelligence of the Church. Mere homilies, unenlivened by impressive and earnest elocution, or by those chastened efforts of the imagination which, though so rare, are yet surely allowable in sacred oratory, and which wrapped in reverential devotion all who listened to the eloquence of Robert Hall—are not the kind of discourses that would recommend themselves to any man of capacity who really appreciated the dignity and importance of his office; hearers can scarcely be expected to give very earnest heed to that which moves the preacher so little; the Franciscan, Pacifico Deani, and Fra Zecchinelli, were the most popular preachers in Rome during the late years of this long pontificate.

The subject of brigandage, which prevailed to a frightful extent in the Papal States after the withdrawal of the French military police, on the return of Pius, owing to the utter disturbance of all legal rights, and abeyance of all but alien authority, occupied the most serious attention of the Pope, and tasked to the utmost the scanty means for its suppression at his disposal, which suppression had never been effected even by the bloody severity of French military law. Considering the political position of the Papal States, and the geographical conformation of the south of Italy, it seems nearly impossible that any separate state can suppress brigandage permanently, even within its own limits; certainly it has never been effected since the death of Rienzi, who was for a short time successful. The Cardinal hints, too, in palliation of this Italian institution, that at home we may have worse things than even the robbers of the Abbruzzi, in the commercial brigands, who in Scotland and in England have recently scattered misery, ruin, and even death among those by whom they were regarded as friends and not as banditti.

The enterprise of these outlaws was by no means confined to the robbery, or ransoming of travellers; for occasionally they

attempted a wholesale deportation to the mountains, as in the case of the inmates of the episcopal sēminary at Terracina, and afterwards those of the "Camaldoli," a country-house belonging to the English College at Rome, and pleasantly situated in the village of Monte Poggio. In the former instance, superiors, prefects, scholars, and servants were all carried away. On the road, the robbers were intrepidly attacked by a single dragoon, who very gallantly lost his life in the unequal contest. But it enabled some of the captives to escape, and give the alarm; others subsequently got away; the feeble were dismissed; till at last a few boys of the best families in the neighbourhood were alone retained. Letters, demanding considerable sums of money, were sent to their parents, as ransom; the money was sent, but the bearers who were seen taking the path to the mountains were mistaken for sbirri by the videttes posted by the robbers, who gave a false alarm to their comrades. When the relations of the children reached the spot to which they had been directed, they found two or three of them strapped to the trees, dead, with their throats cut. Those who had been left alive were brought to Rome, to tell their tragic story to the Pope; and the Cardinal mentions having seen these boys still under the influence of terror.

An accident, to which aged men are peculiarly liable—fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone—shortened the days, already prolonged to great age, of the Pope; and while he yet lingered, the noble church of St. Paul's, beyond the walls of Rome, was burnt to the ground—

"Though the walls were of massive bricks, the pavement a patchwork of ancient inscribed marbles, the pillars of matchless Phrygian marble in the centre, and of inferior marble in the lateral aisles. There were no flues or fires at any time, but, like Achilles, these old churches have their one vulnerable point, though its situation is reversed. The open cedar roof, sodden dry and scorched to a cinder by ages of exposure, forms an unresisting prey to the destructive wantonness of a single spark."

It was, indeed, one of the most ancient and interesting of Latin basilicas associated with the earlier traces of a semi-barbarous Christianity; for on the face of the triumphal arch of St. Paul's, which still towered, though scorched, among the blackened ruins, "remained the majestic figure of our Lord in glory, and round it a metrical inscription, in which the Empress Gallia Placidia recounted how, assisted by the great Pontiff, Leo, she had finished the decorations of the Church, built by preceding emperors."

After the death of a pope, his body is embalmed, clothed in the robes of his office, of the penitential colour, and laid on a

couch of state in one of the chapels of St. Peter's, so that the faithful may not only behold it, but, if so disposed, kiss its feet; it is then placed in a plain sarcophagus of marbled stucco over a door, beside the choir, on which is painted the title of the preceding pontiff. On the death of his successor, this sarcophagus is broken down at the top, the coffin is removed to the under church, and that of the new claimant for repose substituted. The cardinals having assembled from the provinces, and from foreign countries, proceed in state to the Quirinal Palace, and meet in conclave to elect a successor to the deceased pontiff, with every precaution against the possibility of external influence or information, from the time that the conclave has met till the conclusion of its labours.

On the present occasion, after a conclave of twenty-five days, Cardinal Hannibal della Genga was elected, though the choice seemed not unlikely to fall on the youngest of the cardinals, Odescalchi. He assumed the name of Leo XII., and was at that time prematurely infirm and feeble. His portrait, however, by no means corresponds with the personal description, for it is neither characterised by years, or gravity, or infirmity—yet though only at the end of his thirteenth lustre, sickness and a feeble constitution must have given him an appearance of much greater age.

It is not necessary to assert, as Cardinal Wiseman has done, the general prudence of any selection which the sacred college may make; though the age and even physical decay of a cardinal have been alleged as powerful ingredients in its decision, and whatever of intrigue may have been formerly imputed to it, when the tiara of the Supreme Pontiff had fewer thorns than at present, there can be no reasonable doubt that men so wise in their generation, so generally earnest for the welfare and prosperity of a Church from which its members derive their rank and title to respect, will select a ruler whose secular experience and spiritual endowments are calculated to confirm and enlarge their common interests. We do not suppose there are even Protestant fanatics so bigoted as to believe in the possibility of another John XII., or Benedict IX., or Alexander VI. in the papal chair.

Leo was elected on the 28th of September, 1823, and his coronation took place on the 5th of the ensuing October. Not the least effective portion of the ceremonial, upon which all that can arouse reverence or admiration in the multitude, is lavished, must be the pause in the triumphal procession towards the altar over the Apostles' tomb, and to the throne beyond it. A clerk of the papal chapel holds up before the newly-elected pontiff a reed surmounted by a handful of flax. This is lighted, it flashes for a moment, and then the ashes fall at the pontiff's feet, as the

chaplain, in a bold, sonorous voice, chants aloud—"Pater Sancte, sic transit gloriâ mundi."

A severe fit of indisposition threatened the termination of this pontificate almost at its commencement, but Leo was restored to health, and the unexpected recovery was attributed by all Rome to the prayers of the Bishop of Macerata, Monsignor Strambi, of the congregation of the Passion. He was sent for to see the sick pontiff, came immediately, assured him of his speedy recovery, as he had offered up to Heaven his own valueless life in exchange for one so precious. "It did indeed seem," says Cardinal Wiseman, "as if he had transferred his own vitality into the Pope's languid frame, for he himself died the next day, the 31st of December, and the pontiff rose like one from his grave."

The records of this papacy contain few events beyond the financial reforms and internal improvements with which Leo was chiefly occupied. He was particularly anxious to repurchase the "appanage" settled on the Beauharnois family at the Congress of Vienna, consisting of domains carved from the Papal States, as the weakest Power there represented, and which had in truth profited most by the downfall of Napoleon, without contributing to the result. But this and the succeeding pontificates were too short to effect the requisite saving from revenue, and the desirable enfranchisement of the Papal States was not accomplished till the pontificate of Gregory XVI., in 1845, as the Cardinal informs us at most unjustifiable length in his reminiscences of Leo, who died in 1829.

Notwithstanding the embarrassed state of the finances, the Pope determined to rebuild the magnificent church which was burnt to the ground at the close of his predecessor's pontificate, and solicited contributions from the faithful, wherever inhabiting, to this end. A more useful labour was that by which he sought to restrain the fractious and turbulent Anio within its banks, and to save the pretty town of Tivoli from its frequently recurring devastations.

He had the courage, too, which could risk unpopularity in the cause of decorum and sobriety, for he suppressed the marvellous cross of light which, suspended from the dome of St. Peter's, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday in Passion-week, shed a lustre brighter than that of an Italian noon, on the kneeling crowds below; but the spectacle allured within the precincts of the noble church various foreign idlers, who carelessly promenaded among the crowds of Catholic worshippers, with very little care to conceal irreverence or to check unseasonable levity. He also compelled the proprietors of wine-shops throughout Rome, to confine themselves to the retailing of their seductive fluids, without giving facilities for the discussion of the same "on the

premises," to the encouragement not only of idleness and gambling, but also of that much dreaded spirit of sedition, which is eternally fermenting in even the smallest and most convivial assemblage of Italians, who yet lack the nerve for making a combined effort to have Italy to themselves. Leo determined that the grand Catholic festival, the Jubilee, which had latterly been celebrated every twenty-five years, but had been omitted at the commencement of the present century, owing to the political troubles of Europe, and of Rome particularly, should be duly solemnized in the year 1825, in despite of the opposition experienced, alike from some Catholic courts, dreading facilities for the seditious, who could meet at Rome, under a most favourable pretence, and from his own officials, who feared an additional demand upon the revenue.

The Jubilee is the grand "Revival" encouraged by the Catholic church, and lasts a whole year, at which Catholics are invited to be present from every part of the world, in the metropolis of their faith; and while all public amusements are interdicted, pulpits and confessionals are filled by men versed in the various languages of the civilized world, and earnest to turn sinners from the error of their ways.

Much charity is exercised at Rome on these occasions; and the church feeds thousands of votaries, who have zealously disregarded the probabilities of fatigue and hunger, and do not allow their poverty to interfere with this solemn manifestation of their faith. To facilitate this great gathering, Leo turned his attention to the brigands, and for a time, at least, succeeded in suppressing them; aided, indeed, by an act of singular courage and self-devotion on the part of an aged priest. The Pope was determined that the roads should be safe for his poor pilgrims; and took such active measures, in concert with the neighbouring States, that the system of brigandage was completely extinguished. The last act, however, of its destruction deserves recording. A good old priest, the Abbate Pellegrini, archpriest of Sezze, ventured alone to the mountains which formed the head-quarters and strongholds of the banditti, unauthorized and uninvited, without pass-word beside the expressions of his charity—without a pledge to give that his assurances would be confirmed—without any claim from position, to the fulfilment of his promises, he walked boldly into the midst of the band, and preached to them repentance and change of life.

"They listened, *perhaps*," writes the Cardinal, naïvely; "they knew that active measures were being planned for their extermination; more probably the very simplicity of the daring, unarmed peace-maker touched their rude natures, and they wavered. But they were among the most dreaded of their race, nay, the most unpardonable, for some of them had been the assassins of the Terracina students. One of

them was their captain, Gasparone, who owned to the commission of many murders. The old man took upon himself to give his priestly word that their lives should be spared; they believed his word, and surrendered to him at discretion. The city of Sezze was astonished at beholding this herd of wolves led in by a lamb."

We have a seductive picture of the literary luxury enjoyed by students privileged to admission into the second hall of the Vatican library:—

"A door opposite gives a view of the grand double hall beyond, divided by piers. The cases round them, and along the walls, are the very treasure-shrines of learning, containing only gems of manuscript lore; all is glowing with gold and ultramarine, as airy and brilliant as the Zuccari could lay them. The half-closed shutters and drawn curtains impart a drowsy atmosphere to the delicious coolness, which gives no idea of the broiling sun flaming on the square without."

It is confidently affirmed by Cardinal Wiseman, who had very sufficient means of knowing, that Leo once contemplated bestowing a cardinal's hat on the brilliant French controversialist, De la Mennais, whose untimely apostacy not only practically refuted all the former arguments of his versatile mind, but utterly deposed him as a leader and teacher of the faithful. A short personal sketch of this distinguished man is subjoined, who obtained celebrity by skill in supporting a series of opposing paradoxes:—

"How he did so mightily prevail on others, it is hard to say. He was truly, in look and presence, almost contemptible; small, weakly, without pride of countenance, or mastery of eye, without any external grace; his tongue seemed to be the organ by which, unaided, he gave marvellous utterance to thoughts clear, deep, and strong."

Even thus, many ingenious and able men have wasted both intellect and industry, and having little aptitude or inclination for investigating the physical phenomena of Nature, or for understanding and describing the progress and development of their own species, plunge into baseless, if ingenious speculation, as the business of their intellectual lives, and flatter themselves dogmatically with the attainment of truths, which they have no means of substantiating. Surely human reason is never greatly, usefully, or wisely employed, but in developing the revelations of the Supreme Intelligence, which exist alike in our own hearts, and in the material world around us.

Leo wished to establish an English lecture in Rome, where such of our countrymen as might desire to attend religious services in their own language could find the required privilege; for this purpose he selected the basilica *Jesu é Maria*, in the Corso; had it provided with suitable furniture on each Sunday, at his own expense, with a detachment of his own choir to

initiate the service with suitable sacred music; and at the suggestion of the rector of the English College, selected Dr. Wiseman, then, we presume, a professor in the college, to become the first preacher or lecturer; and when the rector was subsequently translated to a bishopric, the Cardinal, as a zealous and learned ecclesiastic, was chosen to succeed him.

Always broken in health, Leo XII. expired in February, 1829, having requested Cardinal Gasperini, his secretary of Latin letters, to compose an epitaph for that tomb, which the pontiff was conscious he should be soon called to fill. It is given in this volume, and is a model of pure latinity and elegant simplicity.

Cardinal Francis Xavier Castiglione succeeded Leo, and was elected by the conclave to his brief pontificate on the 31st March, being then in his sixty-eighth year. In addition to a faithful and zealous discharge of his previous episcopal duties, Pius VIII. had devoted much time and study to the intricacies and difficulties of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, of which he was a master; and the physiognomical expression of the accompanying portrait is that which is common in men partial to minute and laborious research, rather than remarkable for higher intellectual endowments.

Though prudence, with a reputation for ecclesiastical learning, are the qualifications most likely to find favour in the conclave, the present biographer of Pius claims the confirmation of a somewhat doubtful prophecy, in testimony of his pre-ordained fitness for the papal chair—

"When he was a simple monk in Rome, he used often to accompany his relation, Cardinal Braschi (afterwards Pius VII.), in his evening drive. One afternoon, as they were just issuing from his palace, a man, apparently an artizan, without a coat, and in his apron, leaped on the carriage step, put his head into the carriage, and said, 'Ecco due papi, prima questo, e poi questo.'"

After the fulfilment of this double prophecy, the Pope ordered search to be made for the man, but without effect, which is scarcely remarkable, for more than thirty years must have elapsed between the prophecy and its fulfilment. An amusing anecdote about Daniel O'Connell, *apropos* to the above, is subjoined in a note, though it bears no sort of resemblance to it, except in the very natural disappearance of an individual who chanced to give a bit of timely philological information, which gained for O'Connell his first decisive forensic triumph.

Pius had also made biblical literature a favourite pursuit, and seems to have been acquainted with the labours of some of the German rationalistic critics, who have so freely and minutely discussed the historical relations of the various books composing the Old Testament; most of these were Protestants, yet from the

ranks of the Catholics, one of the most learned and most sceptical of biblical critics has arisen—Professor Jahn, of Vienna, whose profound learning supplied, as we see in his "*Biblical Archæology*," arguments which appeared to him calculated to impugn the authenticity and authority of the Pentateuch. The learning displayed in this work was too valuable to be altogether lost to orthodox students of the Catholic faith, and at the suggestion of Castiglione, an edition of the "*Biblical Archæology*" was prepared by Professor Ackermann, and revised by the Cardinal, which contained the learning, but omitted the critical results of Professor Jahn's investigations.

But one Englishman has ever worn the tiara; and, at least in recent times, there have been few English cardinals. A hat was, however, bestowed during this pontificate on Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, of the elder and Catholic branch of the Stanleys, and who had years before shown much humanity and benevolence in his reception of the persecuted members of Catholic communities, thrown upon English hospitality by the French revolution of 1789. The bugbear of Catholic interference had ceased to be terrible, except to old women; and this elevation of an Englishman to a high dignity in the proscribed church excited no unpleasant feeling at home, while his personal character adorned and justified the preference.

In the very commencement of his pontificate, Pius received the agreeable intelligence that the ban of political excommunication had been removed from English Catholics, and that emancipation had been forced on a reluctant, but utterly irreligious government, by a pressure produced by the concurrence of enlightened reformers with factious demagogues. Pius duly appreciated the importance of this concession, though it was not fully comprehended by the other Catholic States of the Continent, utterly ignorant as all but a few travelled foreigners are of the working of the English constitution, and of the true character and policy of the English people. We contribute, indeed, to the perpetuation of this ignorance, by the adoption of epigrammatic platitudes which have been uttered about us. Thus, we quote Napoleon's dictum—that we are a nation of shopkeepers—as embodying a truth, though nowhere in the world are the peddling principles of mere tradesmen more generally contemned, and nowhere are they so popular as in France, where peddling is the principle both of business and of politics. England, too, is "not a military nation," though she has won more decisive pitched battles than any other, and has driven all competitors from every colony she thought worth retaining; she spends, too, more on the two services than either France or Russia, but does not confound swagger with courage, and prefers

substantial progress, and prosperity to eternally ranting about "glory."

Short as was this pontificate, Pius VIII. had yet a foretaste of the political troubles which well-nigh overwhelmed his successor. Repression had again failed of its object throughout Europe, and men began to re-assert the suspicion, stifled by the Congress of Vienna, that the possession of supreme wisdom, and considerate benevolence, is not so invariably attributable to families which have been raised by accident to wear the purple, as to justify that paternal government which is so favourite a theory with crowned continental paterfamilias.

The "three days" of July, 1830, which overthrew in Paris, though perhaps not in France, the elder branch of the Bourbons, were felt, much weakened by distance indeed, at Rome. Mutterings there were, but no actual explosion. Twenty-six Carbonari were arrested, but no blood was shed, owing to the clemency of Pius, who spared the life of one of the number, sentenced to death by the commission which tried him and his companions. Pius immediately recognised the government of Louis Philippe, and graciously condescended to quiet, what the Cardinal professionally calls, the "conscientious" scruples of the Archbishop of Paris, and a few other highly placed Gallican priests. But chagrin at the political condition of Europe, and bodily infirmity of old standing, combined to spare the Pope much actual experience of the unmerited troubles that awaited his successor, and he quietly expired on the 1st December, 1830. The conclave, which met as usual, about a fortnight after the decease of Pius, would have elevated Cardinal Justiniani, who was of English blood by his mother's side, but for the interposition of the Spanish veto, owing to a pique entertained against him by the Spanish court, from his supposed instrumentality in procuring the appointment of independent bishops to the South American Republics, which had renounced allegiance to Spain—but no objection was made to the election of Cardinal Albert Capellari, who had really been the chief agent in obtaining the Pope's compliance with the desires of the Southern Republics. Gregory XVI., who at his election on the 2nd February, 1831, was in his sixty-fifth year, belonged to the regular or monastic division of the church, and had never had the supervision of a diocese, or occupied any public position, till he became a Cardinal. He was a member of the Camaldolese, a branch of the great Benedictine Order, and though not much known in public, yet by long residence in Rome, and by zeal in the discharge of his duties, had acquired the confidence of the most influential ecclesiastics, and of Pius himself. Gregory was hardly crowned, when an attempt was designed during the carnival, on the fortress of St. Angelo, by

some Italian malcontents, but was frustrated by timely information, and an attack on the post-office guard, for the purpose of obtaining arms, was repulsed with loss to the assailants; yet the spirit of just discontent which flamed up throughout Italy could not be suppressed by the armed forces at the disposal either of Naples or of Rome, and foreign intervention was invited by Gregory, to whom the alternative of abdication alone remained. Yet it is contrary to the true policy alike of rulers and of people, to accept the assistance either of France or Austria, for grievous have been the results when transalpine armies have claimed the right to trample on Italian liberties, as a reward for reinstating Italian princes. Gregory, however, had wronged no one, it was against his office rather than himself that the provinces rebelled, and even had he been disposed to sacrifice himself to what appeared the desire of a majority of his people, he was scarcely at liberty to do aught which might prejudice his successors. A sufficient force did not exist in Rome to preserve "order," and the head of a universal church may think himself justified in requiring assistance from those who regard him as spiritually supreme, when his immediate subjects are in rebellion. The Cardinal represents the actual inhabitants of Rome as remaining unshaken in loyalty, volunteering their aid with even officious zeal in suppressing the provincial malcontents. Yet the Pope and his advisers were too wise or too timid to confide the cause of good government to a native force, and preferred the trained, if alien mercenaries, of foreign princes, whose sympathies were not likely to interfere with their duty; had it been safe to trust the numerous militia which could have readily been raised from the population of so large a city as Rome, the Pope would not have acted the part of a wise or prudent prince in pursuing the course he did. The writer of the reminiscences touches but lightly on so delicate and so unpleasant a topic as these *émeutes*, and readily turns to those more congenial subjects of learning and of art, of which he is so competent a critic, and which flourished during the later years of this somewhat protracted pontificate.

Alike by enemies and by friends, by spoliation, by purchase, or by inheritance, the imperial city has lost many of the choicest objects of ancient art, though she yet retains within her walls the most priceless treasures, whether of sculpture or of painting. But Gregory added to these heirlooms of centuries those only less interesting objects of art, which have been procured from excavations in the long buried tombs of ancient Etruria, or from the towering mausoleums of more ancient Egypt. It is somewhat remarkable, as the Cardinal suggests, that reverence for the dead should so long have restrained the hand of avarice, and that the valuable

sacrifices of gold and jewels, which have been so profusely disinterred in modern times, should have reposed undisturbed by the heirs of the dead, to whom they of right belonged. Yet it can scarcely be doubted, that any violation of the tomb for so sordid a purpose, would have entailed the hatred and contempt of the whole community, and that the man who should have dared such a precedent, would have speedily descended to a dishonoured grave. For a time these diggings were as lucrative as those of Ballarat or Mount Alexander, and all the larger museums were glutted, though the choicer relics were retained for the Vatican, by Gregory, consisting not alone of elaborately-wrought vases, but gold and jewelled ornaments of either sex; gold breastplates, chains, earrings, necklaces set with gems, and enriched by a workmanship which has hardly been surpassed by the *artistes* of London or of Paris. Pius VII. had commenced a collection of Egyptian remains, by purchasing as a nucleus a small series brought to Europe by Signor Guïdi, but it was enlarged by Gregory to its present gigantic dimensions. He was equally zealous to add to the vast treasures of the Vatican library, and to those paintings which appear to the stranger, accustomed to the crowded walls of the Louvre, scattered with so sparing, yet so skilful a hand through the matchless halls of the Vatican. In 1834, a national bank was established in Rome, though with what success we are not informed, and an attempt was made to reduce the perplexing coinage of the Roman States to a decimal standard.

The chief literary ornaments of this pontificate were Cardinal Angelo Mai, and Cardinal Mezzofanti. The former, well known through Europe as the restorer of palimpsest manuscripts, regained by his sagacity, perseverance, and learning, some most valuable works, such as that, so long sought in vain, of Cicero de Republicâ, and a considerable portion of Cicero's remarkable and ingenious speech in defence of Cluentius Habitus, accused of the crime of poisoning. At his decease, he was succeeded in the Vatican librarianship by Mezzofanti, whose celebrity as the first of colloquial linguists has become the proverb of Europe, and a reputation which, however remarkable, might have proved ephemeral, will be perpetuated in the excellent life just published by Dr. Russell.

The presence of two Ottoman ambassadors in Rome during this pontificate, though neither were actually accredited to the Pope, excited the astonishment of the Roman populace, as it might awaken curious reflections in more philosophical observers—one of them was Redschid Pasha, whose untimely death has been the heaviest loss which the Ottoman empire has sustained since the Greek rebellion. Gregory declared himself strongly against

the slave-trade by a bull issued in 1839. "There can be no doubt," writes the Cardinal, "that in several countries this splendid decree did more to put down the slave-trade than negotiations or corvettes." It was, we think, too severe a trial of faith, though it was a necessary tribute to expediency, for surely nowhere is slavery so cruelly abused as in the eminently Catholic island of Cuba, and throughout the equally faithful Spanish and Portuguese States of the mainland of South America. With the year 1840, Cardinal Wiseman's *Reminiscences* terminate, and with it his account, prolix, indeed, somewhat inflated, and wanting in graphic delineations of character, of the later sovereigns of Rome, who, however feeble as secular princes, are interesting to the most careless reader, as the spiritual chiefs of a considerable and intelligent portion of the human race. The Church of Rome has been taught by the experience and trials of centuries, by an experience carefully treasured, and trials patiently endured and triumphantly surmounted, every lesson of worldly prudence, every art which can serve for the government of mankind. Once, she deserved the homage of humanity, as the conservator of the little knowledge that burnt feebly as an expiring torch, around whose dim and flickering light—

"The darkness seemed to press."

For she tempered by superior wisdom the brutality of barbarian conquerors, and at last reduced them to spiritual vassalage by boldly preaching a religion which proved too strong alike for the wild mythology of the northern Valhalla, and for the Greek divinities, which had been worshipped at nobler shrines than have yet been consecrated to a holier faith. Then came the period of her strength, when her miraculous pretensions were unquestioned, when faith in her dogmas was honour, while to doubt them was death. In her earlier career she could appeal to the blood of her martyrs, and proudly demand if pagan faith could withstand the wrath of fire, and the fangs of wild beasts; too confident in her strength she now gave her feeble enemies a similar opportunity of proving the sincerity of their dissent, and the blood she shed wherever in Europe men dared to appeal to a purer belief, or to human reason, against her preaching or her practice,—testified against her. While she aspired to be the guide of human faith, of that blind yet noble instinct which, though ever desiring the truth, has been the unreasoning and powerful slave of pretentious error, she retained alike the practical morality and the secular knowledge of the Old Testament, and enforced the astronomy of Joshua on reluctant science, while she wielded without mercy the exterminating sword against unbelievers. But she was served too well; too prosperous not to be envied, too powerful not to be

hated, she was compelled at last to abandon her most zealous, if sometimes overbearing servants, to the wrath of their deadliest enemies; by urging her pretensions with more energy than prudence she lost England from her communion, and by experimenting too coarsely on the credulity and ignorance of mankind, she provoked the long-threatened revolution which Luther headed; yet this ground she partly recovered, because her enemies were beset by the same ignorant and bigoted intolerance which assisted her own temporary downfall, while they were less studious of the weakness of humanity.

She still reigned supreme in France and in Spain. Italy was her own; she had a divided empire in Germany, and was not without adherents in England, while past experience had taught her the useful lesson, that though she might oppress the people, she must spare the prerogative of princes. Yet her alliance with political despotism, which gave her a deceptive appearance of strength, was the cause of fresh misfortunes, for the long and loathing discontent which had fermented in France ever since the humiliation of Louis XIV. by the arms of England, and which her own intolerable bigotry had done so much to increase, burst forth, and the supreme head of her faith, the best and wisest pontiff she had known for a century, was dragged through the dust, her holy of holies was again profaned, as in the days of Clement VII., and her creed was renounced with curses and with jeers by millions. Yet she rose, humbled perhaps, but wiser, and still she boldly declares herself the surest guide that stumbling faith can find, in that dim labyrinth where human reason hopelessly falters.

The lessons of a thousand years have convinced her that it is more prudent to cast the anchor of her hopes deep into the credulity of the myriads who feel, rather than reflect, and to seek to dazzle and overawe the timid and the ignorant, rather than to convince the wise and honest. THEREFORE that great but not glorious destiny may perhaps be hers, which Baron Macaulay has prophesied in language partly borrowed from Volney, and improved and pointed in the borrowing.

ART. V.—MEDICAL EDUCATION.

1. *A Corrected Report of the Speeches delivered by Mr. Lawrence, as Chairman at two Meetings of Members of the Royal College of Surgeons, held at the Freemasons' Tavern.* With an Appendix, containing the Resolutions agreed to at the first Meeting, and some Illustrative Documents. London: 1826.
2. *The Unity of Medicine: its corruptions and divisions, as by law established in England and Wales; with their Causes, Effects, and Remedy.* By a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. London: H. Baillière. 1858.
3. *Four Letters to Sir James Clark, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., on Administrative Reform, in relation to the Medical Schools and the Examining Boards.* *By Alexander Harvey, A.M., M.D. London: John Churchill. 1858.
4. *On Medicine and Medical Education.* Three Lectures. With Notes and Appendix. By W. T. Gairdner, M.D. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1858.
5. *Parliamentary Reports.*

THE number of legally qualified physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners in Great Britain and Ireland, is estimated at fifteen thousand. There is also the large medical staff of the army and navy, and of the East India Company's service. To these must be added a motley host of practitioners having no legal qualification at all. Many of the latter are the dregs of the profession: failures, intellectual or moral, or both, for the most part irremediable; men, each of whom was once the hope of a family, but who, from stupidity or idleness, failed to obtain a diploma, or who, having exhausted his own, or his parents' resources in reckless extravagance and profligacy, lacked the means to complete his education.* Such men swell the number of druggists' shops, throughout London and other large towns, the owners of which severally announce themselves as "surgeon, &c.," and do what is called a large "counter practice," in prescribing for and selling medicines to the ignorant poor. These professional abortions are also employed as surgeons, not only of our ordinary merchant ships, but even of those freighted with hundreds of

* Of all the candidates for diplomas during the ten years ending in 1856, one in nine were rejected. Of course, many so rejected again present themselves for examination, and "pass."

human beings—emigrants to North America, or to our colonies at the Antipodes.* Considering all classes and grades of the profession, qualified and not qualified, we find that the entire medical host sustained by the United Kingdom probably amounts to not less than twenty thousand, the numerical efficiency of which is maintained by recruits, counting only those who obtain diplomas, at the rate of a thousand a year.

A standing army of twenty thousand men, the greater number of whom are presumed to be gentlemen, and to have had an education more comprehensive and scientific than any other body of men! What a power to battle with disease and death, if only its efficiency were proportionate to its numerical force! Whether we regard the costly education of this body, or the vast interests confided to it, we cannot fail to be impressed with its importance and its power for good and for evil. To the members of this body, distributed over the United Kingdom, the very lives of the people are entrusted. And where life itself is not involved, the physical well-being—health and the consequent capacity of labour and enjoyment—is subject to their influence or control. The condition of our Crimean army, engaged in a cause in which our own imperial interests were only indirectly involved, and fighting for the protection of a people whose religion Christians declare heathenish, and whose political and social institutions Englishmen call barbarous, filled the national heart with solicitude. The administrative imbecility which sent out that army, wretchedly officered, and lacking adequate supplies of food, clothes, shelter, and provision for the sick and wounded, roused the indignation of all England,—an indignation only appeased by sacrificing the Minister-at-War, and by the most strenuous efforts to remedy, as far as was still possible, those appalling sufferings, which official negligence and ignorance had created. Fortunate would it be for us, as a people, if some catastrophe, dire as that which befel the army of Sebastopol, were to burst forth and reveal the terrible inefficiency of that army, infinitely more important, which is not engaged with a foe only during a few months now and then, but which is incessantly fighting that deadliest of all enemies—Disease; an enemy which is sleepless, insidious, untiring, and whose single attacks are often more destructive than were all the resources of the Russians throughout the Crimean campaign. The soldier who battles with a foe whose Protean shapes are countless, and whose

* The *Lancet* of August 15th, 1857, quoted the following advertisement from the *Times*:—"Surgeon wanted—For a vessel proceeding immediately to New Zealand. Good references and testimonials as to character and ability will be required. But as a diploma is not necessary, only a free passage to the above colony will be given. Apply, &c."

secret and mysterious influences baffle the scrutiny of the ablest intellects, surely needs above all others to be well equipped, and to be trained to observe accurately, to reason logically, to decide cautiously, and to act promptly. He needs to be at once an able and an acute tactician, to be fortified by an extensive knowledge of physical science, and to command all the resources of his art without being trammelled by such of its traditions as are rendered venerable only by age, or by such of its usages as enlightened experience condemns. But besides a disciplined intellect, stored with science and skilled in art, the "duly qualified physician" needs especially to be richly gifted with the moral sentiments. The man who walks in the midst of pain and suffering so destitute of feeling as to be untouched by the sight of affliction, or who has so little strength of character that he neither commands obedience nor inspires trust, has mistaken his vocation. In proportion as the wonderful influence of the mind on the body shall be recognised and appreciated, the office of the physician will be exalted, and he will become more and more habituated to track the causes of a large amount of disease into the secret recesses of the soul itself. He will find that his remedies to be successful must too often be applied there. He will feel called upon to succour the weak, to rebuke the self-indulgent, to sympathize with the trouble-stricken, to correct morbid views of life and duty, to cheer the despairing, and where hope is no longer possible, to smooth the way through the dark valley with such comfort and consolation as only he who is both wise and good can administer. In short our conception of a physician comprehends a general as well as a special culture of an already fairly gifted nature; and whatever changes in the present system of medical education will most surely result in providing the country with physicians of this order, we shall hail as the real "medical reform."

Unfortunately the public thinks itself in no way responsible for the education of its physicians and surgeons. It looks confidently to the State as the competent superintendent of medical training, and complacently accepts all as duly qualified healers who possess diplomas or licences to practice. It has a confused idea that all such authoritative documents emanate from bodies who discharge their duties as instructors and examiners rigorously and efficiently by virtue of governmental supervision and control. Accredited with such valid instruments, surely their holders must be learned in all that medical science can teach, is the conclusion of the ever-credulous public, and so it commits its life to their keeping. After living a long time in the sphere of delusion, we are made very uncomfortable when visions of reality obtrude themselves, but like unpalatable medicines, their effects are often

very wholesome. We shall therefore present our readers with a view of the reality of medical education; and in order that what is seen may be seen thoroughly, we shall confine the inspection almost exclusively to the medical education of England, as determined and controlled by the Royal College of Surgeons, by the Royal College of Physicians, and by the Apothecaries' Company of London.

The Guild of London Barbers, which was incorporated by Henry IV., in 1461, and which got a renewal of its charter in 1500, from Henry VII., consisted of a commonalty under the government of masters named from the latter date, "*Magistri sive gubernatores Mistere barbitonsorum et serurgicorum.*" This guild, which was united with a rival company in 1512, by Henry VIII., finding itself harassed by the prosecutions of the College of Physicians, sought a confirmation and extension of its privileges from James I., who empowered it to form a "Court of Assistants," two of whom, along with the master, were to examine all intent on practising surgery in London, or within three miles thereof. Charles I. increased the number of examiners to ten, to be elected for life, by and out of the Court of Assistants, of which they were still to form a part, and extended the jurisdiction of the college over an area of seven miles around London. When in 1745 the surgeons were separated from the barbers by Act of Parliament, sixteen persons were nominated who were to elect five others; the twenty-one persons thus appointed for life, with power to elect their successors, constituted the new Court of Assistants. In 1800, this corporation was erected into a College by Royal Charter; the constitution and powers of this college remained substantially the same, as enjoyed by the Company and defined by the Act of Parliament just mentioned. The final transformation of the Company into the College was effected in 1822, when another charter dignified the master, governors, and court of assistants, by the new titles of president, vice-president, and council, and conferred the privilege of having a mace! We are informed by one of its presidents (Mr. Guthrie) that as the act of 1745 was obtained by the influence of George II.'s sergent-surgeon, Mr. Ranby, on condition that he was made the first master of the new corporation of surgeons, so this corporation became a college in 1800, "by private arrangement and bargain" with another sergent-surgeon, Sir David Dundas, who sold to the court of assistants his influence with royalty, on terms as satisfactory as those dictated by his predecessor.

The constitution of this surgical corporation wholly ignored the existence of the large body of men who had paid for and who practised by the authority of its diploma. A self-elective and irresponsible council, the members of which were removeable only by death, exercised without the possibility of check or correction

the sole control of surgical education in England, and appropriated, in the way most agreeable to itself, the large revenue derived from the fees of candidates for its diploma. To say that the members of this council availed themselves of their official position to enhance their own influence and to enrich themselves, is merely to say that they were human; we are only concerned to illustrate the abnormal development of these tendencies, and the thousandfold evils of that development when fostered and protected by the State.

The council was, and still is, mainly composed of surgeons connected with London hospitals. To the several hospitals are attached medical schools, where practical anatomy is taught, and where lectures on the various branches of medical and surgical education are delivered. Many of the surgeons attached to the hospitals lecture in these schools, while the students of the several schools usually attend the practice of the neighbouring hospital. Indeed, each hospital, viewed as an institution for professional instruction, is so blended with the school contiguous to it that pupils can pay for all the lectures, as well as for all the hospital practice, which they will have to attend during their period of study, in one sum; and to induce them to do so a large reduction on the total amount payable for all the course of lectures is made. In short, the joint authorities of the school and hospital contract to supply any applicant with all the certificates necessary to constitute him an admissible candidate for the diploma of the College of Surgeons; the conditions on the student's part being payment of the stipulated sum when he enters the school, and such attendance there and at the hospital as may justify the teachers, really or seemingly, in certifying that the student has "diligently" attended their several courses of lectures, and the requisite hospital practice.

As the members of the council of the newly-chartered college stood in the relation just described to the metropolitan schools, it very naturally occurred to them to use their authority in order to secure for themselves the monopoly of teaching the great majority of English medical students. Accordingly they resolved in 1821 that no person should be an admissible candidate for the surgical diploma until he produced certificates of having attended certain courses of lectures during three winter sessions, and of having attended the surgical practice of a hospital during at least one year. They resolved at the same time that they would not recognise the certificates of any English provincial teachers or of the surgeons to any English provincial hospital.

The unjust and injurious effects of these resolutions were too numerous and too extensively ramified to admit of complete explanation here, but we shall describe those which are most notorious:—the refusal to recognise the certificates of English

provincial hospitals was a great wrong to those hospitals and to their surgeons, as a considerable amount of fees was thus diverted from them to their "protected" rivals in London. The reason put forward by the college for their exclusion, viz., in order "to promote the cultivation of sound chirurgical knowledge, and to discountenance practices which have a contrary tendency," is, but a transparent pretence, "if we may trust the judgment of Mr. Lawrence, now one of the College Examiners. He says, "This proscription conveys a most injurious reflection on the surgeons of our country hospitals; having the pleasure of being acquainted with many of them, and being, therefore, able to speak from personal knowledge of their abilities and professional attainments, I have no hesitation in declaring that a more unmerited exclusion was never pronounced against any set of men." The injustice to pupils was no less decisive. The expenses of their professional education were greatly increased by residence in the metropolis and by the higher fees of metropolitan instructors. On this point we again quote Mr. Lawrence:—"The provincial hospitals of England, many of which equal in the number of their patients the smaller hospitals of London, afford every opportunity of acquiring that most valuable kind of knowledge which is derived from experience. The practical study of the profession is here conducted with peculiar advantages, from the comparatively small number of students The number of persons to whom instruction can be imparted at the bedside of the patient is circumscribed within narrow limits The examination and explanation of a case, and its principles of treatment, can be made useful only to the small number who are able to see the patient and hear the surgeon." Mr. Lawrence adds that the forced desertion of the country hospitals has the "injurious effect of crowding with pupils the wards and operating theatres of the London hospitals so as to limit and often entirely impede all useful instruction in those establishments." Mr. Abernethy in an address by him to the council, admitted that "the Court of Examiners knew that many of the provincial hospitals of this country presented a larger field for the acquirement of practical knowledge than is to be met with in some of the metropolitan hospitals which it has recognised as schools of surgery."

About 1824 anatomical subjects were obtained with great difficulty in London; it therefore occurred to an accomplished anatomical teacher, Mr. Bennett, to open a school for English students in Paris, where the facilities for dissecting were great, and as the large medical schools of London limited their instruction in practical anatomy to the winter session, private teachers obtained such subjects as were to be had between March and October, and gave anatomical instruction during the summer months, and thus none of the opportunities (always too few) for dissection

were lost.* But if these sensible arrangements had been allowed to continue the monopoly of teaching enjoyed by the members of the college council would have been trenched upon, recognition of them was therefore refused. Mr. Bennett's Paris class consisted chiefly of "men far advanced in their studies, seven-eighths of them at least being doctors of medicine, or members of colleges of surgeons," and was, therefore, calculated to enable the most enterprising English physicians and surgeons to distinguish themselves in their profession. French students became jealous of Mr. Bennett's school lest it should enhance the scarcity of subjects. Apprehending some obstacles from the French Government he appealed to Mr. Canning, on the ground of the great advantages presented by the Paris school to English students, to use his influence with the French Government in order that the school might be sustained. But an unanimous resolution of the college council, enclosed in a letter from its president to Mr. Canning, "successfully dissuaded him from affording to his countrymen the protection they solicited." Private teachers of anatomy, by devoting all their energies to their undertakings, instead of dispersing them in hospital and private practice, are sure to be the most thorough and competent teachers, and yet it is these very men which the State-accredited college refused to recognise. After Mr. Bennett's Paris school was closed, he and a Mr. Kiernan, equally distinguished as a teacher, as well as all others who were not surgeons or physicians to a London hospital, were virtually prohibited from giving instruction by the resolution of the college not to accept their certificates, although, as Mr. Lawrence says, "it is notorious that the appointments to London hospitals, being often procured by numerous connexions and powerful interest, are not in themselves a criterion of talent and knowledge, and that they have been held in many instances by persons of no professional reputation."

While the council was thus active in extinguishing every attempt to compete with the schools or hospitals to which its members were attached, its examinations were notoriously inadequate as tests of professional skill. A considerable portion of the fees payable by admitted members being shared by the president, vice-president, and council of the College, and the remainder being at their disposal, it was alleged that the sums thus obtained and obtainable, acted as a powerful stimulus to confer the college diploma on as large a number of candidates as possible. We learn from one of the resolutions

* Mr. Lizars, in the Prefaces to his Anatomical Plates, laments the want of subjects in Edinburgh, and states that they "have now risen to the enormous sum of twenty guineas, a sum sufficient to enable a student to go to Paris, study his profession, and return home."—Quoted by Mr. Lawrence.

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are material, and the worm material, the salt must be. Undoubtedly, Dr. Candlish has unlimited resources at his command for its supply.

But the sadness of all this is, that such views can find favour with our acute northern countrymen. We had been led to think that the more enlightened among them had come to see that the fatalism which lies at the root of the Calvinistic creed is as compatible with a benevolent issue of this mundane economy as with one of woe. We had entertained some hopes that eminent metropolitan preachers like Dr. Candlish himself, were often content in their discourses to satisfy the traditional feelings of their congregations by some customary phrases concerning corruption, election, and grace, and by some occasional protest against popery and quasi-popery, equivalent to the reading of his prayers before sermon by the English clergyman; and that they thus felt much at liberty to follow their own more liberal bent in the rest of their discourses. But the publication of such a paragraph as we have quoted goes far to shake this hope. Yet for the sake of Dr. Candlish's readers we must quote one other passage from him, and ask them if they can reconcile the two.

"What a scene here bursts and breaks on the enraptured view of faith! What a crisis! Christ, the man Christ Jesus, standing again on this earth in the body; all his redeemed with him in the body; not a breath, not a whisper of opposition or rebellion anywhere to be heard throughout all its continents and kingdoms; not a tomb anywhere; not a dying groan; not a trace of sin's or of sorrow's ravages; not the faintest vestige of the footsteps of the Arch-fiend who first brought sin and sorrow to its shores! Yes! His work is done! The end for which he got the kingdom is fully and for ever attained. He may deliver it up to God, even the Father."—(p. 89.)

Meanwhile, outside of this fair scene, the earth, so swept and garnished, gravelled and carpeted for the reception of the prince, there lies a hideous region into which he is forbidden to enter. From this earth, where Providence, and Redemption, and Spirit have done their utmost, there have been carried off into the dominion of the Arch-fiend myriads of prisoners never to be delivered from his sway. Gigantic and undying sins possess the souls, and gnawing worms and salted fires torment for ever the bodies of his victims. Can this be the right reading of the gospel of salvation?

We should not, however, omit to notice that Dr. Candlish, in discussing the doctrine of the resurrection, draws a critical distinction between "flesh and blood," and "flesh and bones," and considers that a light is thus thrown upon the nature of that promise. For that while St. Paul says, "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," it is foretold that our bodies shall be made like unto Christ's body, which, after his rising, is said to have had "flesh and bones." Certainly "the bones," "bone of bone," and the like, were Hebrew phrases for signifying the essential and innermost nature of man. But only figuratively so; they do not convey any physiological truth. And Dr. Candlish is here led, according to his wont, to draw a literal inference from figurative premises.

The question concerning the origin of human language touches theology at more points than one. For like other sciences which have emerged in modern times, it enters on ground where the Bible appears

satisfy the profession." In January, 1842, Sir James Graham, then Secretary of State, transmitted to the college fifteen propositions which he wished to have embodied in a new charter. Finally, in 1848, the reformed charter came into force. Its main object was to lessen the exclusiveness of the governing body in regard to offices, honours, and emoluments, by the creation of an order of fellows who should be eligible to the council and to the lucrative examinerships. By this charter Sir James Graham ordained that out of the then existing commonalty of surgeons not less than 250, nor more than 300, should be forthwith created fellows, without examination and without payment. This was to be done "with all convenient speed after the date of these, our letters patent, and before the expiration of three calendar months," and accordingly it was done "by one general diploma." To select 300 for this new honour out of about 12,500, without submitting them to any examination, was a task as invidious as it was absurd. The real value of an honour so conferred, without applying any test of competency, was small indeed, in the eyes of impartial persons. By the profession its worth as an evidence of merit was sufficiently appreciated, but it raised its possessors nominally, and as in the profession there is a great deal in a name, it was eagerly clamoured for. As an indication to the public of superior professional skill, it was "a mockery and a snare." This nostrum of the state physician, Sir James Graham, was thus applied: First, a net was thrown over the surgeons of London, and all who were members of the then existing council, all who were surgeons or assistant surgeons to the several hospitals recognised by the college, all lecturers on anatomy or surgery recognised by the college, and all who had been surgeons to such hospitals, provided they were members of the college, were caught, and suddenly found themselves within the pale of the fellowship. But this crowd of distinguished indistinguishables was not yet large enough to satisfy the atoning spirit of Sir James, who was sincerely anxious to remedy by fresh State interference those very ills which had been exclusively caused by a like interference in former times. But in the practice of politics almost all practitioners are homœopaths. Accordingly, it was "thought right to add those who, although eligible for the council, had been passed by and not elected, as well as others residing in London who were juniors, not practising pharmacy, and some few others who might have a certain degree of note in the country at large." Then the *esprit de corps* in the bosom of President Guthrie, who had been an army surgeon, pleaded touchingly for his own order. "You cannot think," said he, "of leaving the officers of the public service out . . . you ought at

least to take the senior officers belonging to the three branches of the service, and probably they may be satisfied with that." Thirty-four "inspectorial," or "superintending" surgeons were therefore selected from the three services *solely on account of their seniority*, as recipients of the newly created honour. A gentleman holding only the rank of regimental surgeon was proposed along with the above for the fellowship, on the ground of his great professional ability; but to have elected him would have been to violate the simplicity of the arrangement of election by seniority, the president therefore strongly objected, and fought manfully for the principle of seniority. Vigorously besieged by certain members of the council, he yielded in this one case with the understanding that it should not be taken as a precedent. But now the troubles of Sir James and of the college, just when the great act of pacification was expected to diffuse only joy and satisfaction, really began. "The senior officers of the Guards," says the president, "when they heard of this [the election of a junior], were much displeased, and they all addressed the college. Their letters are very angry letters; they addressed the council individually, and came to me to say that I had used them ill." The large number of the envious, or of the neglected meritorious, raised a loud shout of anger and dissatisfaction. The tumult, gathering strength as it arose from different parts of the country and from the army and navy of both the Royal and East India services, appalled equally the stout heart of the reforming baronet and of the conservative president. Sir James yielded to the new demands. Although the whole 300 fellows had already been created, the clamour of the tumult could not even be temporarily silenced until the new honour had been awarded to 242 more of the most eager claimants, still without submitting them to any test of their knowledge or skill. In the haste of this second pacification, two Mr. Halls were confounded with each other, and the diploma intended for Thomas, without examination, was sent to John. "John," says the president, "having got the diploma, stated that he was very much obliged to us—that it was quite an unexpected honour, but that he would keep it." When informed of the mistake, he said, "As you have been so good as to forward the diploma to me, I shall keep it." What was to be done? The 242 additional fellowships which Sir James had ordered to be conferred without examination or payment were already disposed of. There was nothing for it but to oblige the unfortunate Thomas to submit to an examination, and to pay £10 before he could be distinguished as was originally intended.

In short, the method of awarding the fellowship, and the principle which guided the selection of its recipients, created more dissatisfaction than its non-existence. The result of the double

pacification, by order of the Home Secretary, was a formidable rebellion, which organized itself, in 1845, under the name of "The National Institute of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery." In 1848, Mr. Guthrie laments that of the 12,500 members of the college, 12,000, or 96 per cent., "have strenuously objected to the changes that have taken place under the late charter," and have foresworn allegiance, and expresses his opinion, that if the objectionable parts of the said charter were removed, they would "return to the college." Such are the beneficent results of over-legislation. Not the least ludicrous part of this story is that in which Mr. Guthrie most pathetically narrates how he and his council were forced to pray for a charter, which they not only did not want, but towards which their conservative instincts inspired them with the strongest repugnance. "When it became necessary," says he, "to accept the charter, we accepted it, of course; when it became necessary to pray for it—which we have been sadly accused of having done, contrary to the interests of the profession—we were obliged to pray for it on the same principle, the lawyers informing the council that if they did not consent to pray for it, it would be considered to be flying in the face of Sir James Graham, and that consequently it would be the same thing as refusing to obey his orders. Under these circumstances, the council thought it right to pray for it, being quite satisfied (!?) to place the business in the hands of the Secretary of State, and let him do as he pleased, hoping that it would operate in the end for the benefit of the profession."

The preceding episode in the history of the London College of Surgeons, which has its parallel in the history of the Dublin College of Surgeons, is an instructive illustration of the evils wrought by Government when not confined to the legitimate sphere of its activity. If it had never interfered with the free development of these Colleges, their administrators could never have become despotic; but, having empowered them to do so, the only way to remedy the evil is to remove its cause—to withdraw all Government authority. Then, unless the requisite reforms were effected, the commonalty of the College would rebel, secede, and establish a rival institution, democratic in spirit, and so far so in form as its members might find most expedient for the administration of justice, and the elevation of the most scientific and skilful to positions of trust, honour, and emolument, according to their degrees of merit. We will now furnish a still more notable illustration of the evil of State interference, from the history of the London College of Physicians.

Considering both the letter and the spirit of the charter of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Act of Parliament confirming it, it is obvious that the college was intended to be and

to continue a corporation of equal fellows, comprehending all "*docti et graves viri*" actually practising, or about to practise, in London, and that all not included in the original act of incorporation were subsequently to be admitted, if, on examination, found competent. There is no word, either in the charter or confirmatory act, authorising the creation of a distinct body of London physicians merely licensed to practise—hence called Licentiates, or Permissi—and debarred from fellowship of the college. This democratically-constituted college, whose constituents were the most highly-educated men of the time, was calculated to flourish vigorously (the noble principles which underlie a true democracy can only be wrought out by gentlemen), but the freedom of its growth was speedily restrained.

The first violation of the charter consisted in resolving that only graduates of Oxford and Cambridge were eligible for admission into the college; and as all graduates of those universities were obliged formally to attest their adhesion to the creed of the English church, a religious test of eligibility of fellowship of a college devoted to science was thus virtually administered to all candidates; so that the first violation of the charter necessarily involved a second. As a matter of fact, the restriction chiefly operated injuriously in a religious and pecuniary way: during nearly the first two hundred years after the college was founded, graduates of foreign universities could easily obtain testimonials of admission, *ad eundem*, at Oxford and Cambridge, and thus, without residence, by signing the thirty-nine articles, and paying the customary fees, they became eligible for the fellowship of the London College.

The third violation of the charter effected a complete revolution in the constitution of the college, and inflicted upon it a deadly injury: at a very early period, probably about 1581, while graduates of other universities could still be incorporated at Oxford or Cambridge, a bye-law empowering the creation of a separate body of Permissi or Licentiates was enacted. These, after examination, and the payment of fifty-six pounds ten shillings, receive a licence to practise in the metropolis, but are refused admission as fellows of the college. Thus the fellows became a more exclusive body, and constituted distinctions between themselves and the body of mere licentiates, greatly to their own personal advantage, and to the exactly proportionate injury of the licentiates. More pitiable contradictions than those in which the advocates of this selfish bye-law have involved themselves while seeking to defend it, it has seldom been our lot to witness. While recognising that the fellowship is an honour; that it is an evidence of literary and scientific education, and that the practice of a physician depends "in a degree" upon public opinion; and

while alleging that the fellowship, because obtainable only after the candidate has taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge, is also a proof of superior moral habits and character, Sir Henry Hallford actually tells the Parliamentary Committee in almost the same breath, that the licentiate is not on a lower scale than the fellow, and that no injury is done to the former by refusing him the fellowship!

But the spirit of selfish injustice had not yet completed its incarnation. The college, in order to restrict the fellowship still further, wrote to the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, reminding them of the favour which it had shown the universities by limiting the admission into the fellowship exclusively to their graduates, assuring them of the benefits it was still anxious to confer upon them as to payments, and in every other way, and in return requested them to cease granting testimonials of incorporation, or *ad eundem* degrees, to graduates of other universities. Both Oxford and Cambridge acceded to the request, except only with respect to graduates of the University of Dublin. The supply of candidates being now so effectually restricted that only graduates of Oxford or Cambridge were eligible for the fellowship, and that degrees could only be obtained from those universities, either after being enrolled as students there for eleven years, or by first graduating in Dublin, there seemed to be not a single barrier left to arrest the college in its suicidal course: in 1682, the number of fellows, honorary fellows, and licentiates, taken altogether, had dwindled to ninety. From 1647, if not earlier, until 1765, the practice of the college was to limit the fellows to a certain number: eighty and twenty were the maximum and minimum numbers definitely fixed by college statutes.

By a custom, laudable so long as the fellowship was on the broad basis of equity, all hospital appointments in London were given almost exclusively to fellows; these appointments were invaluable as means of acquiring professional experience, and of bringing their possessors prominently before the public, and thus of securing general practice. "The fellow, the moment he arrives from his studies," says Sir David Barry, M.D., "is placed in the first line of recommendation. He is placed on the same line with the president of the college of physicians, and he is recommended by his fellows or associates, exclusively and in preference to licentiates; so much so, that there appears to be, if I dare use the phrase, something like a trade's union among the fellows, to the exclusion of licentiates; and that is the case more particularly with regard to hospital appointments." In some of the hospitals there are rules according to which only fellows are eligible to become their physicians. In 1825, Dr. Copland, who was not a fellow, was a candidate for a physicianship of Middlesex Hos-

pital, but discovered that it would be useless to go to the poll. "I found," he said, "in canvassing the governors, that the influence exerted for a fellow of the college by his associates had put success out of the question." Dr. James Johnson states that, "whenever the interest or interests of a fellow and a licentiate come into collision, which they frequently do, both in private practice and in canvasses for public institutions, the licentiate is sure to fail, through the *esprit de corps*, and the influence of the fellows, who always support each other."

Speaking of Dr. Hawkins, who was the successful rival of Dr. Copland in the canvas, from which he retired, Sir Charles Bell, who was a surgeon of Middlesex Hospital, says:—"He is introduced to us by one of those arrangements betwixt our physicians and those of other hospitals, by which two junior members of the College of Physicians are to be provided for;" and adds that the influence exerted by the college on such occasions "is so great and so extended, that no individual, however deserving, can prevail against it. Respectable men who are aware of it are deterred from appearing on the canvas. For they seem in the public eye to be fairly weighed in the balance against the very youngest members of their own profession; and they retire defeated, and with their characters lowered." . . . "Bartholomew's Hospital has been for a long series of years," says Dr. Yelloly, "in complete possession of the College of Physicians. By the will of Dr. Baldwin Harvey, in the time of Charles I., the college was to recommend two physicians on any vacancy in the Hospitals of St. Bartholomew, Christchurch, and St. Thomas; and if the governors elected either, there was a certain small stipend to be paid to the person so elected."

Dr. Copland, says, "I believe that in all professions, but more especially in ours, honours are not altogether empty words; they are in fact valuable entities, contributing indirectly, but very materially, to the advantage of a physician." A curious instance of how much the fellowship is coveted is afforded in the fact that Dr. Pearson, who had reached his 80th year, being informed in 1828, that he would at length be admitted to an examination as a preliminary to admission into the college, bravely set about preparing himself for the ordeal by getting up his Greek, and died reading *Aræteus*! On the whole it appears then that by means of the fellowship, physicians may most speedily and surely secure what the majority of men dearly love—honour, rank, professional employment, and, as a consequence, pecuniary success. The reader may now judge for himself of the value of the privilege.

About 1767 legal proceedings were instituted in three cases: those of *Askew*, *Letch*, and *Archer*, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the college could legally maintain its exclusive

system. The trials took place before Lord Mansfield. He decided that the bye-law in force more than a century, by which, as stated above, the number of fellows had been limited, was illegal. He concluded his judgment, in the case of Dr. Letch, with a recommendation to the college to settle all other matters amongst themselves without bringing them into court, and with a caution against narrowing their ground of admission so much that even if a Boerhave should be resident here he could not be admitted into the fellowship.

Under the pressure of Lord Mansfield's decisions, the last of which was delivered in 1770, the statutory limitation of the number of fellows was annulled; and about 1771 two new statutes were enacted,—one enabling the president, *speciali gratia*, to nominate for the fellowship without previous examination any licentiate of ten years' standing; and the other enabling a fellow to propose for examination a licentiate of seven years' standing, it being understood that a licentiate so proposed should, on passing his examination, be admitted into the college. But even this extent of liberality seems to have been of the spasmodic sort, induced only by the galvanic shock administered it by the noble judge. In September, 1784, a statute was passed by the college that the power of nominating to the fellowship, by virtue of the two statutes just mentioned, should not be exercised if the number of fellows should exceed fifty! Moreover, the statute giving to fellows the power of nominating licentiates of seven years' standing, was kept strictly secret from the licentiates for several years after its enactment; and when dim intimations of its existence reached them, authentic knowledge concerning it was refused. In fact, it appears that this statute was never intended to be acted upon, and was a mere mask of liberality conveniently assumed in a court of justice, and as conveniently laid aside when it had answered its purpose.

Many efforts have been made by distinguished licentiates to gain admission by virtue of that bye-law, but in vain. Dr. Burgess, a fellow, proposed Dr. Sims, a licentiate; the proposal was not seconded, and therefore he was not balloted for.

In 1796 Dr. Stanger applied to be admitted for examination as a candidate for the fellowship; he was refused, although he offered to submit to an examination in Greek, and to any test of professional competency, however severe. He then applied to the Court of King's Bench for a mandamus to be admitted to examination. The legal contest was a trial of strength between the licentiates and fellows. The judges, of whom one was Lord Kenyon, long employed as chief counsel for the college, pronounced in favour of the sufficiency of the bye-law just mentioned, so that the mandamus was refused, and the licentiates were

defeated. The mask answered its purpose, and they were again left dependent on the liberality of the college. In 1797 and in 1798 Dr. Wells, from a sense of public duty, made trial of this bye-law as a means of admission, but it still answered its purpose. He says, "I determined to apply for an examination of my own fitness to be a member of the college, rather than allow the grounds of the decision (at the recent trial) to run any hazard of being forgotten." Drs. Pitcairn and Bailie (fellows) proposed him: his first application was refused on the alleged ground that no notice had been given to the fellows of an intention to propose him; his second, made with the utmost formality, "was not even balloted for; one of the fellows moved the previous question, which was carried."

Up to 1834, and we believe up to the present time, no one has been elected under the statute giving to fellows the right of proposal. Drs. Stanger and Wells were eminently qualified for the fellowship, and the latter was not only proposed and seconded by two of the foremost physicians of their time, but was himself already too distinguished to be capable of acquiring fresh honour by admission to the college. The failure of these men effectually discouraged all others from even hoping to attain the fellowship through the bye-law in question.

The only access to the college, except that through Oxford or Cambridge, is by the favour of the president, and without examination, or by the recommendation of a body of fellows, called "consillarii," which was established in consequence of the Parliamentary exposure in 1834, and which is deputed to select licentiates for the fellowship. Persons thus selected are also admitted to the college without examination. The bye-law granting admission by favour of the president was first enacted, as we have said, under the stimulus of Lord Mansfield. The president was then empowered to propose two licentiates yearly; even this number was thought too great, and the bye-law was altered so as to admit two only every other year, but in 1823 it was realterred to its original shape. Under this statute nineteen licentiates obtained the fellowship within the period of sixty-three years ending 1834, seven of them being admitted within the last ten years of that time; while during the same time one hundred and forty-seven Oxford and Cambridge graduates were elected.

We shrink from writing these odious pages of the history of a body of physicians who stand at the head of their profession, and only a sense of duty compels us to expose the demoralizing as well as deadening effects of entrusting a corporation with exclusive privileges, and with legal power to maintain and enforce them. Gentlemen, who individually are refined, generous, and of

scrupulous honour, become, in their corporate capacity, coarsely selfish, grasping, unjust, and are not ashamed to have recourse to those mean subterfuges, equivocations, and even falsehoods which in the relations of individual men with each other would at once be denounced with contempt.

We have seen how willingly Drs. Sims, Stanger, and Wells would have undergone a searching examination as a preliminary to admission into the college: the obstacle has always been the refusal of the college to examine, never of the candidates to be examined; and yet when Dr. Macmichael, who had been both censor and registrar of the college, was asked, "How do you account for the circumstance that, under the seven years' qualifying statute, not a single election of a licentiate has taken place from the time of its passing down to the present period?" He replied, "I presume that the circumstance of being publicly examined by the whole college would be a great objection to any one wishing to avail himself of that privilege!" Again, referring to the efforts of Drs. Sims and Wells, the Parliamentary Committee asked Sir Henry Halford, the president, how he accounted for these unsuccessful applications; to which he answered, "It is impossible for me to say what passes in the minds of those people who are to undergo an examination, as the consequence of their application;" and on another occasion he said, "I do not know the class of persons who are excluded, who come enabled to pass an examination."

The celebrated Sydenham, while still in the flesh, and when he might have claimed a share of the college privileges, was excluded—only in the spirit is he freely admitted; the college does not scruple to avail itself of his Latin works as the best standard by which to test the medical latinity of its licentiates. Dr. Wells wrote at least eighteen different essays on philosophical and pathological subjects, chiefly the latter: the great value of the one in which he traced the disease of the valves of the heart to acute rheumatism as its cause, extorts even from that rigid defender of the college, Dr. Macmichael, the reluctant testimony that "it is a very important one;" the papers entitled "Observations on the Dropsy which succeeds Scarlet Fever," "Of Dropsy which has not succeeded Scarlet Fever," and "On the presence of the red Matter and Serum of the Blood in the Urine," announced, we believe, for the first time, the immensely important discovery of the causal connection which so often exists between dropsy and diseases of the kidneys, and, as indicated by the presence of albumen in the urine, of the special derangement of the renal functions in all cases of dropsy after scarlet-fever; while his celebrated essays on double vision and on dew, placed him among the foremost of philosophical inquirers. Dr. Eliotson, who has read his works more than once,

says of him, "As to a full knowledge of his profession, I am satisfied that no one in modern times has been superior to him ;" while his opinion of him as a natural philosopher was "the very highest;" the Royal Society enrolled him among its fellows, with whose president he was on terms of closest intimacy, and his life, dictated by himself on his death-bed, abounds in evidence of his "singular virtue and independence of mind." But he was not found worthy of admission to the College of Physicians, the president of which did not know the class of persons who, enabled to pass an examination, were excluded! The eminent Dr. Fothergill had the honour of sharing and sympathising in his unworthiness. Dr. Watson, writing in 1771, immediately after the event, to his friend Dr. Fothergill, thus recounts the affair: "To the surprise of every one present, Sir William Browne rose and proposed you, and, as I am told, said handsome things of Dr. Fothergill. *An propter invidiam, an propter amicitiam ambitur.* In his speech or manner there seemed nothing ironical; it was rather, as Dr. Herberden says, in serious sadness, 'As you are an arch-rebel this was not expected, and everybody stared.' However, after a considerable pause, both Dr. Herberden and Sir John Pringle rose and seconded Sir William's motion. Upon the ballot there were thirteen negatives and nine affirmatives. . . . Had the ballot determined in your favour, Dr. Herberden intended to have proposed me; but, on seeing the sense of the fellows towards rebels, he declined it." Dr. William Hunter, whose eminent professional merits and contributions to science were only overshadowed by the towering fame of his brother John, was excluded. Dr. Copland, whose comprehensive and invaluable "Dictionary of the Practice of Medicine" is alike distinguished as a record of scientific experience, sound sense, and vast medical learning, says, "having had a regular preliminary education at Edinburgh in literature and philosophy, I made inquiry whether I could be examined for a higher grade in the college than that of licentiatehip. I was informed that no one could be examined for admission as a fellow, unless he was a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge." Dr. Locock was also judged ineligible. His exclusion, as well as that of Dr. William Hunter, was on the ground that he was an accoucheur; for, notwithstanding the fact that women will persist in bringing children into the world, and that many of the gravest maladies which flesh is heir to consist of organic or functional diseases of the uterine organs, the College of Physicians was of opinion that the practice of midwifery and the collateral branches of that department of the profession is a degradation from which its fellows must be sacredly guarded. . . . Therefore it was enacted that no one should be admitted to the fellowship who practises

the obstetric art. The health and life of the women of England, might be fittingly left, the college seemed to think, to that large class of ignoramuses who are ever ready to supply their want of knowledge by assumption, and their want of scientific skill by reckless hardihood. But though men like Dr. Wells, Dr. Fothergill, Dr. William Hunter, Dr. Copland, and Dr. Locock,* were not admissible into the college, Charles Duke of Richmond, and John Duke of Montague, slight dabblers in medical science, and never practitioners, were found eligible, and were elected. Their names appear in the list of fellows in the *Pharmacopœia* of 1771. The possession of the peerage seems to have been a qualification for the fellowship more valid in the eyes of the college than that laid down by the granter of their charter—viz., that the candidate “be profound, sad, and discrete, groundly learned, and deeply studied in physyke.”

Exclusion of surgeons, apothecaries, and accoucheurs, from the fellowship, was effected, we are told, by Sir Henry Hallford, in order to keep the college “respectable and distinct.” The same authority states, and his statement is echoed by all the college defenders, that, with the exception of the few favoured nominees of the president, the fellowship was conferred exclusively on graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, because the college can be most satisfactorily assured of their literary and scientific education, and of their moral habits.

In view of the evidence given to the Parliamentary Committee of 1834, of the value of Oxford and Cambridge medical education and medical degrees, we must presume that they commended themselves to the exclusive approval of the college by means of some mystic virtues, cognizable only by the esoteric and initiated fellows.

From the establishment of the College of Physicians to the present time, its distinguished members, whether fellows or licentiates, have been compelled to resort to other places than either Oxford or Cambridge for their professional knowledge. Harvey, though a Cambridge man, studied and graduated at Padua, which, in conjunction with Leyden, really educated the majority of English physicians until Edinburgh became famous as a school of medicine. The staunchest defenders of the restrictive system are constrained to confess in word and deed the futility of attempting to obtain a medical education at either of the English Universities. The late Dr. Seymour, who naively told the committee he did not know what was “meant, exactly, by medical reform;” and who, though willing to have the college-doors opened a little

* In consequence of the ventilation of the college by the Parliamentary Committee of 1834, Dr. Locock and Dr. Copland have since been admitted to the fellowship—the one in 1836, the other in 1837.

wider, thought "that the regular road should still be kept through the English Universities," studied three years at Edinburgh, one at Paris, and one at Florence; that redoubtable conservative, Dr. Macmichael, who is a devout believer in the English Universities, studied three years at Edinburgh, and afterwards became a pupil at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Dr. Seymour tells us that the physicians of Ofen* were ignorant of the existence of the Oxford and Cambridge medical schools, and looked on the map to find the University of Cambridge; while Dr. Elliotson, when asked what opinion he found prevalent abroad concerning the English universities as schools of medicine, said that he "never heard them mentioned." Dr. Macmichael admits that even so late as when he was at Oxford, no lectures were delivered on physiology, pathology, *materia medica*, or therapeutics, and that no hospital practice was prescribed, the attention being purely voluntary. Dr. Burrows, who graduated at Cambridge, simply attended lectures there on natural philosophy, chemistry, and the practice of medicine, before taking his degree: his real education he obtained in London. Dr. Kidd, the Regius Professor of Physic at Oxford, stated to the Parliamentary Committee that attendance on medical lectures at Oxford was not expected; and that certificates in proof of the various branches of medical study having been pursued in some other medical schools were not asked for from candidates for the Oxford degree. Regarding certificates, "The word of the individual given to the professor, and the knowledge of his habits, derivable from the professor's extensive acquaintance, were considered sufficient," says Dr. Kidd, and he, as examiner, acted on this opinion. Dr. Elliotson says, that not only was it not imperative to attend medical lectures at Cambridge, but that "there were none given, excepting some popular lectures by Sir Busick Harwood, on physiology, in which he used to show the process of incubation by having one-and-twenty eggs of different ages, so as to see them crack." Such being the facilities afforded for scientific study, and such the medical discipline of the students, our readers will of course conclude that the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge relied mainly on the scrupulous and searching character of their examinations, in order to guard against conferring degrees on unqualified persons, and to justify the childlike trust of the College of Physicians in their diplomas as the most satisfactory evidence of "literary and scientific education, and of moral habits."

Dr. Macmichael, who graduated at Oxford, was examined by only one professor; the examination lasted "a very short time,"

* Ofen is that part of the capital of Hungary which is on the right bank of the Danube. It is connected with Pesth by a bridge of boats.

and he admits that payment of the fees was the chief qualification for the reception of the degree. Attendance on the hospital "was entirely voluntary on your part?—I paid the fees. That was not essential to your passing your examination before the Regius Professor?—It enabled me to pass it better." The following is Dr. Elliottson's account of the examination for his Cambridge degree. "I read a thesis which I had composed in Latin. I read it aloud to the medical professor in public, and he brought two or three objections against it in Latin, syllogistically, which I answered in the same language and manner, and then I think he read a paper, and I had to oppose or defend it, I forget which." "Was the examination after reading your thesis severe?—There was none at all. Was the examination you underwent any sort of test of your proficiency in medical studies?—I do not know. I suppose very slight medical knowledge would have been sufficient to answer the arguments adduced against me." Such was the course of examination for resident students, which had continued from a very distant period at Cambridge until 1829, and at Oxford until 1835, according to the testimony of resident graduates. Whether the examination for *ad eundem* degrees were precisely the same, or still more absurd, we cannot tell, but holders of those degrees shall give us their experience; Dr. Billing, who first graduated at Dublin, and then at Oxford, in 1818, says, "I entered my name at St. Alban's Hall, and the following day I went into the Senate-house to perform certain acts of reading over some syllogisms. I took some oaths of allegiance and so forth; and then the Vice-Chancellor went through a short form by which I was declared an Oxford doctor of medicine." He adds that there was no medical examination whatever. Dr. Clendinning, also a graduate of Dublin, took an Oxford degree in 1827. He says, "I underwent no examination; there was a form of disputation, but no *vivâ voce* examination, nor any written questions on medical subjects." Dr. Clendinning's replies, in the following extract, are too precious to be abridged. "Did you keep an Act in Physic?—Yes. Was that a mere form?—I think it may be considered a mere form. Did you read a Latin thesis?—Yes. Were you examined by the professor upon the subject of the thesis?—The professor was not present. Who was present?—The gentleman-bedel. Was it not considered a mere ceremony?—Yes. Was the thesis written especially for that occasion?—I suppose I ought to state that I did not write the thesis; it was written for me, and produced, and I read it, and the counter-part was read by the bedel." The Regius Professor demonstrated the wisdom of this arrangement by which the bedel is constituted sole auditor, thus: "In order to take

the bachelor of medicine degree there are two formal disputations. The professor attends at these; but in taking the superior degree, the person who reads the lecture is supposed to be giving information to others; and then the professor does not attend." One more extract concerning the all-important functions of the bedel; also, the authoritative statement of the Regius Professor himself shall close our evidence of the inconceivable value, intellectually, of English university degrees. The bachelor's degree having been already taken, "how many acts and opponencies must be kept for the doctorate?—None. The candidate must previously read six lectiones in the public schools. Are they all read in one day?—In two days, I think. Three a day?—Yes. Is it usual to compose a lectio really for the occasion; or does any scrap of paper, or book, read at the time, serve the purpose?—That entirely depends upon the individual, for nobody is present but himself and the bedel. Does the bedel generally provide the lectio?—I am sure I do not know how that is . . . He does so occasionally, I believe." Readers who have resided at an university will probably exclaim—"Oh! everybody knows that the examination for the degree of doctor of medicine was a mere form, but it was so simply because the candidate passed a previous examination for the degree of bachelor of medicine, which was a *bonâ fide* test of medical knowledge and skill." We are enabled, however, to show from the evidence of the Oxford Regius Professor himself (the late Dr. Kidd) that "it was considered that in lieu of a formal examination, the professor of medicine, or whoever in his place presented to a degree, might satisfy himself that the candidate was well grounded in it, and upon his testimony the university granted the degree." During the worst of times the St. Andrew's degree of M.D. was never conferred unless the professional ability of the candidate was certified for by one or more distinguished physicians, so that it was never purchasable in any other sense than was that of Oxford.

The moral discipline and scrutiny of character to which Oxford and Cambridge graduates were subjected, were only equalled by the scientific culture and exhaustive examination which, as we have shown, their diplomas imply that they have undergone. It seems that all who go to these universities for *ad eundem* degrees are so intensely moral that it is deemed to be no more requisite to ask for evidence of character than it is to demand from resident graduates certificates of professional study. The Parliamentary Committee asked Dr. Clendinning, "Was any certificate of your moral character and habits required by the professor of physic at Oxford previous to your passing?" He replied, "None whatever." Dr. Billing, in answer to a similar question, said, "there was a form which is called *bene decessit*, from Dublin; that was

all;" and that he had never heard of an instance of the said *bene decessit* being refused by the Dublin college. So that either the morals of all Dublin graduates who ask for the *bene decessit* are unimpeachable, or the Hibernian *Alma Mater* indulgently dispenses it to all, needing it on the mere production of their diplomas. Its value as a testimonial of character, if the latter inference should be nearest the truth, we leave our readers to determine. Of those graduates who keep their terms at the English universities, some at Cambridge do not reside within the walls of the colleges, yet it is to this residence that much of the university virtue is ascribed. Moreover, the system called "term trotting" is not unknown either to the English universities or to the College of Physicians. "Term trotting" is accomplished by "licentiates already established in London, who perform the formal exercises, and go through the formal residence required by those universities to obtain from them medical degrees."* Such is the intellectual and moral discipline of which the College of Physicians was assured by the presentation of an Oxford or Cambridge degree!

Much has been said about the worthlessness of Scotch degrees, especially those of St. Andrew's, just referred to. But though the latter could make no pretension to the incomparable respectability of those procured at Oxford or Cambridge, seeing that they proved their possessors to be rich enough to waste eleven years in keeping their terms at one of these Universities, yet a degree from St. Andrew's was a reliable testimonial of professional competency, which deserved, if it did not command, respect at a time when reading a bought thesis to the university bedel, and paying the fees, constituted the dignifying process by which a man became an Oxford Doctor of Medicine. We have stated that that system obtained at Oxford until as late as 1835; whereas, as early as 1826, a man was not admissible as a candidate for examination at St. Andrew's until he produced certificates that he had "attended in some university or celebrated school of medicine for at least four complete sessions, during four years, the following branches of medical education:—Anatomy and surgery; practical anatomy, or private dissections; *materia medica* and pharmacy; chemistry and chemical pharmacy; the theory of physic; the practice of physic; midwifery, and the diseases of women and children; botany, and clinical lectures in a large public hospital. The candidate must also bring certificates of his having attended the daily visitations of the physicians and surgeons of such hospital for at least six months a year during two different years." "The relative value of the examination test

* "Report," Part I., 1834, Q. 595.

itself may be estimated as follows:—From 1834 to 1848, 549 candidates offered themselves; of these 82 were rejected, or nearly a seventh of the whole. During the ten years ending 1855, 567 candidates offered themselves; of these 70 were rejected, or about an eighth of the whole. Whereas, throughout the United Kingdom, of all the candidates for diplomas during the same ten years, only one in nine were rejected. A large proportion of those who were rejected are members of the London College of Surgeons, and many of these are also licentiates of the London Apothecaries' Company. Seven members of the London College were rejected between May, 1847, and July, 1848. We are informed that of the last eighty rejected candidates, thirty-nine held the diploma of the same college. The examination as now conducted is both in writing and *virâ voce*, it extends over several days, it is both scientific and practical, and its general excellence is reported and admired by the medical journals of the present year. In this connexion it is due to the new Regius Professor of Physic at Oxford, Dr. Acland, to say that the examination papers submitted this month (June) to the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine do him great honour. They are the most comprehensive, discriminating, and effectual, as tests of professional education, of any that we have seen.

The internal history of the two London Colleges, considered with reference to their exclusive privileges, is, *mutatis mutandis*, the internal history of all other medical bodies possessing like privileges in the United Kingdom. Indeed, so truly typical are they, so invariably have like causes produced like results, that having sketched the history of the operation and effects of those causes in the largest spheres of their activity, it would be useless to narrate the separate histories of the other medical corporations for the sake of establishing the principle we contend for, viz., that in exact proportion to the extent of the exclusive privileges conferred on any corporate body, or of the violation of the rights of individuals, does the commonwealth suffer.

Were there no State interference with the profession, its members would group themselves into societies or voluntary corporations, according to their individual studies and affinities. The force of character and of scientific qualifications would speedily determine the relative position and authority of each in the professional body. The Medical Society and the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, highly important and useful institutions, constituted themselves, and are independent of the State. It is true the latter possesses a charter, but that charter only suspends in favour of this society those unjust acts which interfere with the indefeasible right of private contract, and which are known as the Partnership Laws.

The numerous scientific societies of the United Kingdom, with perhaps one or two exceptions, are independent of the State, and are evidence of the tendency to spontaneous and effective organization. But the best proof of the readiness of the profession to organize itself if let alone is given in the voluntary formation of three large bodies, calling themselves respectively the "Associate Surgeons of England," the "National Institute of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery," and the "British Medical Association." The first, consisting of 1200 members, formed itself in 1845 to oppose Sir James Graham's Medical Bill of that date, and to effect a reform of the constitution of the College of Surgeons. The second, which arose in 1844, under the name, in the first instance, of an "Association of General Practitioners," regarding a reform of that college as hopeless, aimed primarily to defeat Sir James Graham's measure, and then to collect into one fold all the practitioners having various qualifications, each of whom was to be recognised as of equal legal status, and as possessing equal privileges, and finally to obtain legal power to confer a diploma on candidates for membership which should be a testimonial of their competence in the three departments of the profession. In March, 1845, 1000 members of this body met in Hanover Square Rooms, and the entire society consisted of between 4000 and 5000 members, governed by a president, three vice-presidents, and a council. The third, the British Medical Association, still exists. It consists of 2000 members, is governed by a representative council, and has a journal of its own, in which it records and publishes its proceedings and discusses the various topics of professional interest. There is no ground for fear, therefore, that if the State were to leave the profession to itself it would dissolve into anarchy. In fact, the present medical bodies would constitute the nuclei of regenerated institutions, while the confusion of claims and privileges, and the interminable conflicts which constitute the chief part of the history of these bodies, and which, as we have shown, are due to the relation they have sustained to the State, would give place to simplicity and peaceful action. For, whereas, now the authorities of each corporation regard their separate monopolies as means for their own aggrandizement, and oppose therefore any trenching on their privileges by their rivals, these monopolies, if unsupported by the State, would cease to exist; and the chief objects of professional contention being abolished, friendly feelings would be generated in place of the enmity which now too extensively prevails, an effective association for the promotion of medical and surgical science would be substituted for the old corporations which were long mainly intent on concentrating in the hands of their several corporators their emoluments and honours. The problem of medical reform would have been completely

solved in 1845 by the large association of general practitioners, afterwards called the "National Institute of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery," if it had but freed itself of the general superstition regarding the necessity of securing the aid of the State in the form of a charter or Act of Parliament. This institute proposed that such of its members as should pursue their studies after its incorporation, should be admitted only after giving evidence to examiners of their fitness to practise as physicians, surgeons, or accoucheurs, and thus would have abolished the old and absurd system which involves the necessity that a candidate should be examined by two or three different bodies before he is competent to act as a "general practitioner." It proposed to give its members a voice in its constitution and government, and to take care that its standard of professional education should be as high as possible, consistently with providing a sufficient number of medical men to supply the wants of the community. The one thing wanting to have given efficiency and permanency to the "National Institute" was a belief in its own self-sufficingness. Had it had this, it would also have had the courage to ignore the State, to exercise its own inherent power of judging of the fitness of candidates for admission into its body, to admit them accordingly, to give them a certificate of their admission which, in the estimation of the public, would be an adequate testimonial of professional qualification, and to honour them by the title learned, or teacher, in the shape of the Latin word doctor. The State is powerless to determine whether a man be learned, unless by a commission of learned men; what need, then, is there, when a body of learned men has pronounced a favourable judgment concerning the qualification of any given person, that they should abstain from styling that person learned until the State has authorized them to do so. It can neither supervise their examination nor correct their judgment, and it is equally powerless to add to or take from the essential qualifications of the person in question.

We do not mean to say that if the "National Institute" had bravely ignored the State, and had proceeded to organize itself as a permanent body, it would have completely pacified the profession—embracing all the physicians and surgeons, as well as general practitioners, within its fold. Of the whole number, five thousand was, however, a goodly proportion to begin with; but if the College of Surgeons were not entrenched behind its charters, and thus enabled to resist all the efforts of its members to reconstitute it, the reform movement of the profession would have originated within the college itself, and would, therefore, have united the great majority of the medical men of England. There would be no sudden or violent change at any period, because a

body whose normal development was not impeded or interfered with by the State would assuredly mould and remould its constitution and laws conformably to its growing ideas. And how much more rapid would be its development, how much more beneficent its agency, if it were thus absolutely free! As each member would then participate in the result of every improvement, and would feel that any idea or suggestion, contributed for the good of the whole body, would receive attention and become effective in proportion to its inherent force and merit, the welfare of the college would be cared for and thought for by a constituency of thousands, instead of being confided to a few interested men who have passed the most vigorous period of life. It is often objected that a constituency spread over the country, as are the members of the College of Surgeons, would find it impracticable to take any part, at once active and useful, in the government of that College. The promptness with which the members of the "National Institute" enrolled themselves, expressed their opinions by means of "schedules" (voting papers) sent through the post, and attended metropolitan and provincial meetings, effectually disposes, we believe, of this objection. But though very far from proposing, as Dr. Laycock did in 1848, that faculties of medicine and surgery should be established *by law* in various parts of the country, the presidents and officials of these local bodies electing the members of the supreme medical council, we are of opinion that if the spontaneous action of the profession were not paralysed by Government interference, it would naturally form itself into a number of local bodies, whose centres of organization would be the large towns of their respective districts. Indeed, many such bodies already exist. But if Royal charters or Acts of Parliament did not deprive the profession of the power of self-government, such bodies would be far more numerous, more effectively organized, more powerful, and more important—a spontaneous federation would be almost sure to follow, and such federal union, representative of all the lesser unions, would probably constitute the most perfect machinery possible for the government of the whole medical republic, and would, in all its proceedings, be giving practical effect to the opinions and wishes of that republic. The gain to the profession of a government at once self-acting and just would be immense, but it would be small when compared with the larger gain to medical science which would accrue from the organization we are now contemplating. If all the local bodies which exist, or which would be called into existence, were affiliated, not only with each other, but with a metropolitan centre, where they were systematically but voluntarily represented, and where experiments, researches, and discoveries could be described and discussed, a stimulus to scientific

activity, of unprecedented energy and persistence, tending to enlarge medical knowledge and to perfect medical practice, would be originated ; while by means of such an organization the moral influence, emanating from the noblest members of the medical body, would not only be diffused and directly brought to bear upon any one guilty of malpractices, of whatever kind, but would tend to raise the profession, as a whole, to a position far higher than that which it now holds.

The members of the College of Surgeons of England form so much the larger part of the whole medical body of the United Kingdom, that we are perhaps justified, numerically, in speaking of the reform of that College as being substantially *the* medical reform for which the profession has been struggling so many years. The education which is ensured by the conjoint examination of this College and the Society of Apothecaries, and which would have been conducted solely by the College of Surgeons if it had been subject to the control of its members, would doubtless suffice to meet the wants of the great mass of the community. It is true the science of medicine is so vast, and spreads its roots so widely and deeply into various sciences, each of which exceeds the comprehension of any single individual, that the tendency in men to restrict themselves to special fields of investigation and practice, is both inevitable and beneficent. Thus it is that we have surgeons who distinguish themselves exclusively as orthopedists, oculists, or aurists ; and physicians who devote themselves mainly to the disease of some special viscus, and the complications thence arising. Affections of the brain, of the lungs and heart, and especially of the kidneys, claim many distinguished and almost exclusive devotees, and most of the eminent accoucheurs confine themselves within their own domain. But though these specialties may form centres of interest around which men of special tendencies may severally group themselves, they cannot serve as landmarks by which the domains of medicine may be divided into a number of departments, each to be denoted by a special diploma. Whatever may be the department to which any member of the profession may ultimately devote himself, we are convinced that a general education is essential to qualify him to pursue even his specialty with advantage. The division of the profession into physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, we cannot but regard, therefore, as inimical to the progress of medical science and the public welfare ; and we are confirmed in this opinion by the 5000 members of the "National Institute," who desired that the proposed diploma of that body should be a testimonial of competency to practise in each department of the profession. By whatever title men so educated may

be designated, they will be the real physicians of the community. Such a general education would have been secured by the profession for itself long ago if the Government had not supported the exclusive system adopted by the several Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, in order to gratify the spirit of caste, by keeping their respective departments "respectable and distinct." No reflecting person can fail to see that if all State support and control were withdrawn from the profession, its organization would be far more simple and natural than it is now: the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Company of London would either spontaneously condescend, or, by dissolving, give place to an institution which would combine their separate attributes; the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Company of Ireland would go through the same process; in Scotland the union is already effected; and generally each college or university would conform its educational requirements no longer to the restrictive provisions of ancient charters, or modern ones drawn up in the same spirit, but to the dictates of science and common sense.

We are far, however, from thinking that when the Government has ceased to interfere in the affairs of the profession one uniform grade of education only, and but one class of diplomas denoting it, will satisfy the needs either of the profession or of the public. The love of distinction, the desire for pre-eminence, the spirit of caste is innate in man, and when trusted implicitly to accomplish its own purposes, its effects are beneficial; only when fostered by protective enactments is this impulse injurious; left to itself, it will powerfully reinforce all the other motives which induce men to arrange themselves in classes, according to the affinities of character, culture, interests, and pursuits. If all the members of the profession were suddenly reduced to one denomination, the most studious and scientific would undoubtedly associate themselves immediately into a distinct society. This society, proud of its superiority, and jealous of any proceeding capable of affecting its respectability, would extend its fellowship on conditions which would ensure that each new member should be at least equal in repute or attainments to the old ones; and thus it would come to pass that evidence of admission to this society would virtually be the best testimonial obtainable of medical knowledge or skill. But assuming the difference between the general and professional education of this society and that of the great medical body to be such that few of the latter could qualify themselves to gain admission into the former, the spirit of caste or the tendency to differentiation would still operate, and express itself in the formation of a third society, occupying a position midway between the other two; and any disposition to grant admission to either of these

societies, on conditions other than real merit, would be promptly checked, under a system of perfect freedom, by the threatened or actual formation of rival societies, in which justice should preside. Both ambition and the desire of professional success would prompt many to strive for admission into these higher societies, and thus the spirit of caste, untrammelled and unprotected, would prove one of the most powerful agents in exalting the character of the profession, and in raising the standard of medical education; whereas, up to the present time, owing to the co-operation of the State, its working in the profession has been fruitful only of abuses of the most baneful sort, as attested by the history already given of the two medical corporations of London, and especially of the creation and bestowal of their rank of fellowship.

We shall not run the risk of prophesying how many medical associations would be formed in the spontaneous way just indicated if the State were wholly to sever all existing bonds between it and the profession; we feel perfectly assured, however, that the number and quality of such institutions would exactly equal the demand for them, and no more. Those pseudo-medical reformers who implore the further aid of the State, demand uniformity of medical education throughout the three kingdoms, the character and extent of such education to be determined by a central council having the supreme government of the profession. They support this demand by the assertion that the numerous medical bodies now existing "compete downwards" in granting their diplomas; that being more anxious for the fees paid for them than for evidence of professional knowledge and ability, the examiners vie with each other in making their examinations easy, in order to attract candidates, many of whom are thus licensed rather to kill than to cure. We freely admit and deplore the truth of this assertion; but we are very far from assenting to the argument based upon it. This competition downwards is a fruit of the protective system. The State has so long undertaken to protect the public from the practice of unqualified doctors, that the public has become thoroughly habituated to regard it as a responsible medical guardian, and therefore to look on all diplomas granted by its authority as valid and trustworthy testimonials of professional competency. Confiding in this protection, the people accept a member of any of the surgical colleges as a properly qualified surgeon, and, in like manner, a licentiate of any of the Medical Colleges, or a medical graduate of any of the Universities, is accepted as a duly educated physician. So long as a surgeon is a surgeon, or a doctor a doctor, by Royal authority, or Act of Parliament, the great majority of the people will employ him with child-like trust, and never dream of inquiring what may have

been the character of his education or the comparative worth of the examination he passed through. The numerous medical and surgical colleges, as well as the universities, are perfectly aware that in the eyes of the public one diploma is as good as another; that, if a first-rate education is not insisted on by the public, medical students will not encounter the labour of such an education, but will obtain those diplomas which are to be had on the easiest terms; and hence it is that the various bodies of examiners, who divide amongst themselves a large part of the fee paid for each diploma, rival each other in offering their testimonials on the easiest terms. When Sir James Graham was struggling to enact his proposed reforms, which for the time must have increased the stringency of examinations, "there was a rush," we are told by Dr. Paris, from various parts of the country to the London College of Physicians, to obtain the extra license which, according to the registrar, Dr. Hawkins, "became a sort of side door, by which many persons sought to gain admission, with less trouble and less expense, into the order of Physicians." During the eleven years previous to 1845 the number of candidates at St. Andrew's for the degree of M.D. averaged 27 each year; but in 1845 the effect of Sir James Graham's threats of reform was felt as strongly at St. Andrew's as in London. During that year 128 candidates "rushed" to St. Andrew's for the degree of M.D., and the same extraordinary increase in the number of graduations occurred at the same time in the College of Edinburgh, as appears from the published returns. Presuming on the trust reposed in men having a diploma, no matter where obtained, there was, as late as 1847 at least, an office in Tottenham-court-road for the sale of German degrees, and in this very year the following advertisement appears in the columns of *The Times* :—

"DEGREES.—Duly qualified gentlemen, desirous of obtaining their degrees from foreign universities, receive instructions how to proceed in the statutablely prescribed way by applying to D.M., 38, Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square."

One college (as that of Edinburgh) offers its diploma for a small sum of money, another for a small sum of knowledge. Ireland produces about 150 candidates for the surgical diploma each year; but during the ten years ending 1856, an average of only 51 yearly obtained the diploma of the Dublin college; the remainder, or 100 a year, come to the London college for its diploma, because the examination of this college is much less comprehensive than that instituted by its Irish rival. By an arrangement between the London College of Surgeons and the London Apothecaries' Company, their respective examinations supplement each other; hence, the college restricts its examinations to anatomy, physiology, and surgery. It is supposed that each

candidate passes both examinations; but, in fact, 4915 persons passed the college during the ten years ending 1855, whereas only 2823 obtained the Apothecaries' licence during the same time. And yet, strange to say, the diploma of the London college, which, as a testimonial of efficiency, is, for the reason just stated, not only inferior to that of the Dublin college, but to that of the Edinburgh college, is esteemed by the public, we believe, as superior to both. These curious results are directly traceable, we repeat, to State interference. If this interference were to cease, and the Government were virtually to say to the public, Take care of yourselves, a change for the better would quickly begin. The more educated part of the people, feeling that they must judge for themselves as to the character and skill of the medical men they employ, would acquaint themselves with the nature of the examination instituted by the several examining bodies, the kind and extent of education exacted, and would thus form an opinion as to the comparative worth of the testimonials conferred by each institution. To obtain such knowledge is much less difficult than would be medical legislators are disposed to admit. If the people once have the conviction that in this matter they remain ignorant at their peril, they will take as much interest in it as they have been wont to do in theology, and will speedily obtain the data requisite to enable them to judge rightly. The lower classes would be influenced by those above them, while the appointments to poor-law unions or public charities would not be made until the authorities had instituted the scrutiny we have indicated. This public consciousness of self-responsibility would soon cause each medical institution, whether those now existing or those which would arise were the State to withdraw its protection, to be distinguished according to its merits, and would therefore determine to those likely to enjoy most public favour the majority of candidates for professional degrees. These causes would react on the institutions themselves, which would immediately consult their individual interests by competing *upwards* instead of *downwards* for candidates. They would make known, not only to the profession but to the public at large, their respective curricula of study, or the nature of their examinations, and would appeal to the public for its favour and support, by striving to excel each other in the advantages respectively offered. The knowledge needed by the people to enable them to judge of the fitness of medical men would thus be brought to their very doors, while the principle of competition, unimpeded by the accord of State protection to any one medical body, and allowed freely to do its work, would raise the numerous standards of medical education to the highest pitch at which they could be severally sustained consistently with ensuring a sufficient number of medical men to supply the wants of the community.

The advocates of one universal standard of medical education, to be established by Act of Parliament, are in the awkward dilemma of being obliged to admit that that standard must be lowered to such a minimum as will enable the most inferior class of the profession, constituting the great bulk of practitioners, to pass the examination determined on, or that the country will not be adequately provided with medical aid. Thus those reformers would override the natural and beneficent tendency of the medical body to graduate itself into orders of merit, and would ignore the different requirements of the various classes of a highly civilized community. The wealthy, who are able to pay for the most highly educated and most skilful physicians obtainable, draw into the profession a class of men whom the poor can never afford to employ: to institute an examination, by authority of Government, which the great body of the profession may pass, would be no kind of test of the general professional education of such men; whereas, if the legal examination were raised to the standard of their education, the number of men who would incur the expense of the education which such an examination would necessitate would be comparatively small, because the fees obtainable from the middle and lower classes could not remunerate them for their labour and outlay. Deprived by the pseudo-protection of Government of those moderately educated practitioners whom they could afford to pay, these classes would mainly depend on druggists, quacks, and "old women," for medical aid. It is alleged that the lower classes do not like, even if they could afford, to call in medical men whose social status is so far above them as is that of a highly educated physician. Dr. Burrows, in his evidence in 1848, cites the statement of one of the country people—"He is so much of a gentleman I do not like to go to him."

We must admit that the danger of over-refinement in the rising generation of medical men is not serious. Judging from the general want of preliminary education, the kind of pleasures, and the prevailing tone of mind which characterize the majority of medical students at the London schools, we imagine that the simplest of the vulgar will long continue to discover points in common between himself and his "doctor." Advantages may, perhaps, be seen even in this aspect of the subject. At all events, we believe that a good general education, comprehensive views, and a philosophical habit of mind are not so essential to the medical attendant of the lower classes as they are to the physician of the higher classes. In individuals whose minds, destitute of culture, remain undeveloped, disease presents itself in its simplest and most typical forms, and may, therefore, be treated with greater comparative safety, *secundum artem*, or according to those principles and rules which every man of ordinary capacity may

acquire when a student. But the diseases of persons whose minds are highly cultivated and developed, are often complicated, modified, and dominated by subtle psychical influences, whose intensity and bearing on the physical malady it is difficult to apprehend and appreciate, and which it is still more difficult to contend with and control. In other words, the more civilized and refined people are, the more individual, peculiar, and manifold do their natures become; and in proportion as their ideas, interests, and emotions are many-sided and complex, will be the ascendancy of the mind over the body, and the consequent need that their medical advisers should be psychologists and moral philosophers as well as physicians. From this point of view alone, the folly of attempting to establish, by authority of Parliament, one uniform standard of medical education, is glaringly conspicuous; but even apart from any other consideration, the pecuniary argument as already urged against such a scheme seems to us irresistible. This conviction—that at bottom the question of medical education resolves itself into a question of money—entails the necessity of inquiring what the cost of medical education is, and how the money is spent.

During the ten years ending in December, 1856, 3037 persons received licenses to practise as apothecaries, either from the London or from the Dublin Company. All these persons were compelled, by Act of Parliament, to produce evidence of a five years' apprenticeship. The premium paid by each apprentice averages, probably, 150*l*. He gives this sum, and his labour, as soon as he is imperfectly initiated, as a dispenser of the drugs which his master may prescribe for his patients. In return, he receives board and lodging, and has such opportunities of acquiring the rudiments of his profession as his master's "surgery" may afford. The practical knowledge of pharmacy which he obtains is highly important and useful, but it is only practical—rarely, if ever, scientific; and even the practical kind is very limited, in comparison with that obtainable during six months in a large druggist's shop, in which the number and variety of drugs far exceed those of a general practitioner's dispensary. The absurdity and loss of time of the apprenticeship system is felt so strongly, that the Act of Parliament enforcing it is evaded. A contract is usually made, by which, after the young man has been a dispensary drudge for two or three years, he is at liberty, during the remainder of his term, to attend the professional lectures and hospital practice necessary to qualify him to become a candidate for examination by the Apothecaries' Company and College of Surgeons. The examiners of the Apothecaries' Company are aware that this method of evasion is pursued, and fully recognise it. The payment of the large premium needlessly

augments the cost of medical education; the youth is taken from a provincial school when he is fifteen or sixteen years old, having scarcely any general information, and knowing but little Latin, and less Greek, to spend those precious years, which ought to be devoted to the general culture of his mind, in learning what might be acquired in a few months; while the system of evasion which is resorted to, in order to lessen the loss of time and money which an honest conformity to the Act of Parliament involves, is humiliating to all the parties concerned. The extent of the injury which the apprenticeship system inflicts is depicted in the following evidence of Mr. Green, one of the Examiners of the London College of Surgeons, and a teacher of surgery for upwards of thirty years:—

“If you take, as it has frequently been my lot to see, a young man who has come from an apprenticeship of five years, and compare him with one who has been at the university, who has merely taken his first degree in medicine, both of them young men, and nearly of the same age, you will find that it is with the greatest difficulty that the one who has been apprenticed, in the ordinary way, to a country practitioner, acquires information: he has no power of observing and generalizing—in many instances he cannot spell, and cannot put down his thoughts in writing—in short, he evidences in every way great imperfection of mental development, whilst the young man who has come from the university gains more, perhaps, in a couple of years, than the other would if he were at the hospital for ten years.” From personal knowledge we can confirm the truth of this statement.

The fees payable as a condition of obtaining the certificates of attendance on lectures and hospital practice necessary to render a student eligible for examination by the London College of Surgeons or by the London Apothecaries' Company, vary at the different medical schools; but in London they range, we believe, from 70*l.* to 100*l.* As the student has to make a separate payment for the “subjects,” or parts of “subjects” which he may dissect, and necessarily incurs other incidental expenses not included under the head of fees, and as he must possess a few books to aid him in his studies, we shall not be far wrong in estimating the

Cost of professional instruction as	£100	0	0
Cost of diploma of London College of Surgeons	23	2	0
Cost of diploma of London Apothecaries' Com- pany	10	10	0
Apprenticeship premium (say)	150	0	0

Total fees payable to become a general practitioner £283 12 0

The College of Surgeons examines only in anatomy, physio-

logy, and surgery.; and although the Apothecaries' Company examines in chemistry, botany, materia medica, and the practice of medicine, it is legally debarred from the domain of surgery, so that to become a properly qualified "general practitioner," a man must pass both examinations and pay for both diplomas. Candidates for membership of the College of Surgeons must have been professional students four years. Candidates for membership of the Apothecaries' Company must have been professional students five years, but by systematically evading the Act of Parliament the Company allows the years of apprenticeship to count. If we assume that the apprentice passes two years in the house of his master, and the three following years elsewhere as an attendant on lectures and hospital practice, that his clothes and miscellanea cost him 25*l.* a year, and that during the last three years of his studentship his board and lodging cost him 75*l.* a year, the total expenditure during his five years of study would be as follows:—

Fees for lectures, hospital practice, and diplomas			
as above	£283	12	0
Clothes and miscellanea for five years	125	0	0
Board and lodging for three years	225	0	0
	£633	12	0

It thus appears that by subjecting a youth sixteen years old to the educational processes ordered in the conjoint prescription of the London College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Company, a duly qualified general practitioner may be produced in five years at the cost, using round numbers, of 650*l.* We know that the process may be gone through for a less sum, and that very often a much larger one is expended. Of course the highest class of medical men, who receive a first-rate preliminary education, who visit the Continental schools, and who, if they join the London College of Physicians, pay 56*l.* 10*s.* for their license, in addition to the cost of their university diploma, must disburse a much larger sum, but we believe 650*l.* is a fair approximation to the amount usually spent by the better class of frugal and industrious young men in qualifying themselves as "general practitioners," by the method enjoined upon them by the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Company in the exercise of the authority given to them by the State. Now, viewing these facts, the medico-political economist is prompted to ask whether an education equal to that usually possessed by the general practitioner is not obtainable for a smaller expenditure of time and money? Or in other words, whether an equal amount of time and money could not be so expended as to effect an education far superior to the one in

question. We venture to answer both these questions in the affirmative.

We have already shown the baneful result of the apprenticeship system. No additional arguments are needed to prove that if the first two years of the five were devoted to the acquisition of a sound general education, the student would be enabled to make far better use of his time and opportunities during the last three years of his studentship than he does or can now. However idly the first half of the five years may be spent, the diplomas obtained every week show that during the last two summers and three winters men can easily qualify themselves to become general practitioners, even by the cumbrous system now in force. Therefore if the law enjoining apprenticeship were abolished, and if the student who now spends two and a-half years as an apprentice, were instead to spend two years of that time in acquiring a sound preliminary education (a practical knowledge of pharmacy being obtained in the six months, immediately afterwards), he would, at the end of the five years, not only be far superior in general education to the average of general practitioners, but the intellectual discipline and enlarged views ensured by his general education would enable him to prosecute his professional studies with a rapidity, thoroughness, and success which is denied to the man destitute of preliminary education, and which would issue in the possession of far more accurate knowledge, more decisive skill, and more trustworthy judgment, than characterizes the general practitioner as at present educated. It is equally clear that if the apprenticeship law were abolished, such students as might not choose to incur the expense of giving themselves the preliminary education above-mentioned, could, besides devoting six months exclusively to practical pharmacy, attend all the lectures and hospital practice required by existing regulations in three years; thus completing their professional education within that time, and lessening the cost of it by two years and 200*l*. Thus it appears, that were it not for State interference, in the form of the apprenticeship law, the middle classes could be supplied with medical men far superior to those who now attend them, at a price no higher than that now paid, and that the poorer classes could be supplied with medical men, having an education equal to the present general practitioner, at little more than two-thirds of the sum now paid for it. The wrong suffered by both the profession and the public through this apprenticeship system would have been remedied long ago if the medical body had been left to legislate for itself.

But there is another characteristic of the present educational system far more injurious than that of apprenticeship, and equally maintained by the authority of the State, viz., the certifi-

cate system. We have already explained how this system was made available to secure the monopoly of teaching, and of the consequent fees, in the hands of the London hospital surgeons; the more liberal administration of the system of late years justifies us in believing that it is maintained, partly at least, from a conviction that its beneficial effects on medical education outweigh the objections to it. But our readers must judge. Each winter session of medical study is six months long; each summer session is three months long; and as the period during which candidates for membership of the College of Surgeons or of the Apothecaries' Company are required to attend lectures and hospital practice extends over three winter sessions and two summer sessions, the aggregate time so occupied is exactly two years. Within this period candidates for membership of the Apothecaries' Company obtain certificates from various professors or professional lecturers recognised by the company, that they have attended fifteen courses of lectures. Most of the courses consist of three lectures a week during the whole of each session. Some courses, as of anatomy, occasionally consist of a lecture each day. Adding the winter and summer courses together, we estimate that the average number of lectures in each course is 65, and that the whole number of lectures certified as attended is 975. Besides attending these lectures, the student is expected to dissect during one winter, and must produce certificates that he has diligently attended the *medical* practice of a hospital during eighteen months. To make such attendance at a hospital fairly profitable, it should occupy at least two hours a day. A special order of succession in which the lectures are to be attended is strictly insisted on by the Apothecaries' Company. Of course many of the certificates required by the College of Surgeons are the same as those required by the Apothecaries' Company; but the college requires the candidate to produce certificates of having attended an additional course on anatomy, two on the principles of surgery, and one on clinical surgery,—the three courses comprising about 316 lectures; and of having attended the hospital practice of surgery during twenty-four months. So that besides dissecting, and attending during eighteen months on the medical practice, and twenty-four months on the surgical practice of a hospital, the embryo general practitioner must produce certificates of having attended about 1800 lectures, each of which is an hour long! The simple statement of these facts seems to us a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system of medical education as now pursued. The result is obvious: the lectures are neglected; and as both surgeons and physicians visit the hospitals at the same hour, the most diligent students are obliged to neglect medical practice if they attend the surgical, and *vice versa*, or to run in a

confused way from one to the other, thus attending neither efficiently. Many young men who begin their studies in earnest become perplexed and discouraged by the multiplicity of claims simultaneously made upon them, and at length lapse into indifference as to either lectures or hospital practice, provided only they can obtain the requisite certificates. They therefore content themselves with appearing at the lectures and at the hospitals just so often as is needful to prevent them from seeming entire strangers to the lecturers or to the physicians and surgeons of the hospital which they attend. How far the bewilderment caused by these regulations co-operates with the temptations of the metropolis to start young men in the career of profligacy which is popularly supposed to distinguish medical students it is impossible to say, but its influence in this direction is undoubtedly great.

Vain attempts are made at some schools to enforce attendance on lectures by withholding the certificates from such students as do not comply with the regulations laid down: attendants on the lectures at St. George's Hospital are expected to attest their presence in the lecture-room by signing their names at the *conclusion* of the lecture, whenever the lecturer may suddenly call upon them to do so. The chief result is, that each lecture is interrupted throughout by the entrance of students almost every minute of the hour, their main object being to be present at the end, when they may be called upon to give their autographs to the lecturer. The punctual and attentive listeners to the lecture are still more effectually prevented from concentrating their attention upon it by the attempt to enforce discipline which distinguishes King's College. There the porter puts a mark against the name of each student who enters the room *before* the professor begins his lecture. The presence of the idlers being thus enforced, they seat themselves on the backmost benches, and occupy the time of the lecture in playing all the games possible to inventive geniuses under such circumstances. The authority of such professors as Dr. Budd and Mr. Fergusson to maintain silence is powerless. We have often seen them compelled to stop in the middle of a sentence until the uproar subsided. The injustice of such a system to the real student is surely sufficiently evident. But lecturers themselves are so sensible that students are over-lectured that, however numerous may be a student's sins of omission, cases are extremely rare in which he is punished by depriving him of his certificate. As when laws are cruel, juries perjure themselves rather than convict, so lecturers, as well as hospital physicians and surgeons, conscious of the unreasonable demands made on students, furnish them with certificates of having "*diligently attended*" the needful lectures and hospital

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practice, without making inconvenient inquiries whether such certificates are justified. Mr. Guthrie, in his evidence, says, "I know too well that from various parts, certificates, diplomas, and all other papers come very improperly sometimes," and that "they are often very deceptive." . . . "I do not hesitate to say that amongst those attending my surgical lectures, I have at this moment three or four, who have paid me their money, whom I have never seen; and when last season I called their names over, I found them absent. They had paid their money and walked off to the country, and had relied upon my never discovering the fact; and at the end of the season they would have come to me and asked for a certificate, and probably they would have got it. I was once (?) deceived in that way, and gave a false certificate." The College of Surgeons, in 1834, called upon teachers to be more discriminating in giving their certificates; "but," says Mr. Guthrie, "I do not believe that they have given themselves any trouble about it, either students or teachers; and, in fact, it is not their interest so to do, unless the rule is general." Mr. Green affirms that students are likely to abandon any school where regular attention on lectures is enforced. That this certificate system must generate loose notions of moral obligation in both teachers and pupils there can, we think, be little doubt. We heard a young man ask for a certificate of having attended a course of lectures, not one of which he had been present at. The lecturer began to fill up the certificate, but before completing his signature he said to the student, "Have I ever seen your face before?" After considerable equivocation the student admitted that he had not attended more than one lecture. The lecturer then said, that on receiving evidence of his attendance on a single lecture he would sign the certificate of his having attended the course! The student finally admitted that he had not attended one lecture, and that he did not even know in which quarter of the year the course was given. But he pleaded illness as an excuse for non-attention, and having paid his hospital fees, he persisted in trying to convince the physician that if he refused the certificate, he would not only be guilty of a great unkindness, but a great *injustice*! He evidently considered that in paying his fees he had bought the certificate, and that the lectures were given into the bargain, to be attended or refused at his option. Another authentic instance, even more ludicrous, and equally illustrative of the value of certificates, has just been communicated to us by the physician to whom it occurred. A certain student declared that he had attended the clinical lectures of Dr. A., who accordingly gave him a certificate to that effect. Some time afterwards, requiring a like certificate from another physician of the same hospital, Dr. B., he actually went again to Dr. A., and asked him for a certificate of having attended his

lectures, supposing him to be Dr. B. Whether, in fact, he had never seen either of the lecturers in the lecture-theatre, or whether his memory played him false, we leave our readers to determine.

If medical science could only be learnt from oral teaching, and if the recognized teachers were not only the most able and learned in their respective departments, but were also constitutionally and artistically qualified to instruct in the most attractive and effective manner, the lecture and certificate system would be at least defensible. But the pulpit and the lecture-platform are giving way to the printing press. Every branch of science has its literature. There is no subject with which the medical student has to become familiar but what is embodied in systematic works and in manuals. The former present it with a fulness and accuracy of detail which mere lectures cannot rival; the latter condense and generalize it in a style which, by comparison, makes the verbiage of the majority of lectures unendurable. As before stated, lecturers generally become such in each medical school by virtue of being surgeons or physicians to the hospital to which the school is attached. But it by no means follows that because a man is an able physician or surgeon he is, *ipso facto*, an able teacher. In many notable instances he is just the reverse; moreover, we have shown that it by no means follows that because a man holds a hospital appointment, he is *ipso facto* a skilful surgeon or an accomplished physician. Students are keenly alive to the relative merits of lecturers, and, if left to choose for themselves, would speedily select those men who have an unmistakable genius for teaching, and the knowledge and culture fitting them to use it with the utmost possible success. A majority of students select such men now, as we shall presently see; and to force them to pay for, and attend lectures delivered by men who have not the power of commanding and retaining their attention, is an injustice and a folly, due partly to mistaken convictions and partly to self-interest, and is perpetuated by the State's protection of the medical corporations from the influence of competition.

As we have said, the student now virtually pays for the certificate instead of for instruction; and as neither eminent scientific knowledge nor great genius is requisite to sign certificates, the payment for them is too often but a premium on mediocrity. Sir Charles Bell was painfully alive to this truth, and holding primitive politico-economical views, said, in 1834, that Government should equalize the fees paid for lectures, because inferior teachers offer to teach at half price. "Their recommendation is, that they give their certificates cheaply." The lecturer gets his fees, gives his lectures (often to empty benches), and signs his certificates, and thus ends his duties for the session. If

he should concern himself to see that his pupils have really got the knowledge which his lectures are presumed to impart, and if he were at the same time able to impart it successfully, he would be a remarkable exception among the large number of "recognised" teachers, and would be fulfilling a duty not "nominated in the bond."

This absence of responsibility is an evil of the first magnitude, and is due exclusively to the certificate system. If men paid for knowledge instead of for certificates, and for that only when they want it, the lecturer would always be sure of an attentive and eager audience, and as the number of his class, and therefore of his fees, would depend on the extent of his knowledge and his capacity as an instructor, he would be effectually stimulated to qualify himself for his work in the best possible way, and would devote himself to his pupils. But now, being paid for his certificates, the lecturer devotes himself to his practice, and hastily enters the lecture-theatre, often without any preparation, trusting to his old stores for material, and to the gods for inspiration. The latter, proving unfaithful, often desert him; he then "gets through" his lecture, and hastens back to his patients. The same vice inheres in the present system of clinical instruction. It is usual for the physicians and surgeons to share amongst them the fees paid by students for certificates of admission to the hospitals. If students paid for instruction concerning the nature, cause, diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment of the diseases suffered by hospital inmates, physicians and surgeons of each hospital would be surrounded by those anxious for knowledge, would emulate each other in affording instruction, and would invite or encourage inquiry from their pupils in order to retain them; whereas now, having only to sign certificates, men of the largest private practice can hold hospital appointments, and being intent on seeing each patient in the smallest possible time, many of them rush round the hospital with such rapidity that clinical instruction is out of the question. Moreover, only the protective power of the certificate system sustains the absurd and stultifying regulations according to which physicians and surgeons visit their patients at the same hour at the very time when certificates are both expected and received from students that they have attended both.

As no teacher feels a pecuniary obligation to assure himself of the progress of his pupils, and as the moral one is not likely to be sufficiently strong, a large proportion of students, having got their certificates, seek the aid of men who are called grinders, and who most effectually justify their name by their admirable method of sharpening up the intellects of their pupils to the

degree of acuteness requisite for passing through their examinations successfully.

We are fully conscious of our temerity and danger in venturing to give a truthful description of the ground on which we are now treading. It is curious that although the grinder is a direct emanation from the certificate system, and was created solely to supplement its defects, the very name of grinder stinks in the nostrils of "recognised lecturers," and may scarcely be pronounced in their presence unless in a whisper. They persist in ignoring him, and if they ever mention him, they only do so in anathemas, the language of which proves how profoundly ignorant they are of the nature of the grinding process. They assert that it consists of verbal cramming,—that the grinders acquaint themselves with the range of questions, some of which constitute the examination of each candidate for a diploma, and that they load the memories of their pupils with answers to all the questions likely to be asked, instead of informing their intellects and imbuing them with principles—whereas only by a clear understanding of the latter is a man truly educated. We deliberately assert that the method thus ascribed to the grinders is exactly that which they do *not* adopt, and that if "recognised teachers" would pay a visit to Messrs. Power, at Exeter Hall, or to Mr. Hinde, at 29, Newman-street, and would use their eyes and ears, instead of constructing the grinders "out of their moral consciousness," (as is the German process of construction, according to a distinguished biographer of Goethe,) they might not only change their opinions, but might also gather some hints highly useful to themselves, as teachers, in the ensuing session. Alas, knowledge is often inconvenient. It dissipates so many long-cherished and ingenious theories which nourish our self-love and minister to our comfort, that it seems little short of sacrilege to lift the veil of truth. But the nameless abstraction who is only known as the editorial "we" can have no feelings, and may therefore be expected to be ruthless.

We have reason to believe that large incomes are realized by the Messrs. Power and Mr. Hinde from their grinding operations, and we know that a large proportion of the men who in successive years become members of the College of Surgeons, or of the Apothecaries' Company, and of those who graduate at St. Andrew's, or who pass the competitive examination of the East India Company's Medical Board, have been enabled to do so by these teachers. Success is a potent argument in favour of the method by which it is achieved, and we think it is a strong presumption that that method is founded on reason and common sense. In fact, it combines the essential elements of all true teaching—personal responsibility, and

an exclusive appeal to the reason. The grinder pledges himself, in consideration of a definite payment, to qualify his pupil to pass **any given examination**, and he adopts the only effectual way of storing his mind with the requisite knowledge, by taking care that he understands whatever is imparted to him. To ensure the memory of facts, they are clustered round principles. Education is an art of no mean order, and it is as difficult as it is noble. By vast labour and long experience these men have attained it. The lectures of Messrs. Power, by their comprehensiveness, lucidity, and conciseness, attest how much attention they give to perfect their chief medium of instruction, while the admirable illustrations of Mr. Hinde prove how much he must have practised with his pencil, and how important he deems it as an instrument of instruction. If the art of these men were possessed and practised by the recognised teachers, who can command the aid of the laboratory, the dissecting-room, and the hospital, how much more might be learnt than is learnt now in the time which is spent or misspent by students in getting their certificates, may be computed by the fact, that Messrs. Power enable men, marvellously ignorant, to pass the College of Surgeons or the Apothecaries' Hall in a few months. It therefore follows, logically, either that the present enforced method of medical education involves the expenditure of a large amount of superfluous time and money, or that the examinations are lamentably inadequate as tests of efficiency. We care not which conclusion is accepted as the true one. Each is fatal to the character of the existing system. If grinders do not give that practical instruction which is essential to a trustworthy physician or surgeon, it is not the method, but the nature of the examinations hitherto generally instituted, which is at fault. Supply only equals demand. Grinders are judicious men of business, who provide the article asked for at a remunerative price, and, of course, expend no superfluous labour upon it. But that they can produce a superior article, at a proportionately higher price, if demanded, is proved by the fact that they prepare men for the East Indian Board examination, which we believe is a test of professional knowledge and skill equal to any to which students are submitted in the United Kingdom. Of course, at present the main function of the grinder is that of supplementing the defects of the "recognised" teacher; but were the certificate system abolished, competition would force him to ensure instruction in practical anatomy, chemistry, &c., but he would take care that his own method of teaching should still be applied to each branch of study. It is, perhaps, fair to infer from Messrs. Power's scale of charges, what is their estimate of the relative value of the different examinations, as tests of professional knowledge and ability:—

For preparing a pupil to pass the London College of

Surgeons	£5	5	0
" " " Apothecaries' Company	5	5	0
" " " to graduate at St. Andrew's	10	10	0
" " " to pass the East India Board	15	15	0
" " " to become a Licentiate of the London College of Physicians	21	0	0

Now, we maintain that if students were allowed to obtain their knowledge where and how they pleased, they would elect as their teachers men who proved themselves to be, equally with Messrs. Power and Mr. Hinde, real artists in their vocation. Oral instruction would doubtless be replaced to a great extent by books and private study; but many accomplished men, feeling themselves elected to the office of teacher by nature herself, would devote themselves to the task, and, knowing that their pecuniary reward would be proportionate to their professional success, every available auxiliary, in the shape of practical demonstrations, in each department of science and medical and surgical art, would be called into requisition. Competition would stimulate exertion, would raise the ablest men to the first rank, would induce experiments of various methods, until the best are discovered and adopted; and would result in a vast amount of private tuition, which has the immense advantage of bringing the pupil in close personal relation with his teacher, whose moral as well as intellectual influence can then be most effectually exerted. Thus far it appears, then, that the best as well as the cheapest education will only be obtainable when the medical and surgical corporations shall cease to dictate the method of that education by authority derived from the State.

There has long been much diversity of opinion, and much discussion concerning the value of any possible examination as a reliable test of competency—whether in the learned professions or in the civil service—and the assertion of its inadequacy is put forward as a justification of the certificate system. If the foregoing representation of the working and results of that system be true, much abstract reasoning in favour of it might have been spared by simply learning the facts. They prove that with respect to the object it is intended to achieve, its failure is total, and that it is productive of great and generally acknowledged evil. Therefore, inadequate and unsatisfactory as examinations are as tests of ability, knowledge, and skill, they are the only reliable security to be had. All thinking men acknowledge, we presume, that genius and wisdom cannot be gauged by a board of examiners; and that as the greatest powers generally take the longest time to ripen, the State would often reject its ablest servants, and the

learned professions their brightest ornaments, were all who fail in the early part of their career to obtain the approval of examiners permanently excluded.

We are very far, therefore, from holding up examination-tests as infallible; we simply maintain that in the great majority of cases they supply the only available data for judgment, and that for all practical purposes they are successfully applicable. We believe, moreover, that the extent of their efficacy still remains to be learnt. We are by no means sure that the best methods of examination are adopted. We doubt whether the practice of testing a man's qualifications by the copiousness of his memory is so trustworthy as that of inferring his fitness to contend with the protean forms of disease from the display of his reason and judgment concerning real or supposed cases placed before him. And it seems to us that the former method is applied far more extensively than the latter. We are confirmed in this opinion by the general admission of medical men, that within a few months after the date at which a physician or surgeon has received his diploma, he has forgotten so much of what was essential to enable him to obtain it that, were he to submit to a fresh examination identical with that he formerly underwent, he would be rejected. Then, again, the time occupied in examining whether a man is qualified to become a general practitioner is far from sufficient. A glance at the list of subjects in which a student is examined within a single hour at Apothecaries' Hall will show how superficial and inadequate the examination must be. They are as follow:—Latin; Chemistry (inorganic, organic, and practical); Materia Medica, Pharmacy, and Therapeutics; Botany (including Vegetable Physiology); Anatomy and Physiology; Pathology; Principles and Practice of Medicine; Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children. Such is the system of examining according to Act of Parliament! The London College of Surgeons likewise spends only one hour in examining each candidate for membership; but as this college examines on only three subject—Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery—the proportionate time which it expends in testing the merits of its candidates greatly exceeds that occupied by the Apothecaries' Company.* So long as 1000 men are by this system adjudged worthy to be annually added to the professional body, it is wasting words to talk of the powerlessness of examinations to test the ability and knowledge of candidates. The fact is, the examiners both of the College of Surgeons and of the Apothe-

* Up to 1834 the examination of the College of Physicians lasted but about thirty minutes, and was conducted in Latin; so that a good physician but bad classic would have a worse chance than a good classic but bad physician. Now the examination is conducted in English, is both in writing and *vivâ voce*, and extends over four days.

caries' Company have chiefly trusted to the enforcement of their respective curricula of study in order to secure properly-qualified candidates; and thus the certificate system is not only fraught with the evils already described, but actually renders the examinations comparatively nugatory by inducing examiners to rely upon its plausible and delusive assurances.

Though the examiners under the Apothecaries' Act give too little time to their duties, the comparatively few years during which that Act has been in force precludes the possibility of ancient abuses, while the annual election or re-election of the examiners ensures thoroughly competent men, and stimulates them to discharge their duties as effectually as possible within the short time allotted to them. But the London Corporation of Surgeons being ancient, as well as being protected from the reforming element, old abuses have been long perpetuated. Until 1813, the ten senior members of the council were the examiners, and they were appointed for life. In 1831, two of these gentlemen were respectively eighty-three and ninety-five years old; and Mr. Grainger states in evidence that he knew of an instance in which they were the sole examiners. He also implied that the deafness of some of these aged examiners has resulted in the rejection of candidates deservng the diploma. Mr. Guthrie states, as a reason for making certain changes in the method of the examination, in order to suit the convenience of these venerable men, that "they could not sit from five o'clock in the evening till one in the morning without going to sleep." It is as unreasonable as it is vain to expect that such men should retain that minute knowledge of anatomy which it is presumed that a duly qualified examiner possesses, and which confessedly it is extremely difficult at any age, without constant practice, to retain; or that they should keep pace with the rapid progress of physiological science. And thus it is not unlikely that candidates examined by such men will most surely gain their approval by learning the views held and taught by them in their prime, rather than by giving expression to the most recent doctrines and precepts of science. The Parliamentary Committee of 1834 were informed by Mr. Grainger, that one of the most industrious students he had ever known was rejected by the London College of Surgeons because, in answer to a question concerning the best time for amputating a limb affected with traumatic gangrene, he stated the modern and correct doctrine instead of the one expected from him, which was already abandoned by the most enlightened section of the profession. Sir Astley Cooper, in order to investigate nature's method of mending broken bones, broke the legs of a number of animals; and, killing them at various intervals after the date of fracture observed the successive stages of

repair. He found in most instances a considerable increase in the diameter of the part (by the exudation of lymph ultimately ossified) at the junction of the fragments. The specimens in which he found the reparative process to have gone on without this increase of thickness he considered imperfect and threw away, retaining those only which displayed it, and from which he confirmed the doctrine that the normal process by which bones are repaired involves a provisional increase in the diameter of the bone. This thickening is called a *callus*. Now, the fact is, this *callus* is only formed when there is motion of the fragments against each other; when perfect immobility is maintained, no *callus* is needed, therefore none is provided. But we heard a lecturer, after teaching the true doctrine concerning the presence and absence of a *callus*, caution his pupils to state at the College of Surgeons that the formation of a *callus* is a part of nature's regular process in repairing shaft bones. Again, we have been told that quite recently an experienced surgeon stated that, in cases of angular curvature of the spine it is unwise and injurious to confine the patient to her bed or couch as is usual; that it is best to support the back by certain contrivances, which he described, and then to give her her freedom; but he added, the examiners of the College of Surgeons expect to be told that the patient must be persistently confined to her bed. We can easily understand that an Examining Board may rightly assume a conservative attitude towards new doctrines, until their truths shall have been long tested, but unless this conservatism be the result of wise caution, rather than of ignoring such doctrines altogether, it will seriously impede the advance of surgical science, and the application of principles which enlightened experience has sanctioned.

We are glad to say that under the new charter of the College of Surgeons the examiners hold office during the pleasure of the council, and that fellows are eligible. None, however, except members of the council have been appointed, and these, we believe, still in the order of seniority. But we know from an authentic source that the examination has gradually increased in rigour and effectiveness during the last fifteen years; and a further change in the right direction is now being made: the examination is about to be extended, and the requisite number of lectures slightly diminished.* There is no just reason whatsoever why the examinations should not be very greatly extended, simultaneously with granting to students the freedom of adopting such plans as they may individually find most effective, in order to prepare for it. If examiners cannot afford to give more time than they do now, unless more liberally remunerated, their salaries or fees ought at once to be increased. If the medical bodies were not "close corporations"

*.A similar improvement will be simultaneously made by the Apothecaries' Company.

by authority of Government, their so-called members or licentiates would long ago have given effect to their strongly expressed opinions by electing examiners, not by seniority, but on the ground of their scientific competency, and would have fixed the charge for each examination or diploma at such rate as would yield a sum capable of remunerating the examiners sufficiently—taking care that that sum should be properly applied. The College of Surgeons of Edinburgh examines its candidates in all the subjects comprised in the conjoint examinations of the London College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Company, and yet charges only 6*l.* for its diploma; whereas the London College charges 22*l.*, and the Apothecaries' Company 10*l.* 10*s.*, for testimonials of only an equivalent value. The London Apothecaries' Company received for licences during the nineteen years ending 1834, 43,037*l.* 8*s.*, but the examiners during that period received only 19,797*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; so that, with the exception of a reasonable sum* for a secretary, porter, and offices, the enormous balance has been expended on objects which are foreign to the purpose for which payments for diplomas ought exclusively to be appropriated. Since that date the same system has continued. We have already shown what large sums the Company has squandered on useless prosecutions. Mr. Lawrence, now one of the examiners of the London College of Surgeons, states,* that from 1745 to 1796 the college received 80,000*l.* in the shape of fees, 16,000*l.* of which was paid to the examiners, and that "the greater part of the remainder had been dissipated in useless extravagance." The nett amount of fees (after deducting stamp duty) paid to the college for examinations of candidates for membership alone, during the ten years ending 1855, was 84,298*l.* 10*s.*, or an average of 8429*l.* 17*s.* a-year, while the nett income from the same source in 1855 was 10,940*l.* During the same ten years only 24,429*l.* 5*s.* of this princely revenue was divided amongst the examiners; so that, at a moderate estimate, the college otherwise disposes of 5000*l.* or 6000*l.* derived from members who have no vote respecting its appropriation. This sum is mainly devoted to objects in which the majority of the members have no interest, and concerning which they are in no way consulted. Here we have another illustration of the baneful effect of the protective system: students are either compelled to pay about two-thirds more than they ought to do for their diplomas—even assuming that the one-third given to examiners is judiciously expended—or the large sum which they do pay is not so applied as to raise and maintain the educational standard of the college at that pitch which is clearly attainable by means of the revenue at its command. Whichever view we

* *Vide* "Speech at Freemason's Tavern in 1826."

take, the profession and the public alike suffer. Whereas, if the Government allowed the constituency of the college to assume the administration of its own affairs, it would speedily determine what minimum sum payable on admission into it would enable it to establish and liberally remunerate a thoroughly effectual court of examiners, and what standard of education is most conformable to the means and abilities of the majority of candidates, and best calculated at once to supply the wants and be within the reach of the middle and lower classes of the people.

If a self-governing constituency were to charge 20*l.*, or any larger sum, for admission into its body, and it could secure a first-rate education of its members by enforcing a payment of only 5*l.* on admission, it would have an unquestionable right to appropriate the surplus to whatever objects it pleased; but so long as the members have no voice in the disposal of such surplus, and so long as the State virtually prevents the formation of a College of Surgeons on the principle of self-government, justice demands that the State-established institution shall exact from candidates for its diploma only such a sum as will fairly remunerate an efficient court of examiners, and provide for the requisite offices, *materiel*, and officials. The exaction of any sum beyond what is requisite for such purposes is, viewed from the standard of abstract right, simply robbery by Act of Parliament. If this view be correct, the reason given by Mr. Guthrie, in 1848, for not lowering the price of the diploma is totally inadmissible. He says, "We cannot maintain our establishment as it is; we have paid 16,000*l.*, the other day for more ground, and we shall require 20,000*l.* for a new museum;" and proposes, without the assent of the great body of men who contribute the College of Surgeons revenues, to divert a part of them to a fund "for the benefit of old members, their widows and orphans," and to pensioning off examiners when they shall attain the age of seventy. For such reasons he actually urges that no Englishman, having the 6*l.* diploma of the Edinburgh College, should be allowed to practise in his own country until he has paid to the London College the difference between the cost of the Edinburgh and London diploma! We are far from thinking that English surgeons would begrudge a reasonable provision to worthy claimants on their funds, or that they would fail to establish and sustain such museums or libraries as may be desirable for the advancement of their profession; we simply insist that such appropriations can justly be made only with their consent.

But descending again to the expediency argument, a very slight experience is needed to show that the members of a council, elected by the whole constituency of the college, and removable on proof of mal-administration, are likely to be a far more efficient ex-

ecutive than is obtainable from a body either self-elective or chosen by a small and privileged class, whose interests may often be identical with those of the officials themselves. In the one case they are responsible ministers, controlled by their electors, and having the strongest inducements to do their duty, as loss of office and its emoluments would follow any abuse of their trust; in the other, they are irresponsible masters, whose wrongdoings can neither be punished nor arrested; or at best, an oligarchy of officials and electors, who, mainly intent on their own advancement, disregard the interests of the general body, which can exert no influence upon them. The history of the museum of the London College of Surgeons supplies an instance of the irreparable neglect due to irresponsibility, too striking and mournful ever to be forgotten. By his will the celebrated John Hunter directed that the option of buying his invaluable museum of comparative and pathological anatomy should be offered to Government. It bought it in 1799 at a cost of 15,000*l.*, and gave it to the College of Surgeons *in trust for the people*. In 1806 the Government granted to the College 15,000*l.* to erect a building to contain the gift, the College binding itself to complete it in three years. This pledge was not fulfilled, and in 1810 Government supplemented the grant by 12,500*l.* more; but despite all this aid the museum was not even "got into reasonable order" before 1814, and was inaccessible to the profession, except during 34 days of the year, and then only four hours a-day, until about 1826, when the vigorous remonstrances of the profession caused it to be open seventeen additional days during the year. Not until 1841 was the museum thrown open each day, and then only by pressure from without. Such was the neglect and culpable exclusiveness of an irresponsible council protected by Government. We wish this were all. But the story of the destruction of Hunter's descriptive catalogues and manuscripts relating to the specimens in the museum, while ensuring the eternal infamy of Sir Everard Home, proves indubitably, as it seems to us, that but for the negligence and reprehensible procrastination of the board of curators the irreparable loss might have been averted. Along with the museum, as an essential part of it, were the MSS. just mentioned. These were of such extent as to constitute about twenty folio volumes. Without them the collection was unintelligible, and therefore comparatively valueless; and by a passage in Hunter's will, they are expressly referred to, along with the museum, and bequeathed with it upon trust to Dr. Baillie and Sir Everard Home, who were to offer the whole, "in one entire lot," to Government. Just when the transfer of the museum to the College of Surgeons was about to be effected, the manuscripts were taken in a cart by Mr. Hunter's

apprentice, Mr. Clift, to Sir Everard Home's house by his order. Hunter married his sister, and he had been Hunter's pupil and assistant in the museum. The knowledge he thus acquired, his relationship to Hunter, and his influence in the College of Surgeons, caused him to be deputed to make a catalogue of the collection. Mr. Clift's evidence to the Parliamentary Committee of 1884, implies that the College authorities knew from the beginning that Sir Everard Home had taken possession of the manuscripts, and that this possession was acquiesced in, on the ground that he was deputed to make the catalogue. He says, "I believe all the members of the board of curators had a very imperfect knowledge of the nature of those papers, yet they knew that Sir Everard had in his possession all Mr. Hunter's manuscripts." Mr. Clift adds that the members of the board of curators obtained a knowledge of the existence of the papers "through Sir Everard himself, while he was a member of that board. Besides which, almost all of them had been acquainted with Mr. Hunter, and must have known of the existence of a large mass of manuscripts."* At the time of Mr. Hunter's death, and for some time afterwards, they were deposited in the ante-room of the collection, and must have occupied a conspicuous position.† Moreover, three folio volumes of these MSS. were placed "on the table beside Hunter, when his portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds,"‡ so that neither their existence, nor their nature could be ignored. In fact, as Mr. Clift held the office of conservator of the museum from the time he delivered the MSS. at Sir Everard Home's house, in 1800, until their destruction in 1823, it is quite clear that, on the many occasions when Sir Everard's delay in making the catalogue was referred to, his possession of the MSS. must not only have been notorious, but was acquiesced in by the College authorities, chiefly from a disinclination to call Sir Everard to account, or to assume a hostile attitude towards a man of great influence in the College, and a trustee of the museum itself, which office he held until his death.

The whole tenor of Mr. Clift's evidence shows that throughout the long series of years during which the board of curators was quietly waiting for Sir Everard to produce his pretended catalogue, its members evinced moral cowardice of the most culpable kind, while Mr. Clift, the *conservator* (!) not only knew from the beginning the exact nature, extent, and object of the manuscripts,§ and was thoroughly aware that Sir Everard was using those manuscripts "for his own special purposes" for twenty-

* Report: "Medical Education," Part II., 1884, Q. 5098 and 5099.

† Ibid. 5045.

‡ Ibid. 4935.

§ Ibid. 5383, et seq.

three years, but actually aided him in doing so by making transcripts both of the MSS and drawings for him.* He states that during the whole period, from 1800 to 1828, "Sir Everard was so intent on writing papers for the "Philosophical Transactions," that very little else, in the way of the collection, was thought of by him; because he always made his engagements in this way an excuse to the trustees for not having proceeded with the catalogue."†

Thus it appears established beyond the possibility of disproof by admissions extracted from a man while still the *conservator* of the museum in 1834, and while defending himself and his superiors against the imputation of culpable neglect, that they knew from the beginning that Sir Everard Home held the MSS., that they knew generally their nature and purpose, and that they were public property belonging to the museum; that although they acquiesced in Sir Everard Home's retention of them during the enormous period of twenty-three years, they knew he had not even a pretext for keeping them, since he alleged as a plea for not proceeding with the pretended catalogue which he undertook to prepare that all his time was occupied in writing papers for the "Philosophical Transactions;" and that notwithstanding all this knowledge, their irresponsibility as officials of the College enabled them to rest so far supinely indifferent and so deplorably destitute of moral courage as never during all those years to insist on the return of the manuscripts, in order that the catalogue so long needed by zoological and pathological students might be presented to them without further delay. If Mr. Clift had not been a College official when he was examined by the Parliamentary Committee of 1834, but had been free to make "a clean breast of it," there can be little doubt but that the case as against the College authorities would have been far stronger even than it appears now. There was an evident desire to hush the matter up: Mr. Guthrie said to the committee,—“I believe Sir Everard Home (if we must make a culprit of him after he is dead) destroyed little which was valuable. I do not think there was much of very essential matter destroyed; at least, if there was, we have no positive knowledge of it; and it is now too late to rectify it.”‡ As it is certain that if the College authorities had done their duty they would have saved the manuscripts from destruction; not having done so the president palliates their culpability by asserting that, after all, the disastrous results of it are not great! Let us see: among the manuscripts "were nine folio volumes of dissections of animals—viz., vol. 1, Ruminants; vol. 2, Animals,

* Report: "Medical Education," Part II, 1834, Q. 5182-3.

† Ibid. 5097.

‡ Ibid. 4934.

sine cæco ; vol. 3, Monkey and its gradations ; vol. 4, Lion and its gradations ; vol. 5, Scalpris Dentata ; vol. 6, Anatomy of Birds ; vol. 7, Of the Tricoilia ; vol. 8, Anatomy of Fishes ; vol. 9, Anatomy of Insects. There was one volume on the Natural History of Vegetables. There were also a great number of fasciculi among which," Mr. Clift mentions the full titles of thirty-three extremely important contributions to comparative and pathological anatomy.* The great mass of these writings were elaborate descriptions by Hunter himself of his dissections, investigations, and discoveries, and referred almost exclusively to the numerous preparations in his museum, which were unintelligible and in many instances useless without them.†

Such is the result of irresponsibility by authority of State. No reflecting man can deny that many of the pathological specimens can never be properly understood without the history of the cases of the patients from whom they were taken. If the exclusive powers delegated to the College by government, and constituting its council irresponsible, had not prevented the members of that College from assuming the control of its own affairs, they would have taken care that the precious materials above-named should not have remained twenty-three years in the hands of a man who admitted that he was not using them for the purpose for which he was presumed to hold them, while the numerous visitors to the museum were unable to profit by it from want of guidance, which those manuscripts alone could effectually supply.

A few words concerning Sir Everard Home must close our account of, to use Mr. Lawrence's words, "this deplorable transaction." He devoted the twenty-three years during which he kept his brother-in-law's manuscripts to the assiduous labour of robbing him of his dearly-earned fame.‡ He has been a larger contributor than any other man to the Philosophical Transactions: the material of those contributions were Hunter's voluminous manuscripts§ bequeathed to him "upon trust," to be offered to the Government, and which were public property, or on the very eve of becoming so, at the time they were taken to his house. He also compiled from them two volumes on Comparative Anatomy, which he issued in his own name; and having received from the printers the last proof of the last volume, he then burnt the original materials which he had used.|| He took possession of the manuscripts on false pretences: he told Mr. Clift "that those papers—being, a very large proportion

*Report: "Medical Education," Part II., 1834, Q. 5131.

† Ibid. 4935, 5041, 5114, "Many of them are utterly unknown: many of them have been re-discovered" by examining "the organs of animals to throw light upon the specimens," 5142.

‡ Ibid. 5094, 5095, 5097, 5179. § Ibid. 5179, 5182-3. || Ibid. 5115, 5116.

of them, loose fasciculi—were not fit for the public eye; and therefore he should take them into his keeping for the purpose of using them in describing the collection.”* When, in 1816, it was proposed that all the curators should become joint labourers in drawing up the descriptive catalogue, “he declared that it was his special duty, and that he would admit of no participation in its performance.”† But though he gave no sign of fulfilling his “special duty” as a curator, the trustees allowed him to retain the MSS.; and in 1817 he increased his power over them by being made a trustee himself! He then resigned his curatorship; and Mr. Clift was deputed to make the catalogue. Although this gentleman admits that from the time “when the manuscripts were first removed,” it “frequently” occurred to him that “it would be necessary to have recourse to them in order to make a complete description” of the museum‡ of which he was conservator, he never even requested the use of them; and the knowledge of their fate was volunteered by Sir Everard Home himself. “He began,” says Mr. Clift, “by telling me that his house had been nearly on fire—that the engines came, and the firemen insisted on taking possession of his house. They saw the flames coming out of the chimney. He did not wish to admit them, but they insisted on being admitted. I asked him how it happened; and then he told me that it was in burning those manuscripts of Mr. Hunter.§ I said to him, ‘I hope, Sir Everard, you have not destroyed those ten volumes relating to the gallery.’ He said, ‘Yes.’ ‘And Mr. Hunter’s lectures?’ ‘Yes.’ And then I mentioned perhaps twenty others that I had a very perfect recollection of. . . . When I had made inquiry respecting the principal of them, and he told me they were all gone, I said to him, ‘Well, Sir Everard, there is only one thing more to do.’ He said, ‘What is that?’ I said, ‘To burn the collection,’”|| on which the Government had expended 42,500*l*.! About a tenth part of the whole manuscripts escaped destruction, and were recovered to the Museum. He alleged to his co-trustees that he had destroyed the manuscripts “according to a promise he had made to Mr. Hunter.”¶ Subsequently he told Mr. Clift that the directions to destroy them were given to him by Mr. Hunter “at the time of his death, when he was dying.”** This was impossible: Mr. Clift was the member of Hunter’s family who last saw him alive, and proved that Sir Everard Home was not present.†† On the 16th October, 1793, Hunter was as usual at St. George’s Hospital, when, meeting with some vexatious circumstances, he put a

* “Report: Medical Education,” Part II., 1834, Q. 5053. † Ibid. 4935.

‡ Ibid. 5074-5. § Ibid. 5107. || Ibid. 5111, 5112.

¶ Ibid. 5155. ** Ibid. 5170. †† Ibid. 5161:

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constraint upon himself to conceal his resentment, and in that state went into another room, where he immediately fell dead in the arms of Dr. Robertson, one of the physicians to the hospital. No legal proceedings were instituted against Sir Everard Home : he was allowed to remain on the Board of Examiners, and to continue a trustee of the Museum ; his reputation on the Continent, to this day, surpasses, we believe, that of Hunter, and his bust, we are informed, still honours, or disgraces, the Royal College of Surgeons.

Reviewing the evidence now given, we see that the tendency of the Charters and Acts of Parliament in favour of medical and surgical corporations has been to create a monopoly of teaching,—to suppress provincial and private schools,—to confer superior medical and surgical rank without securing the presence of corresponding professional attainments,—to divide the profession into sections, which ought to remain united, while hindering its spontaneous organization into orders of merit,—to induce in the examining bodies a competition downwards, instead of upwards,—to induce the public acceptance of men as medical practitioners who have studied surgery only,—to induce the public to forego its duty of judging of the fitness of medical men,—to discourage preliminary education by enforcing apprenticeship,—to impede medical study, and to induce a low moral tone both in teachers and pupils by the certificate system,—to make medical education far more costly than it need be,—to maintain a large number of mediocre teachers, and to suppress those who, by nature and culture, are peculiarly qualified for the task,—to induce a reliance on routine rather than on examinations for ensuring a sound education,—and, finally, to oppose all reforms initiated by the constituents of the several corporations, thus recognising the principle of irresponsibility, with its attendant evils, one of which was the destruction of the Hunterian Manuscripts. We can now appreciate the reform which Parliament is called upon to enact: the proposed Medical Council will centralize and consolidate the power of the Corporations ; while the 20,000 constituents of the profession, who by their struggles have extorted whatever improvements have hitherto been effected, are still to be denied a voice in the constitution and administration of their own government, in the education of their own members, and in the appropriation of their own funds ! The alleged advantage of this despotism is, that it will secure an uniform minimum education, a right to practise throughout the United Kingdom, and a registration of qualifications. The first would, as we have shown, be a great evil ; the second now virtually exists, and would do so legally if the State would withdraw its present protection ; and the third is accomplished by the Medical Directories, which are everywhere obtainable for a few shillings.

ART. VI.—WOMEN ARTISTS.

Die Frauen in die Kunstgeschichte. Von Ernst Guhl. Berlin. 1858.

VOLUMES have been written on the long-disputed point, whether the mental powers of woman be equal to those of man. Women, say the defenders of the present system of things, have opened no new vistas in the realms of thought; with a few brilliant exceptions, they have produced nothing really great in art, science, or literature; and an exception does not form the rule. What they have not achieved during the course of eighteen centuries, they are not likely to achieve in the nineteenth. It is all very well to talk of difficulties educational, &c.; but genius is repressed by none of these. It works out its own way to the light; it wants no artificial aid or stimulus. Women, reply their champions, have never yet had fair play. Cramped in every direction—superficially and imperfectly trained—isolated from that free and genial communion with the minds of those who have already attained high intellectual eminence, which is so essential to the development of the faculties, and the formation of the taste—excluded from all share in lofty and ennobling pursuits—confined to the narrow though sacred sphere of domestic duties, or engaged in the follies and vanities of fashionable life, and alternating between the cooking of a dinner and the cut of a sleeve—her natural capabilities have been stifled and frittered away without having enjoyed the possibility of attaining their full and legitimate growth. The social and political inferiority in which she has hitherto been held, cannot fail, they maintain, to have acted in a depressing manner on her intellectual nature, whatever its original force and vigour. In both these arguments there is a certain degree of plausibility. Perhaps the truth lies between the two.

Remembering the reigns of our own Queen Bess, of Catherine of Russia, of Isabel of Castile, and Maria Theresa of Austria, it really seems rather difficult to deny woman's aptitude for the sphere of political life; while a long list of celebrities, dead and living, attest her claim to no unworthy niche in the temple of literary fame. In art, it must be owned, her success is more questionable. Not only have we no female Raphael, or Michel Angelo, as we have no female Homer, Shakspeare, or Milton; but even the secondary order of genius, if the term be admissible, is somewhat rare. At first sight this may appear extraordinary.

The profession of the painter would seem, in many respects, peculiarly fitted for woman. It demands no sacrifice of maiden modesty, or of matronly reserve. It leads her into no scenes of noisy revelry or unseemly licence. It does not force her to stand up to be stared at, commented on, clapped or hissed by a crowded and often unmannered audience, who forget the woman in the artist. It leaves her, during a great portion of her time at least, beneath the protecting shelter of her home, beside her own quiet fireside, in the midst of those who love her, and those whom she loves. But, on the other hand, to attain high eminence it demands the entire devotion of a life. It entails a toil and study severe, continuous, and unbroken.

No inspiration alone, however brilliant, will constitute the artist. The hand as well as the mind must be trained and exercised; and this requires perpetual and uniform effort. Besides, there is the knowledge of anatomy, which popular prejudice deprives woman of the means of acquiring—unless, like Rosa Bonheur, she abdicates for awhile the costume and delicate habits of her own sex. Possibly, also, although this admits of question, there may be a want of creative power. Still the names of Elizabeth Sirani, Maria Robusti, Angelica Kauffmann, Lavinia Fontana, and Rosa Bonheur, sufficiently attest that in this domain, as in every other, woman, if she does not rise to the very pinnacle of greatness, may at least attain excellence of no common order.

The little work before us, which has acquired considerable popularity and success in Germany, is not, like most productions of the Teutonic mind, a philosophical disquisition. It makes no pretensions to great depth of thought, or originality of views; but it is valuable to all who are interested in the development and progress of woman in the domain of art; for it brings together every instance of female proficiency and genius the author has been able to collect, and seeks, by pointing out the success which women have already achieved, to demonstrate what they may yet accomplish.

Of painting among the Greeks we know but little. Architecture and statuary present sufficient monuments to allow of our forming a tolerably correct estimate of the perfection they had attained. Despite the ravages of time, and of barbarians ancient and modern, enough of the Parthenon remains to hand down the fame of an Ictinus, a Callicratus, and a Phydias, to admiring posterity. But what is left of Apelles and Zeuxis? The few relics of ancient painting which have survived the lapse of ages and the hand of the spoiler, all date from the time of the Roman Empire; and neither the frescoes discovered beneath the baths of Titus, the decorations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, nor even

the two or three cabinet pictures found beneath the buried city, can be admitted as fair specimens of Grecian painting in its zenith.

So far, however, as we have any evidence whatever on the subject, it would seem of later growth than sculpture. Pliny tells us that when the latter had reached its culminating point, the former was still in its infancy; that before Apollodorus no artist was worth remembering. But, at the same time, he mentions the productions of the great masters with as much admiration as the Jupiter of Phydias.

Are we, then, to believe that in painting, as in sculpture, we are still at so vast a distance from the ancients? That the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, the "Madonna di San Sisto" of Raphael, the "Virgin" of a Correggio or a Murillo, would sink into nothingness beside the "Penelope and Jupiter" of Zeuxis, the "Venus Anadyone" of Apelles, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Aristides? Such a deduction appears to us by no means a necessary one. There may be reasons why, in sculpture, we should still remain behind the Greeks, while in the sister art we may excel their happiest efforts. In the former, grace, beauty, symmetry of proportion, form, and feature, are the principal essentials of success; and where are these to be found in such perfection as beneath the glowing skies of Greece—among that people who carried their sense of the beautiful to the highest degree to which it has ever been carried by mortals? But in painting, other elements necessarily mingle—feelings and emotions of an order more complex, more varied: love—not in its sensual, but in its purer, holier signification; devotion—such as no Jupiter or Apollo could inspire. These elements were essentially Christian, and therefore it is but reasonable to suppose that Christian art, in its palmy days, may have surpassed that of a land in which they were unknown.

Though the ancient Greeks embodied both sculpture and painting under a female form, few women handled either the pencil or the chisel. Indeed, considering the ignorance and seclusion in which all "respectable" women were systematically held, it is not without considerable astonishment that on the very threshold of art we discover a woman's name—that of Kora, daughter to one Dibutades, a native of Corinth. Pliny relates that in her fond desire to retain some memorial of her lover, from whom she was about to be parted for ever, she sketched his portrait from the shadow thrown by his profile on the wall; that from this her father modelled it in clay, and thus produced the first portrait in relief that had ever appeared. The story, whether true or false, is at least both graceful and probable. From the days of Kora down to those of Quintus Masys, how often has love been the best instructor!

Besides Kora, Pliny makes mention of Timarata, one of whose pictures he had himself seen at Ephesus. In the time of Alexander the Great, we find the names of several female artists—Cirene, Aristarite, and Calypso; the latter, who was celebrated as a painter *de genre*, has been supposed—with how much truth it is difficult to say—to be the author of that charming little picture found in Pompeii, and now in the studio of Naples, “A Mother Superintending the Toilet of her Daughters.” Pliny tells us that the portraits of a well-known dancer, Acisthenes, and of a conjuror, Theodorus, executed by her hand, were much admired.

In Roman annals we discover but one female artist, and she was of Hellenic origin—Laya, who lived about one hundred years before Christ—although the comparative liberty allowed to women among the soldier-people might have afforded them, one would think, greater opportunity for the development of their artistic powers. But, in the first place, we must remember that art was not with the Romans, as with the Greeks, an essential element of existence. During the best and most glorious epochs of the Republic it was neglected or despised, and its cultivation is associated with the decline of that mighty power which had planted its triumphant banners alike on the burning sands of Africa and the rude shores of Britain.

Of Laya's history little has reached us; but from what few details we can gather, it appears that she excelled in female portraits, and may be regarded as the precursor of all miniature-painters of modern times. Pliny, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, adds, that her works were most highly valued, and that, devoting herself solely to her art, she lived and died in single blessedness. During the first seven centuries which followed the destruction of the Roman Empire, we hear of no female painter. Art, indeed, was never totally extinct, as is evident from some Byzantine relics, and from the mosaics discovered in the convents and cemeteries of Rome, Venice, and Pisa, many of which date from the fifth century. But not only had its peculiar characteristic of glorious beauty completely disappeared, but that characteristic, associated as it was with the recollection of Paganism, had become abhorrent to Christianity. The heathens had adorned their Joves and their Apollos with every accessory of grace and majesty their glowing and poetic fancy could devise. The Saviour of the Nazarenes, it was supposed, must therefore be represented devoid of all outward comeliness, according to the literal interpretation of the prophet's memorable description. Gradually, however, as the triumph of the new faith became wider and more secure, these prejudices gave way to that love of the beautiful implanted in the human mind. In the eighth century,* a papal bull came to the aid of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Ambrose, and decided that the Redeemer should henceforward be

arrayed in every attribute of divine beauty with which the hand of the painter could invest him. This, indeed, was not much. Art had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation; one branch alone, that of miniature-painting upon parchment, was cultivated with tolerable success. It had flourished among the Greeks and Romans, and from the comparative ease and facility with which it was carried on, soon became the peculiar and constant occupation of monks and anchorites. Manuscripts and religious works were deemed incomplete unless adorned by illuminations; defective as they were in many of the essentials of art, particularly in perspective, these illuminations, or miniatures, are still extremely beautiful, from the gem-like brilliancy of the colouring, the ever-changing tints, and the exquisite finish—and in these the delicate touch and graceful taste of woman particularly fitted her to excel. Eighty years before the appearance of Cimabue, or even of André del Candia, we find Agnes, abbess of Quedlinberg, celebrated as a miniature-painter; and more than one specimen yet extant attests her patience and her skill.

The cultivators of this charming art were divided into two classes,—miniaturists, properly so called; and miniature caligraphists. It was the province of the first to colour the histories and arabesques, and to lay on the gold and silver ornaments. The second wrote the book, and the initial letters so frequently traced in red, blue, and gold; these were called "*Pulchri Scriptores*," or fair writers. Painting of this description was peculiarly a religious occupation. It was well suited for the peaceful and secluded life of the convent or the monastery. It required none of the intimate acquaintance with the passions of the human heart, with the busy scenes of life, so essential to other and higher forms of art. Yet it was not only in this branch that the monastic orders distinguished themselves. The *Frati Humiliati* were celebrated for their skill in painting on glass; while the recluses of Mont Casino and their abbot, Bertire, made themselves conspicuous for their superiority in miniature-painting.

Disgusted by the corruption which gradually crept into monastic institutions, we are too apt to forget the debt we owe them for preserving at least the germ of thought, amid the deadly blight which had fallen upon it in the rest of the world. In the midst of the deluge of barbarism, the monasteries were the ark of refuge. While peers and princes, knights and squires, were systematically engaged in fighting, robbing, and plundering, the monks were occupied in inventions (the fruit of which we still enjoy); in constructing these glorious cathedrals, the pride of our own and other lands; in tracing upon canvas some of the masterpieces of art; in copying the works of antiquity, which would otherwise probably have been lost for ever; and in keeping alive the sacred fire of literature. The names of Roger

Bacon, Padro Alessandro, of Angelico da Fiesole, Fra Bartolomeo, and so many others, ought surely to exempt the monks of olden days from the universal charge of ignorance and laziness so systematically and indiscriminately brought against them. As to the nuns, they, too, were not idle. They were largely employed in illuminating and copying manuscripts and missals. They managed extensive lands belonging to the convent; they tended the sick and the poor; many of them, as we shall see hereafter, excelled in painting; and the recluses of one convent at least,—that of the Dominican sisters, founded 1292, at Florence,—were among the earliest and most zealous encouragers of the art of printing.

In 1476, Fra Domenico da Pistoya, and Fra Pietro da Pisa, the spiritual directors of the convent, established a printing press within its walls,—the nuns served as compositors,—and many works of considerable value issued from this press between 1476 and 1484, when Bartolomeo da Pistoya dying, the nuns ceased their labours.

Miniature-painting and illuminating continued to flourish during the whole of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Even celebrated artists did not disdain them. Dante mentions two in particular, who must have enjoyed considerable renown, for he introduces them in his "Purgatorio" as expiating through suffering their pride and their success on earth. Painters were in the habit of attaching a gradis, or small longitudinal margin, to their pictures, on which they used to paint passages from the lives of the saints who formed the subject of their work. Many may be seen in the exquisite creations of Fra Angelico da Fiesole. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, miniature-painting began to decline. Almost unnoticed, engraving had usurped its place; but the miniatures of this period are superior to all which precede them, combining vigour and correctness of design, and chiaroscuro, with the exquisite expression, the delicate touch, the bright and glowing colouring of former productions. Among the most distinguished names of those with whom its history closed, we again find that of a woman, a Dominican sister, Plautilla Nelli, daughter to a Florentine patrician, and pupil to Fra Bartolomeo. Vasari mentions her in his second edition of "*Storia di Pittura*."

In 1405 we discover in Germany what must be regarded as a *rara avis* among the female sex,—a sculptor, and of no mean eminence, Sabina von Steinbach, daughter to that Erwin von Steinbach who, in the cathedral of Strasbourg, has reared to his memory so glorious and so enduring a monument. From early childhood Sabina displayed considerable talent for modelling, and it was to her that her father entrusted much of the ornamental

part of his stupendous undertaking. Few, as they pause before the groups on the portal of the southern aisle, and admire their grace and beauty, as we have so often admired them, imagine that they are the work of a girl of twenty. These groups represent allegorically the Christian and the Jewish Church,—in the former, the figures are stately and graceful; the diadem on their brows, the cross in their right hands; in the left, the holy wafer and cup. The latter are bowed down with shame and sorrow, their countenances sad and mournful, holding in their hands a broken arrow, and the shattered relics of the tablets of the law. "In this work," says our author, "all that is beautiful and superhuman in the sculpture of the Middle Ages may be said to be embodied; it seems as though these elements needed a female hand to attain that purity and depth of feeling which lends this group so peculiar a charm." On one of the scrolls held by the Apostle John are the following lines in Latin:—

"May the grace of God fall to thy share, Sabina,
Whose hands have formed my image out of this hard stone."

Tradition adds that, by the command of the archbishop, Sabina herself attended to see the statues deposited in their destined niches; that the prelate, followed by all his priests, came forth to meet her, and placed upon her brow a garland of laurel, consecrated by his own hand. That this tradition was long pretty generally believed, is evident from an old painting of no great merit we have ourselves seen at Strasbourg, in which Sabina is represented kneeling at the feet of the archbishop, receiving his blessing and the precious wreath.

The commencement of the fifteenth century, so important in the history of humanity, so peculiarly marked by mental activity, is somewhat barren in female artists, and indeed in female genius altogether, in comparison, at least, with the succeeding ages. The change which had come over the world within the last hundred years had acted no less unfavourably on the intellectual progress of the sex, than on its social position. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, women had been the object of a species of adoration. Their beauty was the chosen theme of minstrel lay, their favour the brightest recompense of knightly valour. Thus sung and worshipped, the women of the higher orders, at least, to whom these remarks more particularly apply, naturally sought to retain and heighten the homage laid before their shrine by cultivating their talents so far as their opportunities permitted. But now Troubadours and Minnesingers had disappeared alike from the olive groves of Provence and the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. The reign of chivalry was over: a thousand new and engrossing interests had sprung up. Men had no longer leisure

or inclination to wander, harp in hand, from castle to castle, and bower to bower, pouring forth the praises of their ladye-love; and woman, fallen from the lofty pedestal to which she had been temporarily elevated, sunk to the level of ordinary life, and had to suffer from that reaction which invariably attends all exaggerated sentiments, however pure and noble in themselves.

So far as art was concerned, the fifteenth century, the earlier part especially, was peculiarly unfitted to foster or develope female talent. Art was gradually discarding that ideal and superhuman character which had formed at once the charm and the weakness of the middle ages. New and more extended perspectives had opened to its view. It was a period of perpetual and wearisome, though fruitful, toil. The correct anatomy of the human form began to supersede the conventional style hitherto universally adopted. Earthly passions, mingled emotions which had found no place in the religious productions of an earlier age, in the pure and serene compositions of Angelico da Fiesole, in the solemn and dignified figures of Fra Bartolomeo, were now to be reproduced upon the canvas. All this necessitated severe study—study under difficulties too great, too repulsive, to admit of many females coming forward to share them. It is therefore with the more pleasure that we hail the advent of the few women who, subduing every obstacle, distinguished themselves during this important period. The best known of these is Margaritha von Eck, sister to Huberto Jan von Eck, who, by the introduction of oil-painting, brought about so great and momentous a revolution in the history of art. In their more important works Margaritha had no share; she devoted herself exclusively to miniature-painting, and the magnificent court of Burgundy supplied her with ample employment. Occasionally brother and sister worked together, as in the breviary of that Duke of Bedford who married the sister of Philip the Good in 1423, which is now in the imperial library at Paris. That Margaritha was tolerably celebrated in her own day is evident from the work of Carl von Mander, the earliest historian of Flemish art, who calls her “a gifted Minerva,” and adds, that, like her prototype, she scorned the bands of Hymen.

Somewhat later, in the depths of a peaceful convent in Nuremberg, a second Margaritha wiled away the silent hours in copying and illuminating religious works. Eight folio volumes, we are assured, were traced and adorned by the hands of this pious and indefatigable nun. Ere turning to another age, we must linger a moment to contemplate two female artists of some importance. In the Pinacothek of Bologna, among the many stiff, quaint, and strange-looking productions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a picture of St. Ursula, which to the pure,

calm, holy expression peculiar to the works of the early masters, unites a grace and even correctness of drawing not a little unusual at that period. This is attributed to Caterina Vigri, a noble maiden, native of Bologna, born in 1403, who ended her days in virgin sanctity in the Convent of *Capo di Christo*, where her grave, and many works by her hand, are yet pointed out to the curious visitor. Among these is an infant Jesus, long held in such peculiar veneration that it was presented to the sick to kiss, with the firm conviction that all whose lips approached the canvas would be restored to health; and many are the miracles adduced in proof of its marvellous powers.

Onorata Rudiano wielded at once the painter's pencil and the warrior's sword. She is quite a personage of romance, and we are surprised that she has never figured in novel or poetry. In her 23rd year, she had already attained so great a reputation for artistic skill that Gabrino Fondolo, tyrant of Cremona, committed to her care the adornment of his palace. Onorata would willingly have declined this equivocal honour, but the Marquis would listen to no refusal; and to excite the anger of a man at once so vindictive and so unscrupulous was too fearful a risk.

Onorata was not destined to labour long in the service of Fondolo. One day, while occupied in painting the walls of one of the apartments, a courtier notorious for his dissipated habits entered the room, and offered some unjustifiable liberties. The young artist indignantly repulsed him, and on his returning to the charge, she seized a dagger she always wore concealed in her bodice, and stabbed him to the heart. Then rushing from the palace, disguised herself in man's attire, and fled to the mountains, declaring she would rather perish in exile and a wanderer, but pure and untainted, than enjoy splendour and dishonour at home. The Marquis was furious; he sent soldiers in every direction in pursuit, with orders to bring her back, alive or dead; but unable to discover the place of her retreat, and finding no one capable of completing her labours, he promised full and entire pardon on condition of her instant return. Onorata, however, had effected her escape from his dominions. Retaining her disguise, she obtained admittance into one of the companies of *Condottieri* then infesting Italy, and by her courage and conduct soon rose to the post of captain. Her warlike spirit delighted in the independence and excitement of her new career; she refused to abandon it, and continued to fight and paint alternately for thirty years. In 1472, her native town, Castellione, was besieged by the Venetians. Onorata, at the head of her company, flew to its relief; she forced the enemy to raise the siege, but was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died a few days later.

The commencement and the middle of the fifteenth century had been a season of labour; its conclusion and the sixteenth brought the harvest. It was now that painting in particular reached its culminating point, and attained a perfection which no succeeding period has ever equalled.

Between 1590 and 1620 lived the greater part of those men whose works form the delight and admiration of succeeding ages—Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Correggio, Titian, and Giorgione. Beside such mighty names, those of any female artists, however brilliant in themselves, seem pale and colourless. Yet it would be unfair to pass them by without some share of attention, more especially as many were the subjects of warm eulogium in their own day. One of the most celebrated was Maria Robusti, daughter to Tintoretto, the rival, though not the equal, of Titian. Maria's talents were universally recognised and esteemed. Kings and emperors sought to allure her to their courts; but she rejected all their propositions, and lived and died at Venice, beneath her father's roof, which, though wedded to a rich goldsmith, she never quitted. Maria is much lauded by Rudolphi, in his "*Maraviglia della pittura Veneziana*." We must pass by many female names recorded by Professor Guhl, pausing only to notice one whose celebrity rests rather on the testimony of her contemporaries, than on any works which have come down to posterity—Irene di Spilimberg. Born at Udina, of ancient and noble race; young, lovely, and gifted, Irene was the theme of universal admiration in her own day. Tasso celebrated her in a sonnet of great sweetness; Titian, her master, immortalized her by his pencil; in a collection of orations published some twenty years after her death by Gradenigo, she is called the pride and delight of her age; and Rudolphi includes her among the few names of female artists he honoured with his notice. Perhaps her beauty, her grace, her early doom—she died at eighteen—may in some degree explain the discrepancy between her reputation and her actual performances. They were probably admired less for what they were, than for what they promised. Had Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci perished at eighteen, what would they have left behind them?

Flanders contributed its share, though a small one, to the list of female artists. Albrecht Dürer, in his journal, 1521, speaks with admiration of a young girl aged seventeen, whom he met on his travels. "She is called Susanna," he says; "she has illuminated a book, a Salvator; I gave her a ducat for it. It is a great wonder that a woman (*Weibsbild*) should be able to do so much." Dürer's opinion of the capabilities of the female sex in general—not very high—was that prevalent in Germany in the

sixteenth century. In no country was female genius of all descriptions at so low an ebb.

The seventeenth century gave birth to more than one woman, whose works, if they cannot claim place among those of the great masters of the age, deserve no ordinary attention—Lavinia Fontana, Artemisia Gentileschi, Elisabetta Serani, and Maria Schurman. The three first belong to the Bologna school. Lavinia was daughter to that Prospero Fontana under whom Ludovico Caracci studied, and who angrily declared he was fitter for a colour-grinder than a painter. We know how triumphantly Caracci, though by far the least celebrated of the three brothers, confuted this assertion; and in later years he had the pleasure of hearing Fontana regret that he was too old to become the pupil of him whom he had despised. This privilege was enjoyed by his daughter Lavinia. To delicacy of touch and sweetness of expression, she united such peculiar skill in catching likenesses, that her portraits were eagerly sought by noble dames and princes, and paid for at a price far higher than was usual in those days. Pope Gregory XIII. appointed her his painter in ordinary. Her personal attractions were of an uncommon order, and her hand was demanded by more than one titled suitor; but she rejected all, to bestow it on a young man of lowly origin, who had won her affections while working in her father's *atelier*. In rendering all due justice to Lavinia, we cannot quite agree with Professor Guhl, when he compares her productions to those of Titian or Tintoretto. In depth of colouring, vigour of touch, and breadth of outline, she is generally deficient. Even her finest work, "The Holy Francis di Paula," in the Pinacothek of Bologna, is open to this objection, though in a modified degree. Far superior to Lavinia is Elisabetta Serani, like her a native of Bologna. The pupil of Guido Reni, she early imbibed that exquisite sense of the beautiful, that peculiar gift of reproducing it, which distinguishes her master. To this she adds a vigour and energy rare in a female pencil, and completely free from that coarseness so often mistaken for power. In the church of Certosa, at Bologna, is a "Christ at the River Jordan," by her hand, not unworthy of the best efforts of Guido himself; and in the Palazzo de Pietri, in the same city, is a "Magdalen," which, in beauty, expression, and grace, has been seldom surpassed. Lanzi speaks of her with enthusiastic admiration. Elisabetta excelled likewise in music and sculpture. To these rare gifts she united all the gentler virtues of her sex. She never permitted her passion for Art to interfere with the fulfilment of her homely duties. She would rise at dawn to perform those lowly domestic tasks, for which her constant occupation during the day afforded

little leisure; and was equally admirable in the circle of daily life, as in the loftier regions to which her spirit loved to aspire. At the height of fame and fortune, in the bloom of youth and beauty, Elisabetta was suddenly snatched from all who loved her by a cruel and mysterious doom. Every effort to dispel the darkness in which her fate is involved has hitherto been utterly fruitless. The acts of the trial (for a death so sudden excited general suspicion) are still extant, but throw little light on the subject. According to general belief, she was poisoned by the same hands which administered the deadly draught to Domenico; those of Ribeira or his disciples, jealous of her rising fame. Others aver that a personage of princely blood, having in vain sought to win her to his dishonourable addresses, thus avenged himself for her virtuous disdain. Never was grief more sincere or general than that excited by the fate of this fair and gifted being. The whole town was in a state of excitement; her obsequies were celebrated with the utmost splendour; and her tomb, beside that of Guido, in the chapel of the Madonna del Rosario, was long the shrine of enthusiastic pilgrimage. Artemisia Gentileschi, likewise a pupil of Guido Reni, was born beneath the glowing skies of Naples, but early removed with her family to Bologna. She was celebrated principally for her success as a portrait painter, and was summoned to England by Charles I., at whose Court she spent several years in the constant exercise of her art. Laden with rich gifts, she returned to Naples, where she lived in great splendour. Her correspondence with the Chevalier del Pozzo, recently published, displays considerable intellectual powers, and proves that she was no less in her element in the great world than in the painter's studio. One of her best pictures is her "Judith," now in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence—the colouring is vivid, the design clear and correct. We have already adverted to the inferiority of female artistic genius in the North. Now, for the first time, it gave signs of life. Maria Schurman, however inferior as an artist to Elisabetta Serani, will still be remembered, no less for the wealth, than for the variety of her endowments. Of Flemish extraction, but born at Cologne, she displayed at a very early age that wonderful facility for acquiring knowledge, and those rare intellectual gifts for which she was afterwards so distinguished. Permitted to be present at her brother's Latin lessons, though without sharing his instruction, she had already mastered all the difficulties of the language while he was still in his accidence. Her taste for study once aroused, nothing could stop its progress; at the age of eleven she had become so thoroughly mistress of the Greek and Hebrew languages as to read with perfect facility Homer, Æschylus, and the Bible in the original tongues. When,

in addition to this, we are credibly informed that she united a thorough acquaintance with Arabic, Syriac, Samaritan, and Ethiopian—that she spoke with equal elegance and facility every European tongue—that she was no less celebrated for her profound learning than for her talents as a sculptor, musician, and artist, we know not whether to be most amazed by the astonishing variety of her endowments, or by the modesty which induced her to shun all public applause, and seek retirement rather than renown. Honoured by all the most learned men of her day,—in intimate correspondence with Salmasius, Vossius, Heinsius, &c.—sought by every person of celebrity who visited Cologne, she abandoned this brilliant existence to retire to a little country-house, where she dwelt in the utmost simplicity, dividing her time between her art and her pen.

After the death of her father and brothers, however, to whom she was fondly attached, her mind, naturally inclined to deep and serious reflection, became clouded by melancholy. It was in this mood that she first made the acquaintance of the celebrated Laménie. This man, who believed himself a new Christ, sent into the world to announce a new Messiah, whose eloquence and intellectual powers exercised so singular a fascination on all with whom he came in contact, soon acquired unbounded influence over the lonely artist. She became one of his warmest disciples, and, abandoning alike pen and pencil, devoted herself to theological studies. On Laménie's death, in 1674, she undertook the task of continuing to disseminate his doctrines. Collecting his followers, she conducted them to Vivert, in Friesland, where she dwelt many years, and where our own William Penn saw her in 1677. In his "Journey in Germany" he mentions their conversation, adding, "she spoke in a remarkably grave and solemn tone."* However mistaken Maria's religion, it was deep and sincere: of this she gave an incontrovertible proof in distributing all her goods to the poor, and died herself in indigence, May, 1678.

Far less variously and marvellously endowed, but superior in her own peculiar domain, was Rachel Reutch, long regarded as the first flower-painter of her own, or indeed of any age. Rachel was born at Amsterdam, 1664. She married at sixteen, and became the mother of ten children, whom she brought up, we are assured, with the most laudable care. How she contrived with a small income to combine the anxious and manifold duties of a mother with the constant toil and study requisite to attain such perfection in her art, is difficult to imagine; but genius effects almost without an effort that which seems impossible to ordinary minds. Rachel's fame gradually increased to such a degree, that

* See Penn's Works, published 1766.

she was appointed Court painter to the Elector John of the Pfalz, and by his earnest desire settled with her family in his capital. After his death she returned to Holland, and continued to prosecute her art with unabated energy and success, till 1750, when she died full of years and honours.

But it was in France that, next to Italy, female artistic genius shone with the brightest lustre. In the seventeenth century women play a conspicuous part in French history; and if, on the one hand, it must be acknowledged that this part was not always very consistent with the virtue and purity of their sex, on the other, it is but just to recall the many bright names with which they adorned both literature and art. Among the most distinguished is Elizabeth Cheron, who enjoyed an honour since denied even to the most gifted of her sex. She was member of the Academy of Arts in Paris; and in the funeral oration pronounced upon her by Fermal Huis, a brother Academician, she was declared to have merited a place among the most celebrated artists of her age. Her pictures, although scarcely meriting such extravagant eulogiums, are still held in high esteem. They are delicately drawn, full of sweet expression. Gifted alike in mind and person, the friend of all the unhappy and suffering, Elizabeth Cheron was no less beloved than admired.

While in France woman was wreathing the garland of fame around her brow, what was she doing in England and Germany! Here, in an artistic point of view, her inferiority is palpable. True, England could boast of more than one female artist of considerable promise, but none comparable to Serani or Cheron.

In Germany this inferiority was still more striking. Here, indeed, it was not confined to the gentler sex. In art as in literature, Germany, with a few bright exceptions, was far behind all neighbouring nations. The Cologne school, as it is termed, had died away, and no other had taken its place. The condition of the country, indeed, sufficiently accounts for this fact. The Thirty Years' War was raging with fearful intensity. It was not a great national struggle, such as often calls forth the noblest energies—the most glorious attributes of the human mind. It was a conflict in which the meanest, basest, most sordid passions broke forth; it was a civil war, in the fullest sense of the term, fatal alike to every generous impulse, and to every lofty aspiration. That no female artist should have appeared in these gloomy and disastrous times, need scarcely excite astonishment; but the general condition of the female sex was decidedly inferior in Protestant, to that which she enjoyed in Catholic lands.

Luther, in declaring that woman's sole vocation was marriage—that in that, and that only, was she performing the part assigned her by Providence—had destroyed the halo with which

virgin chastity had once encircled her brow. Catholicism had raised her to the rank of saint; it had inscribed her on the list of martyrs; it had given her a place amid the hierarchy; it had brought her into immediate contact with the supreme head of the Church. To those whom choice or necessity hindered from entering the bonds of matrimony, it had opened another career—that of the recluse—the sister of charity; it had presented another asylum—that of the convent; a career contrary, indeed, to all our natural instincts, full of self-denial and privation, but promising truly or falsely an immortality of bliss hereafter—an asylum sad and gloomy, but calm, tranquil, and secure—a life of privation, but devoted to an end sufficient to atone for every suffering, the relief of the sick, the helpless, and the destitute. Of all this the Reformation at once deprived her. It narrowed her influence, it lowered her sphere, it confined her plate to the daily round of domestic joys and sorrows. Catholicism, in the person of Mary, had invested her with almost divine attributes; it had represented her as the intercessor between the Saviour and mankind—as the incarnation of the highest purity, of the loftiest philanthropy; and even those who repudiate such doctrines freely recognise the powerful influence they must have exercised in elevating and hallowing the whole sex.

We know full well that the loftiest heroic elements may be found in the very lowliest walks of life, that it needs not the severance of every dear and near tie to call forth all that is holy and elevated, in our natures. We would simply direct attention to a fact which, whatever interpretation we may lend it, had evidently acted deleteriously on the condition of woman. The high rank she has achieved for herself in the present century does not invalidate this argument, for she has achieved it only by long, constant, and arduous effort, and even now many privileges, once conferred upon her in Catholic Europe, are still denied her.

In the annals of the principal cities of Italy, we find women occupying the chair of the professor—not of modern tongues, not of music and drawing, but of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, mathematics, and astronomy. We find them delivering lectures in public to crowded and admiring audiences; we see them admitted members of learned societies, and addressed by the most scientific men on terms of equality. Yet it is doubtful whether the far-famed Novella was a better Greek scholar than Mrs. Browning; or Maria Porcia Vignoli, whose statue long adorned the market-place of Viterbo, more learned in natural sciences than Mrs. Somerville.

The first half of the eighteenth century gave birth to few painters of enduring fame. The great masters had passed away. The influence of the French school had become predominant
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throughout the whole domain of art. The tenderness, purity, and exquisite perfection of Francia, of Leonardo da Vinci, and of Raphael—the grandeur of Michael Angelo—the soft, transparent loveliness of Coreggio—the brilliant hues, the life-like glow of Titian and Paul Veronese—the deep, poetic feeling of Giorgione—the power and passion of the Caravaggio school—and the radiant beauty of Guido and Albano—were succeeded by the graceful mannerism, the light and lively style of a Watteau and a Bouché. Still, we would not disparage these pleasing artists or their fellow-labourers.

They aimed at little, but what they aimed at they attained. The same may be said of their female contemporaries.

During this period art was not utterly stagnant in Germany; Carstens and Raphael Mengs were its representatives. Beside them stands a female form, who, indeed, may be regarded as occupying a position between the two—less minute and reflective than Mengs, less elevated and important than Carstens.

In the far-famed Pitti Gallery, at Florence, are three female portraits the size of life, painted by the originals themselves, which at once attract the attention of every visitor. The first in feature and expression bears the stamp of a masculine intellect: the touch is vigorous, the colouring has the golden tint of the Venetian school, but it presents no mark of individuality—this is Maria Robusti Tintoretto. The second cannot be mistaken; even the most unpractised eye would discern at a glance that it is a Frenchwoman, piquant, lively, graceful, evidently not so much engrossed with her art as to be insensible to admiration as a woman—this is the well-known Madame Le-brun. Opposite the fair Parisian is a third portrait—a woman still in the bloom of life, but destitute of all brilliancy of colouring, with an expression grave and pensive almost to melancholy. She is seated on a stone, in the midst of a solitary landscape—a portfolio with sketches in one hand, a pencil in the other. The attitude is unstudied, almost to negligence. There is no attempt at display; you feel as you look on her that every thought is absorbed in her vocation. This is Angelica Kauffman, almost the only female artist of importance of whom, until lately, Germany could boast, but who, with the exception of Elisabetta Serani, ranks higher, perhaps, than any of whom we have yet spoken.

The history of Angelica Kauffman is too well known to allow of our entering into many details here. We need not dwell on her gladsome childhood, her simple youth passed partly amid the vine-clad hills and wild forests of her native land, partly beside the blue waters and sunny shores of the lake of Como—her passionate love of art, and resolute devotion to its altar, her success, her genius, her long residence in England, the honours with

which she was loaded—the fatal marriage into which she was seduced—all these have been often repeated and commented on. The particulars of this union, or rather of the circumstances which preceded it, however, do not appear so generally known. It was in early girlhood, while travelling with her father through Switzerland to their native land, that she first beheld the man destined to exercise so fatal an influence on her destiny. Angelica was then only in her seventeenth year, her dawning talents had already attracted considerable attention, but as both father and daughter were poor, they were compelled to travel on foot, resting at night at the little inns by the wayside. One evening, when wearied with the long day's journey, they entered a humble house of entertainment, they were informed by the landlord that they must go further, for a couple of "grands seigneurs," just arrived, had engaged all the rooms for themselves and their suite. The weary travellers insisted on their right to remain, and the debate was growing warm, when one of the gentlemen for whose accommodation they were rejected, made his appearance, and with great politeness, begged them to enter the dining-room and share their repast. The good Kauffman, whose frank, confiding nature was always a stranger to suspicion, at once consented, despite the whispered entreaties of his daughter, who, with the intuitive perception of her sex, had discerned something offensive beneath the polished courtesy of their inviter. She was not mistaken; at table Lord E—soon forgot the respect due to youth and innocence, and attempted some liberty. Angelica indignantly repulsed it, and on its repetition, rising hastily from the table, drew her father with her, and instantly left the house. Years passed on; a portion of the time had been spent in her native land with her father's brother, an honest farmer, in comfortable though narrow circumstances. At first Angelica, accustomed to the wonders of art, and the splendour of Italian cities, could scarcely bring herself to endure this homely mode of existence. The rude manners of those by whom she was surrounded, the utter want of elegance or taste, displeased and disgusted her. Gradually, however, as habit softened down these first impressions, the poetic side of the picture dawned upon her mind. She learned to love the homely simplicity of that hospitable dwelling, with its gabled front and narrow windows—the gloom and solitude of those dark pine-forests, through which the sunbeams could scarcely penetrate, and ceased to long for the marble palaces of Milan, and the orange-groves of Como. Besides, she had little time for idle regrets; the interior decoration of a church in the neighbourhood was entrusted to her father and herself, and her success in an undertaking so difficult excited considerable attention. A little later, and we find her again in Italy, at Florence, Naples, Rome.

In the latter city she became acquainted with Winkelmann, who soon regarded her with almost paternal affection. It was a charming picture—the gifted and thoughtful man, whose brow was furrowed with sixty years of ceaseless study and deep reflection, and the young, ardent, brilliant girl, full of hope and enthusiasm. Angelica painted his portrait, and it was not without a certain pleasure that Winkelmann informs his friends “he has sat for his picture to a young and lovely woman.”

It is one of the best of her early productions; the likeness is perfect, the colouring vivid, and the touch more vigorous than usual.

Angelica was now in her 26th year, and had already acquired both fame and fortune, when she was induced to accept a proposal to visit England. Welcomed with enthusiasm, sought by the noblest and most gifted in the land, all seemed to smile upon her path, when in a fatal hour she again lighted on the man whose undisguised libertinism had so deeply wounded her modesty ten years before. It was in the midst of a brilliant circle, where all the *beaux esprits* of London were assembled, that they again met. Lord E—— had long since lost every trace of her, and great was his amazement to recognise in the elegant woman and celebrated artist the humble little pedestrian of the Swiss mountains. If he had thought her charming then, how much more lovely did she seem to him now; his heart and fancy were alike inflamed, and he resolved that this time at least she should not escape him. Feigned repentance for the past, assurances of unselfish devotion which sought for nothing in return save the friendship and esteem of its object, flattery, insinuation, all were employed. Angelica, trusting and guileless, believed him, nor was it till, fancying himself secure of triumph, he threw off the mask, that she even suspected his baseness. Equally shocked and indignant, she would no longer admit him to her society.

This only stimulated his passions. Perhaps he thought it a pretext to lure him to more honourable offers; at all events despairing of winning the prize by any other means, he laid his rank and title at her feet. But Angelica was no Pamela to receive with humble gratitude the hand of him who had insulted her virtue. Her mild but resolute refusal stung him to madness. If what some of her biographers assert be true, he forced himself into her presence, and sought by violence to obtain that which no entreaties could win; but here, too, he failed. The rumour of his worthless conduct got abroad, and he found it most convenient to leave England for a time, vowing revenge. The subsequent portion of the story is well known. Her fatal union two years later, with a worthless adventurer whom the infamous Lord E—— had bribed to personate a man of rank and

honour, the discovery of the intrigue, the dissolution of the marriage, the illness and suffering which followed that brief delusion, all have been recounted by her biographers, De Rossi and others. Far, however, from diminishing the interest and respect with which she was universally regarded, these sad incidents only increased them. She was recalled from the solitude in which she had buried herself, by the appointment of Professor to the Academy of Arts in London—a rare honour for a woman. For thirteen years she resided in London, resolutely refusing every offer of marriage, but at length, yielding to the entreaties of her father, whose health was rapidly declining, and who dreaded leaving her alone and unprotected, she bestowed her hand upon the painter, Antonio Zucchi, with whom she returned to Rome. It was here that she was introduced into the circle of those great men, whose names illustrate their native land, and who at different periods visited the Eternal City,—to Goethe, Herder, &c.

“The good Angelica,” writes Goethe, in one of his letters from Rome, “has a most remarkable, and, for a woman, really unheard of talent; one must see and value what she does, and not what she leaves undone. There is much to learn from her, particularly as to work, for what she effects is really marvellous.”

“It was interesting,” says her excellent biographer, De Rossi, “to see Angelica and her husband before a picture. While Zucchi spoke with enthusiasm, Angelica remained silent, fixing her eloquent glance on the finest portions of the work. In her countenance one could read her feelings, and her observations were always limited to a few brief words; these, however, seldom contained any blame, nothing save the praises of that which was worthy of praise. It belonged to her nature to be struck by the beautiful alone, as the bee draws honey only out of every flower.”

The latter portion of Angelica's life glided tranquilly by. She died in 1807. “As an artist,” says a contemporary (Raphael Mengs), “she is the pride of the female sex in all times and all nations. Nothing is wanting, composition, colouring, fancy, all are here.” This flattering eulogium, pronounced while the recollection of the charms and virtues of the original was still fresh in the writer's memory, has not been completely confirmed by posterity, and will be but partially accepted by any one who is acquainted with her works. The fire of inspiration is wanting, the colouring is generally deficient in warmth and depth, the touch in force and vigour; but there is infinite grace, sweetness, and feminine delicacy in all her productions—the drawing is correct and elegant, and the outlines soft and melting.

A more striking contrast to Angelica Kauffman than Madame Le-brun can scarcely be conceived—the one soft, modest, and retiring, with much of the sentimental tendency peculiar to the German

mind. The other gay, sparkling, coquettish, a Frenchwoman in the fullest sense of the term. Born on the 16th April, 1755, the daughter of a portrait painter of merit, she evinced even in early childhood surprising taste and talent for art. When but eight years old she painted the picture of a bearded man with such truth and vigour, that her father exclaimed, "My child, thou wilt be a painter;" and this little incident made a deep impression on her young and susceptible mind. The good father did his best to cultivate her dawning powers; and when she lost him, at the age of thirteen, his place was supplied by the celebrated Joseph Vernet, who felt deep interest in the gifted child. Her position, however, was painful enough: her father's income, never very large, had ceased with his life; her mother, vain, haughty, and extravagant, could not resign herself to the narrow circumstances to which she found herself reduced, and poor little Elizabeth had to work far beyond her strength to minister to her love of dress and amusement. Even when some years after the mother married again, matters were not much improved; for her second husband, though abundantly rich, was so avaricious as to refuse his family almost the necessities of life. The talents of the young girl were therefore in greater request than ever; luckily, they were equal to the emergency. Meanwhile, her fame spread abroad. When but fifteen years of age she completed a portrait of her mother in such perfection that Vernet proposed her for admission to the Academy. Her extreme youth rendered it impossible; but a few years later she was permitted to be present at all its public sittings. It was about this time that she was introduced to Pierre Le-brun, himself an artist of considerable merit, and generally acknowledged as one of the first connoisseurs in Europe.

"I was far from the thought of marrying M. Le-brun," she tells us in her memoirs, "although he had a handsome face and agreeable person; but my mother, who fancied him very rich, never ceased urging me not to refuse so advantageous a proposal. So at last I yielded; how bitterly have I since repented it!"

Le-brun, in fact, regarded the whole marriage as an affair of business. Deeply in debt, he speculated on the talents and energy of his young wife to rid him of his creditors, and enable him to live in ease and luxury. No sooner was he her husband, than he took possession of all her hard-won earnings, insisted on her delivering into his hands the sums—frequently very large—she received for her pictures, and squandered them on the most absurd indulgences; occupying the first floor of the apartments, splendidly furnished, while Madame Le-brun was forced to content herself with the second story. If, however, we are to believe the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the day, she indemnified

herself by a license of conduct only too common, indeed, in those days; but not less deplorable in one so richly and variously endowed. Generally speaking, female painters have been remarkable for their pure and blameless existence. The high devotion to Art seems in their case at least to, have really effected its legitimate aim—elevating their minds above all degrading pursuits, and saving them, even when thrown, like Elizabeth Cheron or Rosalba Carriera, in the midst of the most dissipated circles, from being tainted by their poison. But the society in which Madame Le-brun lived was corrupted to the very core—to enter it without becoming contaminated was almost impossible; and her education, imperfect and superficial, had provided her with no guiding power to direct or save her. The fame of her talent, her personal grace, and her “silver voice,” as Grétry calls it, soon made her house the rendezvous for all the celebrities of Paris. Often the visitors were compelled to seat themselves on the bare ground, there not being chairs enough for the party. Her *petits soupers* became renowned in all France, and were said to unite Attic elegance and Parisian luxury; and many were the tales circulated as to what took place in that sanctuary of the Muses and the Graces. Meanwhile her celebrity daily increased; 12,000 francs, an immense sum in those days, was unhesitatingly paid for a small portrait by her hand. She was appointed painter in ordinary to the Queen, and the Court and nobility vied with each other in loading her with homage. This very favour cost her dear. France was then on the eve of that tremendous revolution which was to uproot the existing state of things; and the artist, whom Marie Antoinette invited to sing with her, who accompanied her in her walks, and painted her portrait, could scarcely fail to be unpopular. When the long-threatening storm burst, Madame Le-brun found it prudent to leave the country. With an aching heart she bade adieu to her home and her friends; but her tears were soon dried, for her journey was a triumphal progress.

Italy, the land where female artistic genius had borne the fairest fruits, the land of Elisabetta Sereni, of Maria Robusti, hailed with generous delight this gifted daughter of another clime. At Bologna, she was named member of the Academy; at Rome, a deputation of Italian artists waited on her to offer their compliments and felicitations; at Florence, she was requested to paint that portrait which is still preserved in the palace of its rulers. In the north her reception was not less flattering. At Berlin and St. Petersburg, she was, as at Bologna, elected member of the Academy of Arts; and the slightest work by her hand brought her a golden harvest. Yet, amid wealth and honour, her heart still pined for her native

land; and, in 1801, reassured by the aspect of affairs, she returned to Paris. It was some time before she could reconcile herself to the complete change in everything around her, and more than once her Royalist principles threatened to bring her into trouble; but the danger passed by. She lived long enough to witness more than one revolution, though less terrible, indeed, than that which had convulsed her country in her youth. She beheld the restoration of that Royal line, to whose protection she owed so much, to the throne of their ancestors, and she saw them once more driven forth to close their days in exile. She died in 1842.

Italy contributed numerous female names to the artists of the eighteenth century; but among all these, one only is worth recording, that of Rosalba Carriera, who is mentioned with considerable eulogium by Zanetti, in his "*Storia della Pittura Veneziana*," the most wearisome of the many wearisome works on Italian painting. Born in 1675, she devoted herself in early life exclusively to miniature painting; but the weakness of her sight compelled her to abandon this and turn to pastels, in which she attained a rare perfection. Her moral purity and worth were not inferior to her genius; though a daughter of Venice, then the most luxurious and licentious city in Europe, she lived in severe and almost cloistral retirement. Perhaps this solitary existence contributed to sadden a temperament naturally inclined to melancholy, and darkened even in youth by a presentiment too surely and sadly fulfilled. Towards her 50th year she completely lost her sight, and her reason sank beneath the terrible privation. The rest of her existence was a blank, yet she lived to a great old age. She sleeps in the church of San Sista a Modesta, and her grave is still pointed out to the traveller as that of one of the ornaments of her native city.

In England, amid the many gifted women of whom at this period our land is justly proud, we find only two names of any importance in the domain of art; one in sculpture, another in painting, Mrs. Damer and Maria Cosway. The history of the former is well known. Of old and noble lineage, wedded while yet a girl to a spendthrift who contrived to dissipate in a few years a splendid patrimony, she consoled herself for domestic sorrow and pecuniary troubles by her sedulous cultivation of art, in which she speedily acquired celebrity. Maria Cosway was of lowly origin, the daughter of an English innkeeper at Leghorn. By her marriage with the well-known artist, Richard Cosway, she was introduced to English society, where her skill as a miniature painter soon gained her both wealth and reputation. She died in 1821.

With the above names Professor Guhl closes his survey, reserving for a future volume all notice of the many women who

have distinguished or are distinguishing themselves in the domain of art in our own day. The serious and sustained cultivation of that art by women he regards as one of the most promising indications of the present age. He rejoices that the sphere of her activity is enlarged and enlarging. He encourages her in her efforts to obtain one still wider and more effective; he urges on her the necessity of steady and undeviating effort and application; and concludes by expressing the firm conviction, that if hitherto she has shown herself deficient, at least to a certain degree, in that creative power which can alone achieve the highest order of greatness, she is eminently calculated to excel in all that demands grace, tenderness, fancy, quick perception, and delicate poetic feeling.

ART. VII.—RECENT ASTRONOMY, AND THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

1. *Œuvres de Laplace*. Paris: Imprimerie Royale. 1843.
2. *Outlines of Astronomy*. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H. London: Longman and Co. 1849.
3. *Results of Astronomical Observations at the Cape of Good Hope, &c.* By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H.
4. *Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe*. By Alexander von Humboldt. Vols. 1, 2, 3, Murray's edition; Vol. 4, Bohn's edition.
5. *Popular Astronomy*. By François Arago. Translated from the original, and edited by Admiral W. H. Smyth and Robert Grant, Esq. Longman and Co. 1855.
6. *The Recent Progress of Astronomy; especially in the United States*. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. Third edition. New York: Harper Brothers. 1856.

WHEN Sir William Herschel, directing his great reflector to various nebulous spots, found that they were resolvable into clusters of stars, he inferred, and for a time maintained, that all nebulous spots are clusters of stars exceedingly remote from us. But after years of conscientious investigation, he concluded that "there were nebulosities which are not of a starry nature," and on this conclusion was based his hypothesis of a diffused luminous fluid, which, by its eventual aggregation, produced stars. A telescopic power, much exceeding that which Herschel em-

ployed, has enabled Lord Rosse to resolve some of the nebulae which before remained unresolved; and, returning to the conclusion which Herschel first formed on similar grounds but afterwards rejected, many astronomers have assumed that under sufficiently high powers all nebulae would be decomposed into stars—that the resolvability is solely a question of distance. The hypothesis now commonly entertained is, that all nebulae are galaxies of stars more or less like in nature to that immediately surrounding us; but that they are so inconceivably remote, as to look through an ordinary telescope like small faint spots. And those who lean to the old anthropomorphic idea of creation, have drawn the further corollary, that by the discoveries of Lord Rosse the nebular hypothesis has been disproved.

Now, even supposing that these inferences respecting the distances and natures of the nebulae are valid, they leave the nebular hypothesis substantially as it was. Admitting it to be true that each of these faint spots is a sidereal system, so far removed that its countless stars give less light than one small star of our own sidereal system, the admission is in no way inconsistent with the belief that stars and their attendant planets have been formed by the aggregation of nebulous matter. Though, doubtless, if the existence of nebulous matter, now in course of concentration, be disproved, one of the evidences of the nebular hypothesis is destroyed, yet the remaining evidences remain just as they were. It is a perfectly tenable position, that though nebular condensation is now nowhere to be seen in progress, yet that it was once going on universally, as indicated by the internal evidence of the solar system. And indeed it might be argued that the still continued existence of diffused nebulous matter was scarcely to be expected; seeing that the causes which have resulted in the aggregation of one mass must have been acting on all masses, and that the existence of masses not aggregated would be a fact calling for explanation. Thus, granting the immediate conclusions suggested by these recent disclosures of the six-foot reflector, the corollary which many have drawn is utterly inadmissible.

But we do not grant these conclusions. Receiving them though we have for years past as established truths, a critical examination of the facts has convinced us that they are quite unwarrantable. They involve so many manifest incongruities, that we have been astonished to find men of science entertaining them even as probable hypotheses. Let us consider these incongruities.

In the first place, mark what is inferrible from their distribution:—

“The spaces which precede or which follow simple nebulae,” says

Arago, "and, *à fortiori*, groups of nebulæ, contain generally few stars. Herschel found this rule to be invariable. Thus, every time that, during a short interval, no star approached, in virtue of the diurnal motion, to place itself in the field of his motionless telescope, he was accustomed to say to the secretary who assisted him, 'Prepare to write; nebulæ are about to arrive.'"

How does this fact consist with the hypothesis that nebulæ are remote galaxies? If there were but one nebula, it would be a curious coincidence were this one nebula so placed in the distant regions of space as to agree in direction with a starless spot in our own sidereal system. If there were but two nebulæ, and both were so placed, the coincidence would be excessively strange. What then shall we say on finding that there are thousands of nebulæ which are so placed? Shall we believe that these far-removed galaxies, dispersed through infinite space, have in thousands of cases happened to agree in visible position with the thin places in our own galaxy? Such a belief is next to impossible. Still more manifest does the impossibility of it become when we consider the nebulæ in their general distribution. Not only does the law above specified apply to larger portions of the heavens, as seen in the fact that "the poorest regions in stars are near the richest in nebulæ," but it applies to the heavens as a whole. In that zone of celestial space where stars are excessively abundant, nebulæ are extremely rare; while in the two opposite celestial spaces that are furthest removed from this zone, nebulæ are extremely abundant. Scarcely any nebulæ lie near the galactic circle (or plane of the Milky Way); and the great mass of them lie round the galactic poles. Can this also be mere coincidence? When to the fact that the general mass of nebulæ are antithetical in position to the general mass of stars, we add the fact that local regions of nebulæ are regions where stars are scarce, and the further fact that single nebulæ are habitually found in comparatively starless spots, does not the proof of a physical connexion become overwhelming? Should it not require an infinity of evidence to show that nebulæ are not parts of our sidereal system? Let us see whether any such infinity of evidence is assignable. Let us see whether there is even a single alleged proof which will bear examination.

"As seen through colossal telescopes," says Humboldt, "the contemplation of these nebulous masses leads us into regions from whence a ray of light, according to an assumption not wholly improbable, requires millions of years to reach our earth—to distances for whose measurement the dimensions (the distance of Sirius, or the calculated distances of the binary stars in Cygnus and the Centaur) of our nearest stratum of fixed stars scarcely suffice."

Now, in this somewhat condensed sentence there is expressed a

more or less decided belief, that the distances of the nebulae from our galaxy of stars, as much transcend the distances of our stars from each other, as these interstellar distances transcend those of our planetary system. Just as the diameter of the Earth's orbit is an inappreciable point when compared with the distance of our Sun from Sirius; so is the distance of our Sun from Sirius an inappreciable point when compared with the distance of our galaxy from those far removed galaxies constituting nebulae. Observe now the consequences of this assumption.

If one of these supposed galaxies is so remote that its distance dwarfs our interstellar spaces into points, and therefore makes the dimensions of our whole sidereal system relatively insignificant, does it not inevitably follow that the telescopic power required to resolve this remote galaxy into stars, must be incomparably greater than the telescopic power required to resolve the whole of our own galaxy into stars? If the assumption be true, does it not follow that an instrument which can just exhibit with clearness the most distant stars of our own cluster, must be utterly unable to separate these remote clusters into stars? What then are we to think when we find that the same instrument which decomposes hosts of nebulae into stars, *fails* to resolve completely our own Milky Way? Supposing, to use a homely comparison, a man surrounded by a swarm of bees, extending, as they sometimes do, so high in the air as to become individually almost invisible, were to declare that a certain spot in the horizon was a swarm of bees, and that he knew it because he could see the bees as separate specks. Astounding as the assertion would be, it would not exceed in incredibility this which we are criticising. Reduce the dimensions to figures, and the absurdity becomes still more palpable. In round numbers, the distance of Sirius from the Earth is a million times the distance from the Earth to the Sun; and, according to the hypothesis, the distance of a nebula is something like a million times the distance of Sirius. Now, our own "starry island, or nebula," as Humboldt calls it, "forms a lens-shaped, flattened, and everywhere detached stratum, whose major axis is estimated at seven or eight hundred, and its minor axis at a hundred and fifty times the distance of Sirius from the earth."* And since it is concluded that our own solar system is somewhere near the centre of this aggregation, it follows that our distance from the remotest parts of it is about four hundred distances of Sirius. But the stars forming these remotest parts are not individually visible, even through telescopes of the highest power. How then can such telescopes make individually visible the stars of a nebula which is a million times the distance of

* "Cosmos." Seventh Edition. Vol. i. pp. 79, 80.

Sirius? The implication is, that a star rendered invisible by distance becomes visible if taken two thousand five hundred times further off! Shall we accept this implication? or shall we not rather conclude that the nebulæ are *not* remote galaxies? Shall we not infer that, be their nature what it may, they must be at least as near to us as the extremities of our own sidereal system?

Another incongruity, equally insurmountable, meets us when we contrast the relative sizes and resolvabilities of the nebulæ. It is an assumption habitually made with respect to the stars, that their differences of magnitude are chiefly dependent upon differences of distance—that the largest are the nearest, while the successively smaller are successively more remote; and although, as involving the supposition that all stars are actually of the same size, this is not literally true in detail, yet investigation has shown good reason for believing it true as an average fact. But the arguments which justify this assumption in the case of the stars, equally justify it in the case of the nebulæ. It is in the highest degree improbable that all the small nebulæ are relatively near, and the large ones relatively far off; or *vice versâ*. The only warrantable supposition is, that such differences of *actual* size as exist among them have no relation to their distances from us; but that small and large are dispersed through space with what we may call a regular irregularity. And hence it follows that, on the average, the *apparent* sizes of the nebulae will indicate their distances—that, speaking generally, the larger ones are the nearer ones, and the smaller the more distant. Mark, now, the necessary inference respecting their resolvability. It must follow that, in the great majority of cases, the largest or nearest nebulae will be most easily resolved into stars; that the successively smaller will be successively more difficult of resolution; and that the irresolvable ones will be the smallest ones. This, however, is exactly the reverse of the fact. The largest nebulae are either wholly irresolvable, or but partially resolvable under the highest telescopic powers; while a large proportion of quite small nebulae are easily resolved by far less powerful telescopes. The same instrument through which the great nebula in Andromeda, two and a-half degrees long and one degree broad, appears merely as a diffused light, decomposes a nebula of fifteen minutes diameter into twenty thousand starry points. While the individual stars of a nebula eight minutes in diameter are so clearly seen as to allow of their number being estimated, a nebula covering an area five hundred times as great shows no stars at all. What possible explanation can be given of this on the current hypothesis?

Yet another difficulty remains—one which is, perhaps, still more obviously fatal than the foregoing. This difficulty is pre-

sented by the phenomena of the Magellanic clouds. Describing the larger of these, Sir John Herschel says:—

“The nubecula major, like the minor, consists partly of large tracts and ill-defined patches of irresolvable nebula, and of nebulosity in every stage of resolution, up to perfectly resolved stars like the Milky Way; as also of regular and irregular nebulae properly so called, of globular clusters in every stage of resolvability, and of clustering groups sufficiently insulated and condensed to come under the designation of ‘cluster of stars.’”—“Cape Observations,” p. 146.

In his “*Outlines of Astronomy*,” Sir John Herschel, after repeating this description in other words, goes on to remark that—

“This combination of characters, rightly considered, is in a high degree instructive, affording an insight into the probable comparative distance of *stars* and *nebulae*, and the real brightness of individual stars as compared with one another. Taking the apparent semi-diameter of the nubecula major at three degrees, and regarding its solid form as, roughly speaking, spherical, its nearest and most remote parts differ in their distance from us by a little more than a tenth part of our distance from its centre. The brightness of objects situated in its nearer portions, therefore, cannot be *much* exaggerated, nor that of its remoter *much* enfeebled, by their difference of distance. Yet within this globular space we have collected upwards of six hundred stars of the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth magnitude, nearly three hundred nebulae, and globular and other clusters of *all degrees of resolvability*, and smaller scattered stars of every inferior magnitude, from the tenth to such as by their multitude and minuteness constitute irresolvable nebulosity, extending over tracts of many square degrees. Were there but one such object, it might be maintained without utter improbability that its apparent sphericity is only an effect of foreshortening, and that in reality a much greater proportional difference of distance between its nearer and more remote parts exists. But such an adjustment, improbable enough in one case, must be rejected as too much so for fair argument in two. It must, therefore, be taken as a demonstrated fact, that stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude, and irresolvable nebula, may co-exist within limits of distance not differing in proportion more than as nine to ten.”—“*Outlines of Astronomy*,” pp. 614, 615.

Now, we think this clearly supplies a *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine we are combating. It gives us the choice of two incredibilities. If we are to believe that one of these nebulae is so remote that its hundred thousand stars look only like a milky spot, invisible to the naked eye, we must, at the same time, believe that there are single stars so enormous that though removed to this same distance they remain visible. If we accept the other alternative, and say that many nebulae are no further off than our own stars of the eighth magnitude, then it is requisite to believe that at a distance not greater than that at which a single star is

still faintly visible to the naked eye, there may exist a group of a hundred thousand stars which is invisible to the naked eye. Neither of these positions can be entertained. What then is the conclusion that remains? This only:—that the nebulæ are not further off from us than parts of our own sidereal system, of which they must be considered members; and that when they are resolvable into discrete masses, these masses cannot be considered as stars in anything like the ordinary sense of that word.

And now having, as we believe, disposed of this idea, rashly promulgated by sundry astronomers, that the nebulæ are extremely remote galaxies, let us see whether the various appearances they present are not reconcilable with the nebular hypothesis. Rightly interpreted, we believe they will be found in entire harmony with it.

Starting with the assumption of a rare and widely-diffused mass of nebulous matter, having a diameter, say as great as the distance from the sun to Sirius,* let us consider the successive changes that will take place in it. Mutual gravitation will approximate its atoms; but their approximation will be opposed by atomic repulsion, the overcoming of which implies the evolution of heat. As fast as this heat partially escapes by radiation, further approximation will take place, attended by further evolution of heat, and so on continuously: the processes not occurring separately as we have described them, but simultaneously, uninterruptedly, and with increasing activity. Eventually this slow movement of the atoms, towards their common centre of gravity, will bring about an entirely new set of phenomena. Arguing from the established laws of atomic combination, it will happen that when the nebulous mass has reached a certain stage of condensation—when its internally-situated atoms have approached to within a certain distance, have generated a certain amount of heat, and are subject to a certain mutual pressure (the heat and pressure both increasing as the aggregation progresses): some of them will suddenly enter into chemical union. Whether the binary atoms so produced be of kinds such as we know, which is possible, or whether they be of kinds simpler than any we know, which is more probable, matters not to the argument. It suffices that molecular combination of some species will finally take place. When it does take place, it will be accompanied by a great and sudden disengagement of heat; and until this excess of heat has escaped, the newly-formed binary atoms will remain uniformly diffused, or, as it were, dissolved in the pre-existing

* Any objection that may be raised to the extreme tenuity this involves, is at once met by the calculation of Newton, who proved that were a spherical inch of air removed four thousand miles from the Earth, it would expand into a sphere more than filling the orbit of Saturn.

nebulous medium. But now mark what must by-and-bye happen. When by radiation the temperature has been adequately lowered, these binary atoms will precipitate; and having precipitated, they will not remain uniformly diffused, but will aggregate into *floculi*, just as water, when precipitated from air, collects into clouds. And, indeed, this *à priori* conclusion is confirmed by the observation of those still extant portions of nebulous matter which constitute comets; for, "that the luminous part of a comet is something in the nature of a smoke, fog, or cloud, suspended in a transparent atmosphere, is evident," says Sir John Herschel. Concluding, then, as we are warranted in doing, that a nebulous mass will, in course of time, resolve itself into *floculi* of precipitated denser matter, floating in the rarer medium from which they were precipitated, let us inquire what will be the mechanical results. We shall find that they will be quite different from those occurring in the original homogeneous mass, and also quite different from those which would occur among bodies dispersed through empty space. A group of bodies dispersed through empty space would move in straight lines towards their common centre of gravity. So, too, would a group of bodies dispersed through a resisting medium, provided they were spherical, or of forms presenting symmetrical faces to their lines of movement. But a group of *irregular* bodies dispersed through a resisting medium will *not* move in straight lines towards their common centre of gravity. A mass which presents an irregular face to its line of movement through a resisting medium, will necessarily be deflected from its original course, by the unequal reactions of the medium on its different sides. Hence, each *floculus*, as, by analogy, we term one of these precipitated masses of gas or vapour, will acquire a movement, not towards the common centre of gravity, but towards one or other side of it; and this more or less oblique movement, accelerated as well as changed in direction by the increasing centripetal force, but retarded by the resisting medium, will result in a spiral, ending in the common centre of gravity. Observe, however, that this conclusion, valid as far as it goes, by no means proves a common spiral movement of all the *floculi*; for as their forms must not only be varied in kind, but disposed in all varieties of position, it must happen that their respective movements will be deflected, not towards one side of the common centre of gravity, but towards various sides. How then can there result a spiral movement common to them all? Very simply. Each *floculus*, in describing its spiral course, must give motion to the rarer medium through which it is moving. Now, the probabilities are infinity to one against all the respective motions thus impressed on this rarer medium, exactly balancing each other. And if they do not balance each other, the inevitable

result must be a rotation of the whole mass of the rarer medium in some one direction. But preponderating momentum in some one direction, having caused rotation of the medium in that direction, the rotating medium must in its turn gradually arrest such flocculi as are moving in opposition, and must impress its own motion upon them; and thus these will ultimately result a rotating medium with suspended flocculi partaking of its motion while they move in converging spirals towards the common centre of gravity.

Before comparing these conclusions with the facts, let us pursue the reasoning a little further, and observe the subordinate actions and the endless modifications which will result from them. The respective flocculi must not only be drawn towards their common centre of gravity, but also towards neighbouring flocculi; and, as a result of this play of forces, the whole assemblage of flocculi will break up into subordinate groups: each group concentrating towards its local centre of gravity, and in so doing acquiring a vortical movement, like that subsequently acquired by the whole nebula. Now, according to circumstances, and chiefly according to the size of the original nebulous mass, this process of local aggregation will produce various results. If the whole nebula is but small, the local groups of flocculi may be drawn into the common centre of gravity before yet their constituent masses have coalesced with each other. In a larger nebula, these local aggregations may have concentrated into rotating spheroids of vapour, while yet they have made but little approach towards the general focus of the system. In a still larger nebula, where the local aggregations are both greater and more remote from the common centre of gravity, complete concentration into rotating masses of molten matter may have arisen before the general distribution of them has greatly altered. In short, as the conditions in each case determine, the discrete masses produced may vary indefinitely in number, in size, in density, in motion, in distribution.

And now let us return to the visible characters of the nebulae, as observed through modern telescopes. Take first the description of those nebulae which, by the hypothesis, must be in an early stage of evolution:—

"Among the *irregular nebulae*," says Sir John Herschel, "may be comprehended all which, to a want of complete, and in most instances, even of partial resolvability by the power of the 20-feet reflector, unite such a deviation from the circular or elliptic form, or such a want of symmetry (with that form) as preclude their being placed in Class 1, or that of regular nebulae. This second class comprises many of the most remarkable and interesting objects in the heavens, as well as the most extensive in respect of the area they occupy."

And, referring to this same order of objects, M. Arago says:—"The forms of very large diffuse nebulae do not appear to admit of definition; they have no regular outline."

Now, the fact that the largest nebulae are either irresolvable or very difficult to resolve, might have been inferred *à priori*; seeing that irresolvability, implying that the aggregation of precipitated matter has gone on to a small extent, will be found in nebulae of wide diffusion. Again, the irregularity of these large irresolvable nebulae might also have been expected; seeing that their outlines, compared by Arago to "the fantastic figures which characterize clouds carried away and tossed about by violent and often contrary winds," are similarly characteristic of a mass not yet gathered together by the mutual attraction of its parts. And once more, the fact that these large, irregular, irresolvable nebulae have indefinite outlines—outlines that fade off insensibly into surrounding darkness—is one of like meaning.

Speaking generally (and of course differences of distance negative anything beyond an average statement), the spiral nebulae are smaller than the irregular nebulae, and more resolvable; at the same time that they are not so small as the regular nebulae, and not so resolvable. This is as, according to the hypothesis, it should be. The degree of condensation causing spiral movement, is a degree of condensation also implying masses of flocculi that are larger, and therefore more visible, than those existing in an earlier stage. Add to which, that the forms of these spiral nebulae are quite in harmony with the explanation given. The curves of luminous matter which they exhibit, are *not* such as would be described by more or less discreet masses starting from a state of rest, and moving through a resisting medium to a common centre of gravity; but they *are* such as would be described by masses having their movements modified by the rotation of the medium.

In the centre of a spiral nebula is seen a mass both more luminous and more resolvable than the rest. Assume that, in process of time, all the spiral streaks of luminous matter which converge to this centre are drawn into it, as they must be; assume further, that the flocculi or other discrete bodies constituting these luminous streaks aggregate into larger masses at the same time that they approach the central group, and that the masses forming this central group also aggregate into larger masses (both which are necessary assumptions), and there will finally result a more or less globular group of such larger masses, which will be resolvable with comparative ease. And, as the coalescence and concentration will still go on, the constituent masses will gradually become fewer, larger, brighter, and more densely collected around the common centre of gravity. See

now how completely this inference agrees with observation. "The circular form is that which most commonly characterizes resolvable nebulae," writes Arago. "Resolvable nebulae," says Sir John Herschel, "are almost universally round or oval." Moreover, the centre of each group habitually displays a closer clustering of the constituent masses about the centre of gravity than elsewhere; and it is shown that, under the law of gravitation, which we know extends to the stars, this distribution is *not* one of equilibrium, but implies progressing concentration. While, just as we inferred that, according to circumstances, the extent to which aggregation has been carried must vary; so we find that, in fact, there are regular nebulae of all degrees of resolvability, from those consisting of innumerable minute discrete masses, to those in which there are a few large bodies worthy to be called stars.

On the one hand, then, we see that the notion, of late years idly repeated and uncritically received, that the nebulae are extremely remote galaxies of stars like those which make up our own milky-way, is totally irreconcilable with the facts—involves us in sundry absurdities. On the other hand, we see that the nebular hypothesis, rightly understood, is in entire harmony with the most recent results of stellar astronomy; nay more—that it supplies us with an explanation of various appearances which in its absence would be incomprehensible.

Descending now to the solar system, let us consider first a class of phenomena in some sort transitional—those offered by comets. In comets we have now existing a kind of matter like that out of which, according to the nebular hypothesis, the solar system was evolved; and hence, for the explanation of them, we must go back to the time when the matter forming the sun and planets was yet unconcentrated. Let us do this.

When vapour or other diffused matter, precipitated from a rarer medium, is aggregating into flocculi, there are certain to be here and there produced small portions of flocculi, which, either in consequence of local currents or the conflicting attractions of adjacent masses, remain detached; as do, for instance, minute shreds of cloud in a summer sky. In a concentrating nebula these will, in the great majority of cases, eventually coalesce with the larger flocculi near to them; but if we consider what will happen in the outermost parts of the nebulous mass, we shall see that some of the remotest of the small fragments will *not* coalesce with the larger internal masses, but will slowly follow without overtaking them. The relatively greater resistance of the medium necessitates this. Just as a single feather falling to the ground will be rapidly left behind by a pillow full of feathers; so, in their progress to the common centre of gravity, will the outermost shreds of flocculi be

left behind by the great masses of flocculi internally situated. But we are not dependent merely upon reasoning for this belief. Observation shows us that the less concentrated external parts of nebulae are left behind by the larger masses. Examined through high powers, all nebulae, even when they have assumed regular forms, are seen to be surrounded by luminous streaks, whose directions show that they are being drawn into the general mass. Still higher powers bring into view still smaller, fainter, and more widely dispersed streaks. And it cannot be doubted that the minute fragments which no telescopic aid can make visible, are yet more numerous and more widely dispersed. Thus far, then, inference and observation are at one.

Granting that the great majority of these outlying portions of nebulous matter will be drawn into the central mass long before it reaches a definite form, the presumption is that some of the very small, far-removed fragments will not be so; but that before they arrive near it the central mass will have contracted into a comparatively moderate bulk. What now will be the characteristics of these late-arriving fragments?

In the first place, they will have extremely eccentric orbits. Left behind at a time when they were moving towards the centre of gravity in slightly deflected lines, and therefore having but very small angular velocities, they will approach the central mass in greatly elongated ellipses, and rushing round it will again go off into space. That is, they will behave just as we see comets do; whose orbits are usually so eccentric as to be indistinguishable from parabolas.

In the second place, they will come from all parts of the heavens. Our supposition implies that they separated at a time when the nebulous mass was of irregular shape, and had not acquired a definite rotatory motion; and as there is no reason why the separation of them should have occurred exclusively on any one surface of the nebulous mass, the conclusion must be that they will come to the central body from various directions in space. This, too, is exactly what happens with comets. Unlike the planets, whose orbits approximate to one plane, the comets have orbits that show no relation to each other, but cut the plane of the ecliptic at all angles.

In the third place, applying the reasoning already used, those remotest flocculi of nebulous matter will, at the outset, be deflected from their straight courses to the common centre of gravity, not all on one side, but each on such side as its form determines. And being left behind before the rotation of the nebula is set up, they will severally retain their different individual motions. Hence it must happen that, following the concentrating mass, they will eventually go round it on all sides; and as often from right to left as from left to right. Here again

the inference perfectly corresponds with the facts. While all the planets go round the sun from west to east, comets as often go round the sun from east to west as from west to east. Out of 210 comets known in 1855, 104 are direct, and 106 are retrograde. This equality is just what the law of probabilities would indicate.

Then, in the fourth place, the physical constitution of comets completely accords with the hypothesis. The ability of nebulous matter to concentrate into a concrete form, depends altogether on its mass. To bring its ultimate atoms into that proximity requisite for chemical union—requisite, that is, for the production of denser matter—their repulsion must be overcome. The only force which is in antagonism with their repulsion is their mutual gravitation. That their mutual gravitation may generate a pressure of sufficient intensity, there must be an enormous accumulation of them; and even then the approximation can only slowly go on as fast as the evolved heat escapes. But where the aggregation of atoms is very small, and therefore the force of mutual gravitation very small, there will be nothing to coerce the atoms into union. From which we infer that these detached fragments of nebulous matter will continue in their original state. We find that, in fact, they do so continue. Comets consist of an extremely rare medium, which, as shown by the description already quoted from Sir John Herschel, has characters like those we concluded would belong to partially condensed nebulous matter.

Yet another very significant fact is seen in the distribution of comets. Though they come from all parts of the heavens, they by no means come in equal abundance from all parts of the heavens; but are far more numerous about the poles of the ecliptic than about its plane. The following table, drawn up by M. Arago, to which we have added a column, giving the results up to a date two years later, will show this.

Inclinations.	Number of Comets in 1831.	Number of Comets in 1853.	Number of Comets in 1855.
From 0° to 10°	9	19	19
" 10° " 20°	13	18	19
" 20° " 30°	10	13	14
" 30° " 40°	17	22	22
" 40° " 50°	14	35	36
" 50° " 60°	23	27	29
" 60° " 70°	17	23	25
" 70° " 80°	19	26	27
" 80° " 90°	15	18	19
Total ...	137	201	210

At first sight this table seems not to warrant our statement, but to show that the frequency of comets increases as we progress from the plane of the ecliptic up to 45° , and then decreases up to 90° . But this apparent diminution arises from the fact that the successive zones of space rapidly diminish in area on approaching the poles. If we allow for this, we shall find that the excess of comets continues to increase up to the highest angles of inclination. In the table below, which, for convenience, is arranged in inverted order, we have taken as standards of comparison the area of the zone round the pole, and the number of comets it contains; and having ascertained the areas of the other zones, and the numbers of comets they should contain were comets equally distributed, we have shown how great becomes the deficiency in descending from the poles of the ecliptic to its plane.

Between	Area of Zone.	Number of Comets, if equally Distributed.	Actual Number of Comets.	Deficiency.	Relative Abundance.
90° and 80°	1	19	19	0	11.5
80° " 70°	2.98	56.6	27	29.6	5.5
70° " 60°	4.85	92	25	67	3.12
60° " 50°	6.6	125	29	96	2.66
50° " 40°	8.13	154	36	118	2.68
40° " 30°	9.42	179	22	157	1.4
30° " 20°	10.42	198	14	184	0.8
20° " 10°	11.1	210	19	191	1.04
10° " 0°	11.5	218	19	199	.1

In strictness, the calculation should be made with reference, not to the plane of the ecliptic, but to the plane of the sun's equator; and probably this would render the progression more regular. But even as it is, the fact that comets are 11.5 times more abundant about the poles of the ecliptic than about its plane, is sufficiently significant.

What, then, is the meaning of this fact? It has several meanings. It negatives the supposition, favoured by Laplace among others, that comets are bodies that were wandering in space, or have come from other systems; for the probabilities are almost infinity to one against the orbits of such wandering bodies showing any definite relation to the plane of the solar system. For the like reason it negatives the hypothesis of Lagrange, otherwise objectionable, that comets have resulted from planetary catastrophes analogous to that which is supposed to have produced the asteroids. It clearly shows that, instead of comets being

accidental members of the solar system, they are *necessary* members of it—have as distinct a structural relation to it as the planets themselves. That comets are abundant around the axis of the solar system, and grow rarer as we approach its plane, implies that the genesis of comets has followed some *law*; and that this law is in some way concerned with the genesis of the solar system. If we ask for any so-called final cause of this arrangement, none can be assigned; seeing that, even could comets be shown to have any probable use, no reason could be given why they should be thus distributed. But when we consider the question as one of physical science, we see that comets are antithetical to planets, not only in their great rarity, in their motions as indifferently direct or retrograde, in their eccentric orbits, and in the varied directions of those orbits; but we see the antithesis further marked in this, that while planets have some relation to the plane of nebular rotation, comets have some relation to the axis of nebular rotation.* And without attempting to explain the nature of this relation (though we believe a probable explanation may be given), the mere fact that such a relation exists, indicates that comets have resulted from some process of evolution—points to a past time when the matter now forming the solar system extended to those distant regions of space which comets visit.

See, then, how differently this class of phenomena bears on the antagonistic hypothesis. To the hypothesis commonly received comets are stumbling-blocks: why there should be several hundred masses of extremely rare aeriform substance rushing to and fro round the sun, it cannot say; any more than it can explain their physical constitutions, their various and eccentric movements, or their distribution. The hypothesis of evolution, on the other hand, not only allows of the general answer, that they are minor results of the genetic process; but also furnishes us with feasible explanations of their several peculiarities.

And now, leaving these erratic bodies, let us turn to the more familiar and important members of the solar system. It was the remarkable harmony subsisting among their movements which first made Laplace conceive that the sun, planets, and satellites had resulted from a common genetic process. As Sir William Herschel, by his observations on the nebulae, was led to the conclusion that stars resulted from the aggregation of diffused matter;

* It is alike remarkable and suggestive, that a parallel relation subsists between the distribution of nebulae and the axis of our galaxy. Just as comets are abundant around the poles of our solar system, and rare in the neighbourhood of its plane; so are nebulae abundant around the poles of our sidereal system, and rare in the neighbourhood of its plane.

so Laplace, by his observations on the structure of the solar system, was led to the conclusion that only by the rotation of aggregating matter were its peculiarities to be explained. In his "*Exposition du Système du Monde*," he enumerates as the leading evidences of evolution:—1. The movements of the planets in the same direction and almost in the same plane; 2. The movements of the satellites in the same direction as those of the planets; 3. The movement of rotation of these various bodies and of the sun in the same direction as the orbital motions, and in planes little different; 4. The small eccentricity of the orbits of the planets and satellites, as contrasted with the great eccentricity of the cometary orbits. And the probability that these harmonious movements had a common cause, he calculates as two hundred thousand millions to one. Observe that this immense preponderance of probabilities does not point to a common cause under the form ordinarily conceived—an Invisible Power working after the method of "a Great Artificer;" but to an Invisible Power working after the method of evolution. For though the supporters of the common hypothesis may argue that it was necessary for the sake of stability that the planets should go round the sun in the same direction and nearly in one plane, they cannot thus account for the direction of the axial motions. The mechanical equilibrium would not have been at all interfered with had the sun been without any rotatory movement; or had he revolved on his axis in a direction opposite to that in which the planets go round him; or in a direction at right angles to the plane of their orbits. With equal safety the motion of the Moon round the Earth might have been the reverse of the Earth's motion round its axis; or the motion of Jupiter's satellites might similarly have been at variance with his axial motion; or that of Saturn's satellites with his. As, however, none of these alternatives have been followed, the uniformity must be considered, in this case as in all others, evidence of subordination to some general law—implies what we call natural causation as distinguished from arbitrary arrangement.

Hence, as we argued at the outset from the general analogies of creation, so here we must argue from the conspicuous characteristics of the solar system itself, that the hypothesis of evolution would be the only probable one, even in the absence of any clue to the particular mode of evolution. But when we have, propounded by a mathematician whose authority is greater than that of any other, a definite theory of evolution based upon established mechanical laws, which accounts for these various peculiarities, as well as for many minor ones, the conclusion that the solar system *was* thus evolved becomes almost irresistible.

The general nature of Laplace's theory scarcely needs stating.

Books of popular astronomy have familiarized even unscientific readers with his conceptions ;—namely, that the matter now condensed into the solar system once formed a vast rotating spheroid of extreme rarity extending beyond the orbit of Neptune ; that as it contracted its rate of rotation necessarily increased ; that by augmenting centrifugal force its equatorial zone was from time to time prevented from following any further the concentrating mass, and so remained behind as a revolving ring ; that each of the revolving rings thus periodically detached eventually became ruptured at its weakest point, and, contracting upon itself, gradually aggregated into a rotating mass ; that this, like the parent mass, increased in rapidity of rotation as it decreased in size, and, where the centrifugal force was sufficient, similarly threw off rings, which finally collapsed into rotating spheroids ; and that thus out of these primary and secondary rings there arose planets and their satellites, while from the central mass there resulted the sun. Moreover, it is tolerably well known that this *à priori* reasoning is in harmony with the results of experiment. Dr. Plateau has shown that when a mass of fluid is, as far as may be, protected from the action of external forces, it will if made to rotate with adequate velocity, form detached rings ; and that these rings will break up into spheroids which turn on their axes in the same direction with the central mass. Thus, given the original nebula, which, acquiring a vortical motion in the way we have explained, has at length concentrated into a vast spheroid of aeriform matter moving round its axis—given this, and known mechanical laws explain the rest. The genesis of a solar system displaying movements like those which we observe, may be predicted ; and the reasoning on which the prediction is based is countenanced by experiment.

But now let us inquire whether, besides these most conspicuous peculiarities of the solar system, sundry minor ones are not similarly explicable. Take first the relative velocities of the planets in their orbits.

If it be true that each planet was formed by the collapse of a ring originally detached from the outside of the concentrating solar mass, then it follows that the revolution of this ring, or the resulting planet, must be performed in the same time as was that of the solar mass at the epoch when the ring was detached. Now between the motion which the solar mass has at present and that which it had during each phase of its concentration, there exists a necessary relation ; and it becomes a question whether from its present rate of rotation inferences can be drawn respecting its rates of rotation at the successive periods when the planetary rings were formed. The possibility of drawing such inferences was suspected, by M. Comte ; and in a paper read

before the French Academy he propounded a mathematical formula, which gives results very nearly approaching to the facts. For the sun's axial rotation at the epoch when its matter filled the Earth's orbit the calculated time thus obtained was 357 days—a tolerable approximation to our year. The moon's revolution was found to differ from that which the theory indicated by two and a half hours only. And similarly in the other cases: the amount of disagreement increasing with the remoter planets, but not on the average exceeding one forty-fifth of the period.

We believe that some doubts have been cast upon M. Comte's reasonings; and it must be admitted that the problem has sundry complexities which would seem to make the resolution of it very difficult. However, as a professor of mathematics, his authority is of weight; and the mere fact that any formula should have given results so nearly corresponding with those of observation throughout a considerable range of cases, is startling and significant.

Another trait in the mechanical arrangements of the solar system which has a manifest bearing on our argument, is the relation between the planes of the planetary orbits and that of the sun's equator. If when the nebulous spheroid extended beyond the orbit of Neptune, all parts of it had been revolving exactly in the same plane, or rather in parallel planes—if all its parts had had one axis—then the planes of the successive rings would have been identical with each other and with that of the sun's rotation. But it needs only to go back to the earlier stages of the concentrating mass, to see that there could exist no such complete uniformity of motion. The flocculi, a while since described as precipitated from an irregular and widely-diffused nebula, and as starting from all points to their common centre of gravity, must move not in one plane but in innumerable planes cutting each other at all angles. The vortical motion ultimately resulting, which we at present see displayed in the spiral nebulae, must establish itself in one plane—the plane of greatest momentum. All the flocculi not moving in this plane, but entering into the central aggregation at various inclinations, will tend to perform their revolutions round its centre in their own planes; and only in course of time will their motions be partly destroyed by conflicting ones, and partly resolved into the general motion. Especially will the outermost portions of the rotating mass ultimately formed, retain for long time their more or less independent directions; seeing that neither by friction nor by the central forces will they be so much restrained. Hence the probabilities are that the planes of the rings first detached will differ considerably from the average plane of the mass, while the planes of those detached latest will differ from it but little. Here again inference agrees

with observation. The angle which Mercury's orbit makes with the equator of the Sun is but twenty minutes, or one-third of a degree. That made by the orbit of Venus is very nearly four degrees. That made by the orbit of the Earth is seven degrees twenty minutes. And the outer planetary orbits make angles differing from that made by the Earth's orbit one or two degrees. This, then, is another peculiarity which on the nebular hypothesis has a meaning, but otherwise has none.

Consider next the movements of the planets on their axes. The fact mentioned by Laplace as one among other evidences of a common genetic cause, that the planets rotate in a direction the same as that in which they go round the sun, and on axes approximately perpendicular to their orbits, has, since he wrote, been contradicted in the case of Uranus, and still more recently in the case of Neptune—judging at least from the motions of their respective satellites. This anomaly has been thought to throw considerable doubt upon his speculation; and at first sight it does so. But a little reflection will, we believe, show that the difficulty is by no means an insurmountable one; and that Laplace simply went too far in putting down as a certain result of nebular genesis, what is, in some instances, only a probable result. The cause he pointed out as determining the direction of rotation, is the greater absolute velocity of the outer part of the detached ring. But there are conditions under which this difference of velocity may be relatively insignificant, even if it exists; and others in which, though existing to a considerable extent, it will not suffice to determine the direction of rotation. Note, in the first place, that in virtue of their origin, the different strata of a concentrating nebulous spheroid, will be very unlikely to move with the same angular velocities: only by mutual friction continued for an indefinite time will their angular velocities be made uniform; and especially will the outermost strata, for reasons just now assigned, maintain for the longest time their differences of movement. Hence, it is possible that in the rings first detached the greater absolute velocity of the outer rims may not hold; and not holding, the resulting planet may have a retrograde rotation. Again, the sectional form of the ring is a circumstance of moment; and this form must have differed more or less in every case. To make this clear some illustration will be necessary. Suppose we take an orange, and, assuming the marks of the stalk and the calyx to represent the poles, cut off round the line of the equator a strip of peel. This strip of peel, if placed on the table with its ends meeting, will make a ring shaped like the hoop of a barrel—a ring whose thickness in the line of its diameter is very small, but whose width in a direction perpendicular to its diameter is considerable. Suppose, now,

that in place of an orange, which is a spheroid of very slight oblateness, we take a spheroid of very great oblateness, having a shape somewhat like that of a lens of small convexity. If from the edge or equator of this lens-shaped spheroid, a ring of moderate size were cut off, it would be unlike the previous one in this respect, that its greatest thickness would be in the line of its diameter, and not in a line at right angles to its diameter: it would be a ring shaped somewhat like a quoit, only* far more slender. That is to say, according to the oblateness of a rotating spheroid, the detached ring may be either a hoop-shaped ring or a quoit-shaped ring. One further fact must be noted. In a much flattened or lense-shaped spheroid, the form of the ring will vary with its bulk. A very slender ring, taking off just the equatorial surface, will be hoop-shaped; while a tolerably massive ring, trenching appreciably upon the diameter of the spheroid, will be quoit-shaped. Thus, then, according to the oblateness of the spheroid and the bulkiness of the detached ring, will the greatest thickness of that ring be in the direction of its plane, or in a direction perpendicular to its plane. But this circumstance must greatly affect the rotation of the resulting planet. In a decidedly hoop-shaped nebulous ring, the differences of velocity between the inner and outer surfaces will, in the first place, be very small. In the second place, such a ring aggregating into a mass whose greatest diameter is at right angles to the plane of the orbit, that mass will have a strong tendency to rotate in a direction at right angles to the plane of the orbit; and this tendency will establish itself with but slight modification. Where the ring is but little hoop-shaped, and the difference of the inner and outer velocities also greater, as it must be, the opposing tendencies—one to produce rotation in the plane of the orbit, and the other rotation perpendicular to it—will both be influential, and an intermediate plane of rotation will be taken up. While, if the nebulous ring is decidedly quoit-shaped, and therefore aggregates into a mass whose greatest dimension lies in the plane of the orbit, both tendencies will conspire to produce rotation in that plane.

On referring to the facts, we find them, as far as can be judged without exact mathematical investigation, quite in harmony with this view. Considering the enormous circumference of Uranus' orbit, and his comparatively small mass, we may conclude that the ring from which he resulted was a comparatively slender, and therefore a hoop-shaped one: especially if the nebulous mass was at that time less oblate, which is highly probable. Hence, a plane of rotation nearly perpendicular to his orbit, and a direction of rotation having no reference to his orbital movement. Saturn has a mass seven times as great, and an orbit of less than

half the diameter, whence it follows that his genetic ring, having less than half the circumference, and less than half the vertical thickness (the spheroid being then certainly *as* oblate if not *more* oblate), must have had considerably greater width—must have been less hoop-shaped, and more approaching to the quoit-shaped: notwithstanding difference of density, it must have been at least two or three times as broad in the line of its plane. Consequently, Saturn has a rotatory movement in the same direction as the movement of translation, and in a plane differing from it by thirty degrees only. In the case of Jupiter, again, whose mass is three and a half times that of Saturn, and whose orbit is little more than half the size, the genetic ring must, for the like reasons, have been still broader—decidedly quoit-shaped, we may say; and there hence resulted a planet whose plane of rotation differs from that of his orbit by scarcely more than three degrees. Once more, considering the comparative insignificance of Mars, Earth, Venus, and Mercury, it follows that the diminishing circumferences of the rings not sufficing to account for the smallness of resulting masses, the rings must have been slender ones—must have again approximated to the hoop-shaped; and thus it happens that the planes of rotation again diverge more or less widely from those of the orbits. Taking into account the varying oblateness of the original spheroid in the successive stages of its concentration, and the different proportions of the detached rings, it seems to us that the respective rotatory motions may be satisfactorily accounted for.

Not only the directions, but also the velocities of rotation are thus explicable. It might naturally be supposed that the large planets would revolve on their axes more slowly than the small ones; this would be most in conformity with our ordinary experiences. It is a corollary from the nebular hypothesis, however, more especially when interpreted as above, that while large planets should rotate rapidly, small ones should rotate slowly; and we find that in fact they do so. Other things equal, a concentrating nebulous mass that is diffused through a wide space, and whose outer parts have, therefore, to travel from a great distance to the common centre of gravity, will acquire a high axial velocity in the course of its aggregation; and conversely with a small mass. Still more marked will be the difference where the form of the genetic ring conspires to increase the rate of rotation. Other things equal, a genetic ring that is broadest in the direction of its plane will produce a mass rotating faster than one that is broadest at right angles to its plane; and if the ring is absolutely as well as relatively broad, the rotation will be very rapid. These conditions were, as we saw, fulfilled in the case of Jupiter; and Jupiter goes round his axis in less than ten hours. Saturn, in

whose case, as above explained, the conditions were manifestly less favourable to rapid rotation, takes ten hours and a-half. While Mars, Earth, Venus, and Mercury, whose rings must have been slender, take more than double the time: the smallest taking the longest. Not only thus do the various phenomena of rotation consist with the nebular hypothesis, but this hypothesis gives us a more or less feasible solution of sundry peculiarities that, in its absence, are either anomalous or meaningless.

From the planets, let us now pass to the satellites. Here, beyond the conspicuous facts commonly adverted to, that they go round their primaries in the same directions that these turn on their axes, in planes diverging but little from their equators, and in orbits nearly circular, there are several significant traits that must not be passed over.

One of them is, that each set of satellites repeats in miniature the relations of the planets to the sun, not only in the respects just named, but also in the order of their sizes. On progressing from the outside of the solar system to its centre, we see that there are four large external planets and four internal ones, which are comparatively small. The same contrast holds between the outer and inner satellites in every case. Among the four satellites of Jupiter, the parallel is maintained as well as the comparative smallness of the number allows: the two outer ones are the largest, and the two inner ones the smallest. According to the most recent observations made by Mr. Lassell, the like is true of the four satellites of Uranus. In the case of Saturn, who has eight secondary planets revolving round him, the likeness is still more close in arrangement as in number: the three outer satellites are large, the inner ones small; and the contrasts of size are here much greater between the largest, which is nearly as big as Mars, and the smallest, which is with difficulty discovered even by the best telescopes. Moreover, the analogy does not end here. Just as with the planets, there is at first a general increase of size on travelling inwards from Neptune and Uranus, which do not differ very widely, to Saturn, which is much larger, and to Jupiter, which is the largest; so of the eight satellites of Saturn, the largest is not the outermost, but the outermost save two; so of Jupiter's four secondaries, the largest is the most remote but one. Now these analogies are inexplicable upon the theory of final causes. For purposes of lighting, if this be the presumed object of these attendant bodies, it would have been far better had the larger been the nearer: at present, their remoteness renders them of less service than the smallest. To the nebular hypothesis, however, these analogies give further support. They show the action of a common physical cause. They imply a *law* of genesis, holding in the secondary systems as in the primary system.

Still more instructive shall we find the distribution of the

satellites,—their absence in some instances, and their presence in other instances, in smaller or greater numbers. The argument from design fails to account for this distribution. Supposing it be granted that planets nearer the Sun than ourselves, have no need of moons (though, considering that their nights are as dark, and, relatively to their brilliant days, even darker than ours, the need seems quite as great)—supposing this be granted; what is to be said of Mars, which, placed half as far again from the Sun as we are, has yet no moon? Or again, how are we to explain the fact that Uranus has but half as many moons as Saturn, though he is at double the distance? While, however, the current presumption is untenable, the nebular hypothesis furnishes us with a quite satisfactory explanation. It actually enables us to predict, by a not very complex calculation, where satellites will be abundant and where they will be absent. The reasoning is as follows:—

In a rotating nebulous spheroid that is concentrating into a planet, there are at work two antagonist mechanical tendencies,—the centripetal and the centrifugal. While the force of gravitation draws all the atoms of the spheroid together, their tangential momentum is, in part, resolvable into a force impelling them to fly asunder. The ratio which these opposing tendencies bear to each other, differs according to the velocity of rotation. In a mass that has no rotation there is no centrifugal force. Conversely when the velocity at which a mass rotates exceeds a certain point, the centrifugal force becomes so great that, overcoming not only the gravitation, but the cohesive attraction, it causes the mass to fly to pieces. And between these extremes, the ratio which the centrifugal force bears to gravitation varies, other things equal, as the square of the velocity. Hence, the aggregation of a rotating nebulous spheroid will be more or less strongly opposed by this outward impetus of its particles: the opposition, in equal spheroids, being four times as great when the rotation is twice as rapid; nine times as great when it is three times as rapid; and so on. Now the detachment of a ring from a planet-forming body of nebulous matter, implies that at its equatorial zone the centrifugal force has become so great as to balance gravity. If the rotation is very rapid, further concentration, leading to increased rapidity of rotation, will soon again raise the centrifugal force to an equality with gravity—will soon again cause the detachment of a ring. That is to say, the detachment of rings will be most frequent from those masses in which the centrifugal tendency bears the greatest ratio to the gravitative tendency. Though it is not possible to calculate what were the proportions these two tendencies had to each other in the genetic spheroid which produced each planet, it is possible to calculate where they were the greatest and where the least. While it is true that the ratio which centrifugal force now bears to gravity at the equator of each

planet, differs widely from that which it bore during the earlier stages of concentration; and while it is true that this change in the ratio, depending on the degree of contraction each planet has undergone, has in no two cases been the same; yet we may safely conclude that where the ratio is still the greatest, it has been the greatest from the beginning. The satellite-forming tendency which each planet had, will be approximately indicated by the proportion now existing in it between the aggregating power and the power that has opposed aggregation. On making the requisite calculations, we find that the facts completely harmonize with this inference. The following table shows what fraction the centrifugal is of the centripetal force in every case, and the relation which that fraction has to the number of satellites.

Mercury.	Venus.	Earth.	Mars.	Jupiter.	Saturn.	Uranus.
$\frac{1}{362}$	$\frac{1}{282}$	$\frac{1}{289}$	$\frac{1}{326}$	$\frac{1}{14}$	$\frac{1}{6.2}$	$\frac{1}{9}$
		1 Satellite.		4 Satellites.	8 Satellites and three rings.	4 (or 6 ac- cording to Herschel).

Thus, taking as our standard of comparison the Earth with its one moon, we see that Mercury and Mars, in which the centrifugal force is relatively less, have no moons. Jupiter, in which it is far greater, has four moons. Uranus, in which it is greater still, has certainly four, and probably more than four. Saturn, in which it is the greatest, being nearly one-sixth of gravity, has, including his rings, eleven attendants. The only instance in which there is imperfect conformity with observation is that of Venus. In Venus, it appears that the centrifugal force is relatively a very little greater than in the Earth; and according to the hypothesis it ought, therefore, to have a satellite. Of this seeming anomaly there are two explanations. In the first place, not a few astronomers have asserted that Venus *has* a satellite. Cassini, Short, Montaigne of Limoges, Roedkier, and Montbarron, professed to have seen it; and Lambert calculated its elements. Should it, however, ultimately be proved that they were mistaken, there is still the fact, that the diameter of Venus is variously estimated; and that a very small change in the data would make the fraction less instead of greater than that of the Earth. This seeming discrepancy, then, slight as it is, is very probably not real; and if it is not real, the correspondence between calculation and fact is complete. We cannot but think that this correspondence, even as it now stands, is one of the strongest confirmations of the nebular hypothesis.

Certain more special peculiarities of the satellites must be mentioned as highly suggestive. One of them is the relation

between the period of revolution and that of rotation. No discoverable purpose is served by making the Moon go round its axis in the same time that it goes round the Earth: for our convenience a more rapid axial motion would have been equally good; and for any possible inhabitants of the Moon, much better. Against the alternative supposition, that the equality occurred by accident, the probabilities are, as Laplace says, infinity to one. But to this arrangement, which is explicable neither as the result of design nor of chance, the nebular hypothesis furnishes a clue. In his "*Exposition du Système du Monde*," Laplace shows, by reasoning too detailed to be here repeated, that under the circumstances such a relation of movements would be likely to establish itself; and he further shows that there would, from the same causes, result that lateral oscillation of the moon known as its libration.

Among Jupiter's satellites, which severally display these same synchronous movements, there also exists a still more remarkable relation. "If the mean angular velocity of the first satellite be added to twice that of the third, the sum will be equal to three times that of the second;" and "from this it results that the situations of any two of them being given, that of the third can be found." Now here, as before, no conceivable advantage results. Neither in this case can the connexion have been accidental: the probabilities are infinity to one to the contrary. But again, according to Laplace, the nebular hypothesis supplies a solution. Are not these significant facts?

Most significant fact of all, however, is that presented by the rings of Saturn. As Laplace remarks, they are, as it were, still extant witnesses of the genetic process he propounded. Here we have, continuing permanently, forms of matter like those through which each planet and satellite once passed; and their movements are just what, in conformity with the hypothesis, they should be. "*La durée de la rotation d'une planète doit donc être, d'après cette hypothèse, plus petite que la durée de la révolution du corps le plus voisin qui circule autour d'elle*," says Laplace.* And he then points out that the time of Saturn's rotation is to that of his rings as 427 to 438—an amount of difference such as was to be expected.

But besides the existence of these rings, and their movement in the required manner, there is a highly suggestive circumstance which Laplace has not remarked—namely, the place of their occurrence. If the solar system was produced after the manner popularly supposed, then there is no reason why the rings of Saturn should not have encircled him at a comparatively great

* "*Mécanique Céleste*," p. 346.

distance. Or, instead of being given to Saturn, who in their absence would still have had eight satellites, such rings might have been given to Mars, by way of compensation for a moon. Or they might have been given to Uranus, who, for purposes of illumination, has far greater need of them. On the common hypothesis, we repeat, no reason can be assigned for their existence in the place where we find them. But on the hypothesis of evolution, the arrangement, so far from offering a difficulty, offers another confirmation. These rings are found where alone they could have been produced—close to the body of a planet whose centrifugal force bears a great proportion to his gravitative force. That permanent rings should exist at any great distance from a planet's body, is, on the nebular hypothesis, manifestly impossible. Rings detached early in the process of concentration, and therefore consisting of gaseous matter having extremely little power of cohesion, can have no ability to resist the disrupting forces due to imperfect homogeneity; and must, therefore, collapse into satellites. A liquid ring is the only one admitting of permanence. But a liquid ring can be produced only when the aggregation is approaching its extreme—only when gaseous matter is passing into liquid, and the mass is about to assume the planetary form. And even then it cannot be produced save under special conditions. Gaining a rapidly increasing preponderance, as the gravitative force does during the closing stages of concentration, the centrifugal force cannot in ordinary cases cause the detachment of rings when the mass has become very dense. Only where the centrifugal force has all along been very great, and remains powerful to the last, as in Saturn, can liquid rings be formed. Thus the nebular hypothesis shows us why such appendages surround Saturn, but exist nowhere else.

And then, to crown all, let us not forget the fact, discovered within these few years, that Saturn possesses a *nebulous* ring, through which his body is seen as through a thick veil. In a position where alone such a thing seems preservable—suspended, as it were, between the denser rings and the planet—there still continues one of these annular masses of diffused matter from which satellites and planets are believed to have originated.

We find, then, that besides those most conspicuous peculiarities of the solar system which first suggested the theory of its evolution, there are many minor ones clearly pointing in the same direction. Were there no other evidence, these mechanical arrangements would, considered in their totality, go far to establish the nebular hypothesis.

From the mechanical arrangements of the solar system, turn we now to its physical characters; and, first, let us consider the inferences deducible from relative specific gravities.

The fact that, speaking generally, the denser planets are the nearer to the Sun, has been by some considered as adding another to the many indications of nebular origin. Legitimately assuming that the outermost parts of a rotating nebulous spheroid, in its earlier stages of concentration, will be comparatively rare; and that the increasing density which the whole mass acquires as it contracts, must hold of the outermost parts as well as the rest; it is argued that the rings successively detached will be more and more dense, and will form planets of higher and higher specific gravities. That this may be, and perhaps is, one element in the explanation, we admit; but, taken alone, it is quite inadequate to account for the facts. Using the Earth as the standard of comparison, the relative densities run thus:—

Neptune.	Uranus.	Saturn.	Jupiter.	Mars.	Earth.	Venus.	Mercury.	Sun.
0·14	0·24	0·14	0·24	0·95	1·00	0·92	1·12	0·25

Two seemingly insurmountable objections are presented by this series. The first is, that the progression is but a broken one. Neptune is as dense as Saturn, which, by the hypothesis, it ought not to be. Uranus is as dense as Jupiter, which it ought not to be. Uranus is denser than Saturn, and the Earth is denser than Venus—facts which not only give no countenance to, but directly contradict, the alleged explanation. The second objection, still more manifestly fatal, is the low specific gravity of the Sun. If, when the matter of the Sun filled the orbit of Mercury, its state of aggregation was such that the detached ring formed a planet having a specific gravity equal to that of iron; then the Sun itself, now that it has concentrated, should have a specific gravity much greater than that of iron; whereas its specific gravity is not much above that of water. Instead of being far denser than the nearest planet, it is not one-fourth as dense. And a parallel relation holds between Jupiter and his smallest satellite.

While these anomalies render untenable the position that the relative specific gravities of the planets are direct indications of nebular condensation, it by no means follows that they negative it. On the contrary, we believe that the facts admit of an interpretation perfectly consistent with the hypothesis of Laplace; nay, more—that this hypothesis gives us a key to the irregularities.

There are three conceivable causes of unlike specific gravities in the members of our solar system:—1. Difference in the nature of the matter or matters composing them. 2. Difference in the quantities of matter; for, other things equal, the mutual gravitation of atoms will make a large mass denser than a small one. 3. Difference in their structures, as being either solid or liquid throughout, or as having central cavities filled with elastic aeriform fluid. Of these three conceivable causes, that commonly assigned

is the first, more or less modified by the second. The extremely low specific gravity of Saturn, which but little exceeds that of cork—and, on this hypothesis, must at his surface be considerably less than that of cork—is supposed to arise from the intrinsic lightness of his substance. That the Sun weighs not much more than an equal bulk of water, is taken as evidence that the matter he consists of is but little heavier than water; although, considering his enormous gravitative force, which at his surface is twenty-eight times the gravitative force at the surface of the Earth, and considering his enormous mass, which is 390,000 times that of the Earth, the matter he is made of can have no analogy to the fluids or solids we know. However, spite of these difficulties, the current hypothesis is, that the Sun and planets, inclusive of the Earth, are masses either solid or liquid, or having solid crusts with liquid nuclei: their unlike specific gravities resulting from unlikenesses of substance. And indeed, at first sight, this would seem to be the only tenable supposition; seeing that, unless prevented by some immense resisting force, gravitation must obliterate any internal cavity by collapsing the surrounding fluid or solid matter.

Nevertheless, that the Earth, in common with other members of the solar system, consists of a solid shell whose cavity is entirely filled with molten matter, is not an established fact; it is nothing but a supposition. We must not let its familiarity and apparent feasibility delude us into an uncritical acceptance of it. If we find an alternative supposition which, physically considered, is equally possible, and which is also the one indicated by the nebular hypothesis, we are bound to consider it. And if it not only avoids the difficulties above pointed out, but many others hereafter to be mentioned, while it explains anomalies otherwise unaccountable, we must give it the preference.

Before proceeding to consider what the nebular hypothesis indicates respecting the internal structure of the Sun and planets, we may state that our reasonings, though of a kind not admitting of direct verification, are nothing more than deductions from the established principles of physics. We have submitted them to an authority than whom we believe none are higher; and while not prepared fully to commit himself to them, he yet sees nothing to object.

Starting, then, with a rotating spheroid of aeriform matter, in the latter stages of its concentration, but before it has begun to take a liquid or solid form, let us inquire what must be the actions going on in it. Mutual gravitation continually aggregates its atoms into a smaller and denser mass; and the aggregating force goes on increasing, as the common centre of gravity is approached. An obstacle to concentration, however, exists in the centrifugal

force, which, at this stage, bears a far higher ratio to gravity than afterwards, and in a gaseous spheroid must produce a very oblate form. At the same time, the approximation of the atoms is resisted by a force which, in being overcome, is evolved as heat. This heat must be greatest where the atoms are subject to the highest pressure—namely, about the central parts. And as fast as it escapes into space, further approximation and further generation of heat must take place. But in a gaseous spheroid, whose internal parts are hotter than its external ones, there must be some circulation taking place. The currents must set from the hottest region to the coolest by some particular route; and from the coolest to the hottest by some other route. In a very oblate spheroid, the coolest region must be that about the equator: the surface there bearing so large a ratio to the mass. Hence there will be currents from the centre to the equator, and others from the equator to the centre. What will be the special courses of these currents? From the centre they will follow the lines of most rapidly-decreasing density; seeing that the inertia will be least in those directions. That is to say, there will be a current from the centre towards each pole, along the axis of rotation; and the space thus continually left vacant will be filled by the collapse of matter coming in at right angles to the axis. The process cannot end here, however. If there are constant currents from the centre towards the poles, there must be a constant accumulation at the poles: the spheroid will be ever becoming more protuberant about the poles than the conditions of mechanical equilibrium permit. If, however, the mass at the poles is thus ever in excess, it must, by the forces acting upon it, be constantly moved over the outer surface of the spheroid from the poles towards the equator: thus only can that form which rotation necessitates be maintained. And a further result of this transfer of matter from the centre, by way of the poles, to the equator, must be the establishment of counter-currents from the equator in diametrical lines; to the centre.

Mark now the changes of temperature that must occur in these currents. An aeriform mass ascending from the centre towards either pole, will expand as it approaches the surface, in consequence of the diminution of pressure. But expansion, involving an absorption of heat, will entail a diminished temperature; and the temperature will be further lowered by the greater freedom of radiation into space. This rarefied and cooled mass must be still more rarefied and cooled in its progress over the surface of the spheroid to the equator. Continually thrust further from the pole by the ceaseless accumulation there, it must acquire an ever-increasing rotatory motion and an ever-increasing centrifugal force; whence must follow expansion and absorption of heat. To

the refrigeration thus caused must be added that resulting from radiation, which at each advance towards the equator will be less hindered. And when the equator is arrived at, the mass we have thus followed will have reached its maximum rarity and maximum coolness. Conversely, every portion of a current proceeding in a diametrical direction from the equator to the centre, must progressively rise in temperature; in virtue alike of the increasing pressure, the gradual arrest of motion, and the diminished rate of radiation. Note, lastly, that this circulation will go on with extreme slowness. As the matter proceeding from the equator towards the centre must have its rotatory motion destroyed in the process, while that proceeding from the poles to the equator must have motion given to it, it follows that an enormous amount of inertia has to be overcome; and this must make the currents so slow as to prevent them from producing anything like an equalization of temperature.

And now, such being the constitution of a concentrating spheroid of gaseous matter, where will it begin to condense into liquid? The common assumption has been, that in a nebulous mass approaching towards the planetary form, the liquefaction will first occur at the centre. We believe that, on examination, this assumption will prove to be inconsistent with established physical principles.

Observe first that it is contrary to analogy. It is admitted on all hands that the matter of the Earth was liquid before any of it became solid. Where has it first solidified? Not at the centre, but at the surface. Now the same general principles apply to the condensation of gaseous matter into liquid, which apply to the condensation of liquid matter into solid. Hence if the once liquid substance of the earth first solidified at the surface, the implication is that its once aeriform substance first liquified at the surface.

But we have no need to rest in analogy. On considering what must happen in a rotating nebulous spheroid having currents moving as we have shown they must move, we shall see that external condensation is a corollary. In conformity with reasonings and facts already given, the presumption is that a nebulous mass, when it has arrived at this stage, will consist of an aeriform mixture of various matters: the heavier and more condensible matters being contained in the rarer or less condensible ones, in the same way that water is contained in air. And the inference must be, that at a certain stage some of these denser matters will be precipitated in the shape of vapour.* Now, what

* The reader will perhaps say that this process is the one described as having taken place early in the history of nebular evolution; and this is true. But the same actions will be repeated in media of different densities.

are the laws of precipitation from gases? If a gas, holding some substance in suspension, expands in consequence of the removal of pressure, it will, when the rarefaction and consequent cooling reach a certain point, begin to let fall the suspended substance. Conversely, if a gas, saturated even with some substance, is subject to increased pressure, and is allowed to retain the additional heat which that pressure generates, so far from letting fall what it contains, it will gain the power to take up more. See, then, the inference respecting condensation in a nebulous spheroid. The currents proceeding from the equator to the centre, subject to increasing pressure, and acquiring the heat due not only to this increasing pressure but to arrested motion, will have no tendency to deposit their suspended substances, but rather the reverse: the formation of liquid matter at the centre of the mass will be impossible. Contrariwise, the currents moving from the centre to the poles and thence to the equator, expanding as they go, first from diminished pressure and afterwards from increased centrifugal force; and losing heat, not only by expansion, but by more rapid radiation; will have less and less power to retain their contained matter. The earliest precipitation will therefore take place in the region of extremest rarefaction; namely, about the equator. An equatorial belt of vapour will be first formed, and, widening into a zone, will by-and-bye begin to condense into fluid.* Gradually this fluid film will extend itself on each side the equator, and, encroaching upon the two hemispheres, will eventually close over at the poles: thus forming a thin hollow globe, or rather spheroid, filled with gaseous matter. We do not mean that this condensation will take place at the very outermost surface; for probably round the denser gases forming the principal mass, there will extend strata of gases too rare to be entangled in these processes. It is the surface of this inner spheroid of denser gases to which our reasoning points as the place of earliest condensation.

The internal circulation we have described, continuing, as it must, after the formation of this liquid film, there will still go on the radiation of heat, and the progressive aggregation. The film will thicken at the expense of the internal gaseous substances precipitated upon it. As it thickens, as the globe contracts, and as the gravitative force augments, the pressure will increase; and the evolution and radiation of heat will go on more rapidly. Eventually, however, when the liquid shell becomes very thick, and the internal cavity relatively small, the obstacle put to the escape of heat by this thick liquid shell, with its slowly circulating currents, will turn the scale; the temperature of the outer

* The formation of Saturn's rings is thus rendered quite comprehensible.

surface will begin to diminish, and a solid crust will form while the internal cavity is yet unobliterated.

"But what," it may be asked, "will become of this gaseous nucleus when exposed to the enormous gravitative pressure of a shell some thousands of miles thick? How can aeriform matter withstand such a pressure?" Very readily. It has been proved that even when the heat generated by their compression is allowed to escape, some gases remain uncondensable by any force we can produce. An unsuccessful attempt lately made at Vienna to liquify oxygen, clearly shows this enormous resistance. The steel piston employed was literally shortened by the pressure used; and yet the gas remained unliquified! If, then, the expansive force is thus immense when the heat evolved is dissipated, what must it be when that heat is detained, as in the case we are considering? In such a case, every addition to the heat is an addition to the repulsive power of the atoms: the increased pressure itself generates an increased ability to resist; and this remains true to whatever extent the compression is carried. Indeed, it is an obvious corollary from the law of the conservation of force, that if, under increasing pressure, a gas retains the accumulating heat evolved, its resisting force is *absolutely unlimited*. Hence, the internal planetary structure we have described is as physically stable a one as that commonly assumed.

And now let us see how this hypothesis tallies with the facts. One inference from it must be, that large masses will progress towards final consolidation more slowly than small masses. Though a large concentrating spheroid will, from its superior aggregative force, generate heat more rapidly than a small one; yet, having, relatively to its surface, a much greater quantity of heat to get rid of, it will be longer than a small one in going through the changes we have described. Hence, at a time when the smaller members of our solar system have arrived at so advanced a stage of aggregation as almost to have obliterated their central cavities, and so reached high specific gravity, the larger members will still be in that comparatively early stage in which the central cavity bears a great ratio to the surrounding shell, and will therefore have low specific gravities. This contrast is just what we find. The small planets Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, differing from each other comparatively little in density as in size, are about four times as dense as Jupiter and Uranus, and seven times as dense as Saturn and Neptune,—planets exceeding them in size as oranges exceed peas; add to which, that they are four times as dense as the Sun, which in mass exceeds the smallest of them nearly 5,000,000 times. The objection which will at once occur to some, that this hypothesis does not explain the minor differences, serves but to introduce a further confirmation. It may be urged that Jupiter is of

greater specific gravity than Saturn, though, considering his superior mass, his specific gravity should be less; and that still more anomalous is the case of the Sun, which, though containing a thousand times the matter that Jupiter does, is nearly of the same specific gravity. The solution of these difficulties lies in the modifying effects of centrifugal force. Had the various masses to be compared been all along in a state of rest, then the larger should have been uniformly the less dense. But during the concentrating process they have been rotating with various velocities. The consequent centrifugal force has in each case been in antagonism with gravitation; and, according to its amount, has hindered the concentration to a greater or less degree. The really effective aggregative force which has determined the rate of evolution and radiation of heat, has in each case been the excess of the centripetal tendency over the centrifugal. Whence we may infer that wherever this excess has been the least, the consolidation must have been the most hindered, and the specific gravity will be the smallest. This, too, we find to be the fact. Saturn, at whose equator the centrifugal force is even now almost one sixth of gravity, and who, by the great number of his satellites, shows us how strong an antagonist to concentration it was in earlier stages of his evolution, is little more than half as dense as Jupiter, whose concentration has been hindered by a centrifugal force bearing a much smaller ratio to the centripetal. On the other hand, the Sun, whose latter stages of aggregation have met with comparatively little of this opposition, and whose atoms tend towards their common centre with a force ten times as great as that which Jupiter's atoms are subject to, has, notwithstanding his immense bulk, reached a specific gravity as great as that of Jupiter; and he has done this partly for the reason assigned, and partly because the process of consolidation has been and still is actively going on, while that of Jupiter has long since almost ceased.

Before pointing out further harmonies let us meet an objection. Laplace, taking for data Jupiter's mass, diameter, and rate of rotation, calculated the degree of compression at the poles which his centrifugal force should produce, supposing his substance was homogeneous; and finding that the calculated amount of oblateness was greater than the actual amount, inferred that his substance must be denser towards the centre. The inference seems unavoidable; is diametrically opposed to the hypothesis of a shell of a denser matter with a gaseous nucleus; and we confess that on first meeting with this fact we were inclined to think it fatal. But there is a consideration, apt at first to be overlooked, which completely disposes of it. A compressed elastic medium tends ever with great energy to give a spherical figure to the chamber in which it is confined. This is a fact alike mathe-

matically demonstrable, and recognised in practice by every engineer. In the case before us, the expansive power of the gaseous nucleus is such as to balance the gravitation of the shell of the planet; and this power perpetually strives to make the planet a perfect sphere. Thus the centrifugal force is opposed not only by that of gravity but by another of great intensity; and hence the degree of oblateness assumed is relatively small.

This difficulty being, as we think, satisfactorily met, we go on to name some indirect but highly significant facts bearing upon our hypothesis. And first with respect to the asteroids, or planetoids, as they are otherwise called. Now that those have proved to be so numerous—now that it has become probable that beyond some fifty already discovered there are many more—the supposition of Olbers that they are the fragments of an exploded planet which once occupied the vacant region they fill, has gained increased probability. The alternative supposition of Laplace, that they are the products of a nebulous ring which separated into many fragments instead of collapsing into a single mass, seems inconsistent with the extremely various, and in some cases extremely great, inclinations of their orbits; as well as with their similarly various and great eccentricities. For these the theory of Olbers completely accounts—indeed, it necessarily involves them; while at the same time it affords us a feasible explanation of meteors, and especially the periodic swarms of them, which would else be inexplicable. The fact, inferred from the present derangement of their orbits, that if the planetoids once formed parts of one mass, it must have exploded myriads of years ago, is no difficulty, but rather the reverse. Taking Olbers' supposition, then, as the most tenable one, let us ask how such an explosion could have occurred. If planets are internally constituted as is commonly assumed, no conceivable cause of it can be named. A solid mass may crack and fly to pieces, but it cannot violently explode. So, too, with a liquid mass covered by a crust. Though, if contained in an unyielding shell and artificially raised to a very high temperature, a liquid may so expand as to burst the shell and simultaneously flash into vapour; yet if contained in a yielding crust, like that of a planet, it would not do so, even were the requisite increase of temperature given: it would crack the crust and give off its expansive force gradually. But the planetary structure above supposed, supplies us with all the requisite conditions to an explosion, and an adequate cause for it. We have in the interior of the mass a cavity serving as a sufficient reservoir of force. We have this cavity filled with gaseous matters of high tension. We have in the chemical affinities of these matters a source of enormous expansive power capable of being quite suddenly brought into existence. And we have in the increasing heat of the shell, consequent upon progressing

concentration, a cause of such instantaneous chemical change and the resulting explosion. The explanation thus supplied, of an event which there can be little doubt has occurred, and which is not otherwise accounted for, adds to the probability of the hypothesis.

One further evidence, and that not the least important, is deducible from geology. From the known rate at which the temperature rises as we pierce deeper into the substance of the Earth, it has been inferred that its solid crust is some forty miles thick. And if this be its thickness, we have a feasible explanation of volcanic phenomena, and of the elevation of mountain chains, &c. But proceeding upon the current supposition that the Earth's interior is wholly filled with molten matter, Professor Hopkins has calculated that to cause the observed amount of precession of the equinoxes, the Earth's crust must be at least eight hundred miles thick. Here is an immense discrepancy. However imperfect may be the data from which it is calculated that the Earth is molten at forty miles deep, it seems very unlikely that this conclusion differs from the truth so widely as forty miles does from eight hundred. It seems scarcely conceivable that if the crust is thus thick, it should, by its contraction and corrugation, produce mountain chains, as it has done during quite modern geological epochs. It is not easy on this supposition to explain elevations and subsidences of small area. Neither do the phenomena of volcanoes appear comprehensible: indeed to account for these, Professor Hopkins has been obliged to make the gratuitous and extremely improbable assumption, that there are isolated lakes of molten matter enclosed in this thick crust, and situated, as they must be, not far from its outer surface. But irreconcilable as appear the astronomical with the geological facts, if we take for granted that the Earth consists wholly of solid and liquid substances, they become at once reconcilable if we adopt the conclusion that the Earth has a gaseous nucleus. If there be an internal cavity of considerable diameter occupied only by aeriform matter—if the density of the surrounding shell is, as it must in that case be, greater than the current supposition implies; then there will be a larger quantity of matter contained in the equatorial protuberance, and an adequate cause for the precession. Manifestly there may be found some proportion between the central space and its envelope, which will satisfy the mechanical requirements without involving a thicker crust than geological phenomena indicate.

We conceive then that the hypothesis we have set forth, is in many respects preferable to that ordinarily received. We can know nothing by direct observation concerning the central parts either of our own planet or any other: indirect methods are alone possible. The idea which has been tacitly adopted is just as speculative

as that we have opposed to it; and the only question is, which harmonizes best with established facts. Thus compared, the advantage is greatly on the side of the new one. It disposes of sundry anomalies, and explains things that seem else incomprehensible. We are no longer obliged to assume such wide differences in the substances of the various planets: we need not think of any of them as like cork or water. We are shown how it happens that the larger planets have so much lower specific gravities than the smaller, instead of having higher ones, as might naturally have been expected; and we are further shown why Saturn is the lightest of all. That Mercury should be relatively so much heavier than the Sun; that Jupiter should be specifically lighter than his smallest satellite; that Saturn's rings should be more than half as dense again as himself; are no longer mysteries. A feasible cause is assigned for the catastrophe which produced the asteroids. And some apparently incongruous peculiarities in the Earth's structure are brought to an agreement. May we not say, then, that being deducible by strict reasoning from the nebular hypothesis, this alleged planetary structure gives further indirect support to that hypothesis?

In considering the specific gravities of the heavenly bodies, we have been obliged to speak of the heat evolved by them. But we have yet to point out the fact that in their present conditions with respect to temperature, we find additional materials for building up our argument; and these too of the most substantial character.

It is an inevitable deduction from established physical principles, that heat must be generated by the aggregation of diffused matter into a concrete form; and throughout our reasonings we have assumed that such generation of heat has been an accompaniment of nebular condensation. If then the nebular hypothesis be true, we ought to find in all the heavenly bodies either present high temperature, or marks of past high temperature.

As far as observation can reach, the facts prove to be exactly what theory requires. Various orders of evidence conspire to demonstrate that, below a certain depth, the Earth is still molten. And that it was once wholly molten, is implied by the circumstance that the rate at which the temperature increases as we descend below its surface, is just that which would be found in a mass that had been cooling for an indefinite period. The Moon, too, shows us, by its corrugations and its conspicuous volcanoes, that in it there has been a process of refrigeration and contraction like that which had gone on in the Earth. And in Venus, the existence of mountains similarly indicates an igneous reaction of the interior upon a solidifying crust.

• On the common theory of creation, these phenomena are in-

explicable. To what end the Earth should have existed for myriads of years at a white-heat, incapable of supporting not only human life, but any life, it cannot say. To satisfy this supposition, the Earth should have been originally created in a state fit for the assumed purpose of creation; and similarly with the other planets. While, therefore, to the nebular hypothesis the evidence of original incandescence and still continued internal heat furnish strong confirmation, they are, to the antagonist hypothesis, insurmountable difficulties.

But the argument from temperature does not end here. There remains to be noticed a still more conspicuous and still more significant fact. If the Solar System resulted from the concentration of diffused matter which evolved heat while gravitating into its present dense form, then there are certain obvious corollaries respecting the relative temperatures of the resulting bodies. Other things equal, the latest-formed mass will be the latest in cooling,—will, for an almost infinite time, possess a greater heat than the earlier formed ones. Other things equal, the largest mass will, in virtue of its superior aggregative force, become hotter than the others, and radiate more intensely. Other things equal, the largest mass, notwithstanding the higher temperature it reaches, will, in consequence of its relatively small surface, be the slowest in parting with its evolved heat. And hence, if there is one mass which was not only formed after the rest, but exceeds them enormously in size, it follows that this one will reach an intensity of incandescence much beyond that reached by the rest, and will continue in this state of intense incandescence long after the rest have cooled. Such a mass we have in the Sun. It is a corollary from the nebular hypothesis, that the matter forming the Sun assumed its present concrete form at a period much more recent than that at which the planets became definite bodies. The quantity of matter contained in the Sun is nearly five million times that contained in the smallest planet, and above a thousand times that contained in the largest. And while, from the enormous gravitative force of the atoms, the evolution of heat has been intense, the facilities of radiation have been relatively small. Hence the still-continued high-temperature. Just that condition of the central body which is a necessary inference from the nebular hypothesis, we find actually existing in the Sun.

We are aware that in arguing thus we are ignoring the generally received theory respecting the Sun's constitution. Partly with the view of explaining the solar spots, partly, perhaps, from the wish to regard the Sun as habitable, and partly, also, from the difficulty of accounting for a perennial supply of light and heat, certain assumptions have been made respecting the nature of the Sun's surface which, in the absence of antagonism, have gained wide acceptance. We believe it may be shown,

however, that these assumptions are illegitimate; that they do not account for the appearances; and that the appearances may be satisfactorily accounted for in a much simpler manner, and without making gratuitous suppositions.

Had space permitted, we should first have stated and criticised the view commonly held; but, as it is, we must content ourselves with explaining the alternative view, and this with greater brevity than is required to do justice to it.

We shall assume, then, that the Sun is, as it appears, incandescent. We shall further assume that the incandescence is of the kind implied not only by the nebular hypothesis, but by the known habitudes of matter when exposed to extreme heat—namely, the incandescence of molten substances. Round this globe of incandescent molten substances, thus conceived to form the visible body of the Sun, there is known to exist a voluminous atmosphere: the inferior brilliancy of the Sun's border, and the appearances during a total eclipse, alike show this.* What now must be the constitution of this atmosphere? At a temperature approaching a thousand times that of molten iron, which is the calculated temperature of the solar surface, very many, if not all, of the substances we know as solid would become gaseous; and though the Sun's enormous attractive force must be a powerful check upon this tendency to assume the form of vapour, yet it cannot be questioned, that if the body of the Sun consists of molten substances, some of them must be constantly undergoing evaporation. That the dense gases thus continually being generated will form the entire mass of the solar atmosphere is not probable. If anything is to be inferred, either from the nebular hypothesis, or from the analogies supplied by the planets, it must be concluded that the outermost part of the solar atmosphere consists of what are called permanent gases—gases that are not condensible into fluid even at low temperatures. If we consider what must have been the state of things here when the surface of the Earth was molten, we shall see that round the still molten surface of the Sun there probably exists a stratum of dense aeriform matter, made up of sublimed metals and metallic compounds, and above this a stratum of comparatively rare medium analogous to air. What now will happen with these two strata? Did they both consist of permanent gases, they could not remain separate: according to a well-known law, they would eventually form a homogeneous mixture. But this will by no means happen when the lower stratum consists of matters that are gaseous only at excessively high temperatures. Given off from a molten surface, ascending, expanding, and cooling, these will presently reach a limit of elevation above which they cannot exist as vapour, but must con-

* See Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy."

dense and precipitate. Meanwhile the upper stratum, habitually charged with its quantum of these denser matters, as our air with its quantum of water, and ready to deposit them on any depression of temperature, must be habitually unable to take up any more of the lower stratum; and therefore this lower stratum will remain quite distinct from it. We conclude, then, that there will be two concentric atmospheres having a definite limit of separation. And however problematical this structure may be thought, it is at any rate far less so than that *gratuitously* assumed in the current hypothesis, which involves *five* atmospheric strata.

Now, Sir John Herschel has shown that the disturbances which produce the solar spots, are in sundry respects analogous to the hurricanes of our own tropics. He has further shown that there must be conflicting currents in the solar atmosphere which will produce them as they are produced here. And, adhering as he does to the favourite supposition of a "photosphere," or light-generating envelope at a distance from the Sun's body, he argues that a spot results when the vortex of one of the hurricanes temporarily disperses the "photosphere," and makes visible the dark surface of the Sun.

Accepting the conclusion, for which there is very strong evidence, that hurricanes or cyclones are the active causes of the solar spots; but assuming that the supposed "photosphere" is the actual incandescent body of the Sun, let us ask, what will be the optical appearance resulting from a cyclone? The conflict of aerial currents which occasions one of these enormous whirlwinds necessarily generates a vortex; and on the upper surface of the atmosphere this vortex must show itself as a depression, shaped like a whirlpool in water. One of these cyclones, then, occurring in the dense aerial stratum which we have described as immediately surrounding the Sun's body, will produce a funnel-shaped vortex upon the surface of this dense stratum. It needs but a moderate knowledge of optics to see that there must result from this an appearance like that of a solar spot. When rays of light passing out of one medium into another, make with the limiting surface a tolerably large angle, some of them are reflected from it, and some of them, going through it, are refracted; but when they strike it at an acute angle, varying according to the medium, they are *all* reflected—no light at all passes through the surface. Now, against the highly inclined side of one of these funnel-shaped vortices, the light radiating from the body of the Sun underneath will strike at a very acute angle, and will not penetrate it; and therefore the central part of the cyclone will appear to us as a black spot. The change from entire reflexion of the light, to partial reflexion and partial transmission, taking place suddenly at a particular angle, this central black

spot will have a perfectly sharp outline. This inference, too, corresponds exactly with observation. The surface of the vortex being smooth in its interior, it follows that light will pass through it more freely close to the central spot than elsewhere; and the fact is, that the part of the penumbra immediately surrounding the central spot is brighter than the rest; while the outer part of the penumbra, answering to the agitated margin of the vortex, is comparatively dark. "But," it may be said, "according to this hypothesis one of these maculæ should be quite circular, whereas they are extremely irregular." Very true: and we may add that their irregularities are of a kind totally inexplicable on the current hypothesis. Here, however, the explanation is easy. These cyclones occurring in the dense lower atmosphere, are seen by us through the rarer upper atmosphere, which is a distorting medium. It is necessarily full of currents of different densities, and covered with waves; and the refractions produced by these irregularities of surface and substance must greatly complicate the appearances. Space permitting, it might be shown that the mottled penumbra, its re-entrant angles, the bridges of light, the lateral repetitions of the spots, &c., are thus fully accounted for, as well as the faculæ and pores. But without going into details, we think we have shown that, assuming the Sun to have that constitution which the nebular hypothesis implies, and taking for granted nothing beyond the established principles of physics, we are supplied with an explanation of the solar spots, which, to say the least of it, is quite as tenable as the one ordinarily given.

Had there been a few pages to spare, we should here have entered upon yet another class of facts of great significance; but we must forbear. However, we think that, considered in their *ensemble*, the several groups of evidences already assigned are tolerably conclusive. We have seen that, when critically examined, the rash speculations of late years current respecting the nature of the nebulæ, commit their promulgators to sundry gross absurdities; while, on the other hand, we see that the various appearances these nebulæ present are clearly explicable as different stages in the precipitation and aggregation of diffused matter. We find that comets, alike by their physical constitution, their immensely elongated and variously-directed orbits, the distribution of those orbits, and their manifest structural relation to the solar system, bear testimony to the past existence of that system in a nebulous form. Not only do those obvious peculiarities in the motions of the planets which first suggested the nebular hypothesis supply proofs of it, but on closer examination we discover, in the slightly diverging inclinations of their orbits, in their various rates of rotation, and their differently-directed axes of rotation, that

the planets yield ~~is~~ yet further testimony; while the satellites, by sundry traits, and especially by their occurrence in greater or less abundance where the hypothesis implies, confirm this testimony. By carefully tracing out the process of planetary condensation, we are led to conclusions respecting the internal structure of planets which at once explain their anomalous specific gravities, and at the same time reconcile various seemingly contradictory facts. Once more, it turns out that what is *a priori* inferable from the nebular hypothesis respecting the temperatures of the resulting bodies, is just what observation establishes; and that not only the absolute, but also the relative temperatures of the sun and planets are thus accounted for. When we contemplate these various evidences in their totality—when we observe that, by the nebular hypothesis, all the leading phenomena of the solar system, and the heavens in general, are explicable; and when, on the other hand, we consider that the common cosmogony is not only without a single fact to stand upon, but is at variance with all our positive knowledge of Nature; we see that the proof becomes overwhelming—approaches as near demonstration as indirect proof can do.

It remains only to point out that while the genesis of the solar system, and of countless other systems like it, is thus rendered comprehensible, the ultimate mystery continues as great as ever. The problem of existence is not solved: it is simply removed further back. The nebular hypothesis throws no light upon the origin of diffused matter; and diffused matter as much needs accounting for as concrete matter. The genesis of an atom is not easier to conceive than the genesis of a planet. Nay, indeed, so far from making the Universe less wonderful than before, it makes it more wonderful. Creation by manufacture is a much lower thing than creation by evolution. A man can put together a machine; but he cannot make a machine develop itself. The ingenious artisan, able as some have been, so far to imitate vitality as to produce a mechanical pianoforte-player, may in some sort conceive how, by greater skill, a complete man might be artificially produced; but he is totally unable to conceive how such a complex organism gradually arises out of a minute-structureless germ. That our harmonious universe once existed potentially as formless diffused matter, and has slowly grown into its present organized state, is a far more astonishing fact than would have been its formation after the artificial method vulgarly supposed. The nebular hypothesis implies a First Cause as much transcending "the mechanical God of Paley," as this does the fetish of the savage.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE members of the Evangelical Alliance assembled last year in Berlin appear to have conceived themselves the subjects of some Pentecostal effusion.¹ Thus, Dr. Krummacher, in his closing discourse, spoke of the Spirit which had been felt in the midst of them day by day, and compared their union of heart and soul to that of the first Christians assembled at Jerusalem. The meetings of the Conference were also paralleled to the œcumenical councils of the early church—not, of course, to the disadvantage of the former. The number of members who attended this gathering amounted to twelve hundred and fifty-four, clerical and lay. It is difficult for those more immediately concerned to appreciate the relative importance of this sort of associate demonstration. When train after train, from east, west, north, and south, disgorges its load of passengers to swell a concourse collected for a common object, it is forgotten in the excitement, that like agencies and the same modern facilities produce like results in favour of very different, if not antagonistic objects. When agricultural, political, and scientific assemblies assume the proportions of monster meetings, it would not be wise to conclude from such a reunion as that of Berlin, that any discovery has been made of a new principle of Catholicity, or that the Evangelical Alliance presents a phenomenon indicating a fresh development, or really practical application of Christianity. The delegates assembled are described, ostentatiously enough, as from every nation; but on analysing the list of 1180 members whose nationality was ascertained, we find them almost without exception of German or Anglo-Saxon race; 969 from various parts of Germany, mostly from Berlin and the Prussian provinces; 105 from England; 24 from America. On the other hand, from France there were 14; from Sardinia, Italy, Spain, and Greece, one each. The movement is an Anglo-Prussian one; its object is quite as much to set free inquiry among Protestants, as to break the chains of Romanism. The basis of the Alliance is confessional, and if there is some show of liberality in disregarding differences of ecclesiastical order and discipline, this advantage is more than counterbalanced by the recognition of a narrow Calvinism. It is little gain to any project of a broad Christianity to disregard Episcopacy, if a congregationalism is to be substituted for it defined by a mystical assurance of election, or a mystical persuasion of a saving faith. The objectivity of the old confessions is thus complicated with a *Spenerish* subjectivity, and if the Eucharistic question is for

¹ "Conférence de Chrétiens Evangéliques de toute Nation à Berlin, 1857." Compte rendu publié au nom du Comité de l'Alliance Evangélique. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

the present left an open one, that of Scriptural inspiration, as absolute, all-sufficient, and infallible, is perfectly closed.

One of the ablest discourses delivered before the Association was certainly that of Dr. Beyschlag, of Carlsruhe. The object of it was to show the best means of grappling with the following acknowledged difficulty:—that although orthodoxy is said to be restored in Germany and Rationalism to be extinct, with the exception of the remains of the school of Tübingen, but little spiritual life is manifested in the churches. In the course of his suggestions for the remedying of this evil, Dr. Beyschlag recommended the formation of bible classes for adults, and that every effort should be made by pastors for the spreading of a real knowledge of the Scriptures. Truths of religion ought no longer to be shut up, he said, in antiquated dogmatical forms, nor the only use of the "Word of God" be that it should furnish proofs for the several clauses of scholastic creeds. And besides, "*qu'on ne s'imagine pas pouvoir jamais faire entrer dans l'esprit des laïques la vieille théorie de l'inspiration.*" And he urges that this same "Word of God" has passed through human channels—has been historically developed—has grown up as a literature—has become altogether humanized, and it is not the way to do it honour—not even to arrive at an understanding of it, to conceal the human element which it contains. It was with no destructive purpose that Dr. Beyschlag recommended this human character of the Divine Word to be well explained to the lay people. But guarded as his expressions were, they provoked such remarks as the following on the part of Dr. Krummacher. He felt himself bound in reply to some passages in the report of Dr. Beyschlag to raise his testimony to the majesty, the infallibility, the full sufficiency of the holy Scriptures:—

"Let us take care to make no concession on that point. The preaching with the power of the Spirit, of the Word of God, the whole Word of God, and nothing but the Word of God, is the only means of resuscitating life in our churches. Whatever may be the obscurities of that Word, let us know how to adhere to it with firmness while we fall down before it in humble adoration."—p. 212.

If such were the sentiments of the dominant party in the Conference, we may suppose well that an eminent person there present, who has employed many years of his life in illustrating the obscurities of the Bible, was regarded somewhat in the light of a black sheep. Freiherr von Bunsen was an object of pious regrets and of unctuous commiseration. The first portion of his "*Bibelwerk*"¹ is before us. It is principally occupied with preliminary matter, devoted to a justification of the undertaking, and a description of the method to be pursued in it. Its justification is to be found in the coincidence of the necessity, which Christendom, at least Protestant Christendom, experiences at the present day for a true representation of the Biblical documents, with the obligation under which an honest criticism feels

¹ "*Bunsen's Bibelwerk. Vollständiges Bibelwerk für die Gemeinde: In drei Abtheilungen.*" Von Christian Carl Jodas Bunsen. Erste Abtheilung. Die Bibel. Uebersetzung und Erklärung. Erster Theil: Das Gesetz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

itself to lie, of making known the results which it has obtained, for the common benefit.

It is obvious, at the very first statement, that translations of the Bible, made so long ago as Luther's, in 1534, the English authorized in 1603, the Dutch in 1637, ought now to be replaced by versions more faithful. Various improvements have already been attempted of Luther's version, only desultory movements made towards a version of the English, while a new version of the Dutch is, we believe, already in progress by authority. Perhaps it was hardly necessary for our author to fortify himself in his undertaking by a specimen of Luther's shortcomings, although, as he observes, the Reformed versions, and the English among them, are better than the Lutheran. In order to an adequate translation, it is necessary, of course, to ascertain a text and to acknowledge a canon. And with respect to the text, scholars are now in a position to maintain that the collation of an increased number of manuscripts and the consequent collection of variant readings, so far from having added to its uncertainty, as objectors have urged, have issued in establishing it approximatively with greater certainty than before. The worthless readings neutralize each other, and disappear as critical material; the readings of the better class of manuscripts, for the most part, confirm and support each other. As to the question of the canon, the learned author attributes the defining the collection of the Christian Scriptures to the general Christian sentiment of the second and third centuries, rather than to an ecclesiastical authority of the fourth. The New Testament Canon, as now received in the Roman, Lutheran, and English churches and congregations derived from them, certainly rests upon ecclesiastical authority; and this authority has not contented itself with giving a fixed expression to the earlier sentiment. It has in a very important particular gone beyond it. For when that sentiment was in its fluid state, all the books generally received were not reputed on an equal footing, and some considered particular books to be questionable which others esteemed as of undoubted authenticity. We gain, therefore, but little in simply resting the canon as now received upon the general verdict of the first three centuries rather than upon the ecclesiasticism of the fourth. We require to restore or to create that fluid condition of Christian sentiment relative to the Christian books, which alone can be prolific of living individual judgments—a condition which modern criticism has tended to bring about. In the early period, Christians were made such by word of mouth, and were acknowledged as such although they might not even know of the existence of many of the books comprised in our present New Testament. One was a Christian, then, though he might know of only one of our synoptics, and had never heard of the Gospel of St. John. In like manner it should in no wise be a ground of impugning any man's Christianity now, if he attributes little value, no prophetic significance, to the Apocalypse; if he considers the Epistle to the Hebrews as of no Apostolic authority, and in reality of no worth as declaring any real facts connected with the death of Christ. He may esteem it, nevertheless, as an early and curious example of special pleading with the Jew; as he may respect the second Epistle of Peter as an earnest hortatory appeal, without really assigning it to

Peter, or considering it to contain the evidence of an eye witness to the wonder of the Transfiguration. The New Testament writings are not to be esteemed as homogeneous, throughout—not homogeneous one with another, nor each writing separately homogeneous in all its parts. And we must not rest on any assumed early Christian sentiment as defining for all time the Christian Scriptures. We are thankful to the early Christian period for the material tradition of the books, and we may well suppose that no further historical evidence as to the facts of the gospel histories yet remains to be brought to light; but the value of that evidence may be very differently estimated by modern criticism and ancient feeling. If in one point of view the canon may be allowed to be for ever closed, nevertheless there are portions of the New Testament which ought never to be esteemed as severed by an abrupt barrier from like writings in subsequent times. Even the Acts of the Apostles, presuming it to be of some historical value, is but the first chapter in ecclesiastical history, and the Epistles are the first essays likewise towards the evolution of doctrinal development from the events of the life of Christ, and of exhortations to the becoming Christian life. It is not possible to cut off these writings from other Christian writings which have succeeded them, except by reverting to some supernatural theory of inspiration either of the Bible or of the Church, or both. Indeed the theory of our amiable author amounts in fact to a theory of the inspiration of the Church, only he defines his "Church" not by its Roman, Episcopal, or hierarchical description, but by a common sentiment, a "Gemeindefühl." Bible and congregation are, according to him, correlatives; there can be no true congregation except where the Bible is—the Bible as already defined; and where the Bible is as its symbol, there is the true Christian congregation.

We lack exceedingly, at present, the traces of the author's association with Niebuhr, to which he naturally reverts with pride and affection. He has not Niebuhrized, as far as we see, either the Old Testament or the New. He would not even arrange the books of the New Testament in their probable chronological sequence: the Christian sentiment has sanctioned their present arrangement. In the case of the Old Testament, the order of the books in our Christian Bibles does not correspond to that of the Hebrew Bibles, and the author would prefer the latter order; with great justice, as we think—the most telling consequence of which alteration will be the rejection of the Book of Daniel into the Hagiographa. But we see no promise as yet of any attempt to fix the real date of the compilation of the Pentateuch, or of the books of Joshua and Judges. Now, on the hierarchical principle, that the people are to be taught by divinely commissioned and authorized teachers, we can understand that the most convenient order for placing the books will follow the chronology of the history which they undertake to deliver, and not that of their composition; but if the books are to be regarded as the product of the Divine Spirit specially revealing itself in a peculiar history, then it seems to us that they should be presented to the congregation in the order in which that Spirit worked them out.

And as was observed above respecting the New Testament, that the line drawn between its ecclesiastical history; its doctrines and didac-

tics, and those of subsequent writers, can only be justified on the supposition, that the Spirit ceased to work in the Christian congregation after the assumed but unascertained era of the closing of the canon, which is a fatal hypothesis to adopt; so in the case of the Old Testament, there is no evidence, internal or external, according to which the books included in the canon must have been those books and no others. Indeed, there are some things there which rather appear to belong to general history or general literature than to any manifestation of the Divine Spirit in humanity *κατ' ἐξοχήν*. There are books also lying outside the canon which appear to have equal claims to some of those, or to some parts of those, which are admitted within it. No one would petition for the admission of Bel and the Dragon, or the History of Susanna, or of Tobit; but Ecclesiasticus is on the whole fully equal to the Proverbs; and the moral even of the History of Susanna is more obvious than that of the Song of Solomon. The first book of Maccabees records a part of the history of the chosen people, which shows them far advanced beyond the stage at which they are represented in the Book of Joshua, and which appeals in its perusal to far nobler feelings. A definition indeed of the Old Testament canon is sought in that expression of Jesus Christ's, concerning the things written of him "in the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms." This is to raise a great structure upon a very narrow basis; it is an argument worthy of the days of Paley, when a general reference to a book, or a particular citation from it, was thought to prove its genuineness *in integro*.

Thus, sometimes, the learned Baron, with all his liberality and multifarious accomplishments, reminds us of the pair of compasses, one leg of which indeed describes a wide and ample circuit, but is governed throughout its movement by the foot which continues fixed. The history of the human race is not identical with the history of the Bible. Spiritual life did not begin with Abraham. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*. Nor has it been continued since only in the Jewish or Biblical line of descent. There are other revelations of God to man besides that which is met with in the Bible, and he has had true worshippers besides those who have been instructed out of that book. Our author's prepossessions concerning Bible and congregation seriously detract from the value of his biblical labours. He passes in review the several keys to Bible interpretation—the dogmatical, the mystical, and the rationalistic; the dogmatical he considers to be inappropriate, because it approaches the Bible with preconceptions, and subjects, in fact, the biblical words to its own assertions; the mystical, though justified in seeking for an inner spiritual kernel in the letter of history, suffers the realities of history to disappear instead of acknowledging them as spiritual manifestations; the rationalistic key is incapable of interpreting the facts of history, because it ignores their spiritual content, and the existence of a special family of God, or spiritual congregation. The true biblical key is to supply the defects of these several methods. It will avoid dogmatical assumption and logical dogmatical deductions, but gather its teaching concerning God from his revelation of himself; it will not be fettered by rationalistic limitations, but take the facts of biblical history, as truly ascertained in all their circumstances; it will

avoid the dreams of mysticism, and the useless quietude of pietism, for Bible implies Congregation, and is the source of the relative life of God's people in a spiritual society, though on the scene of earth.

The work now undertaken is to consist of three divisions. First comes the translation of the traditional text, together with an illustrative running commentary. Notwithstanding many improvements upon Luther's version, the tone and rhythm of that translation, as far as we are able to judge, will not be impaired. Secondly, is to follow a restoration and historical illustration of the original biblical monuments. It is to the execution of this portion of the work that we look with the greatest interest. For so far as we arrange, not only books relatively to each other, but parts of books, in a true chronology,—that is, not a chronology according to the times of which they speak, but according to the times when they were written or uttered—then alone have we ascertained the real history of revelation. Thus with respect to the first chapter of Genesis, the essential inquiry as to its place in human history concerns the period at which that expression of the doctrine of the Unity of the Creator was given to man or otherwise conceived by him. And it is quite time that the people should have placed before them, not the crumbs and dry crusts from the tables of the learned, but the choicest and ripest fruits of their scholarship. The third division of the work will contain a development of the Bible-history, of the spiritual kingdom of God, and the life of Jesus Christ.

We sincerely hope that health and spirits may be given for the completion of this work, conceived, if not in its present grandeur, in some of its parts, as much as forty years ago. The Germans, far more persevering than ourselves, are fond of setting before themselves a labour and work of life. With many it must be confessed these undertakings remain only inchoate. With some, their conceptions are too vast for their powers; or the imperious calls of life and loss of opportunities impede the execution of youthful designs; not even a German can spin everything out of his own head. With others, as the subordinate portions of their work grow upon them, they overwhelm the principal design—the porch becomes so great that there is no room for the temple. We have, at times, had a fear lest this should prove the case with some of the parenthetical undertakings of the eminent scholar before us. But he now seems to have his work well in his grasp, and to be in full sail for his haven. May he have a happy voyage; and may his work contribute, as he hopes it may, to justify the ways of God to man, to soften the asperities which now part Christians from each other, and to bring all families of the earth into a common brotherhood. And so we may remark here how Lessing^a compares the heathen and the Jew to an elder and a younger brother of the same father; brought up for awhile under different systems, but all along intended to receive their last instructions from one superior teacher. We quote from the essay noted below, which makes quite a gem in its English form:—

^a "The Education of the Human Race." From the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

That is, this portion of the human race (the younger brother or Jew) was come so far in the exercise of its reason, as to need, and to be able to make use of, nobler and worthier motives of moral action than temporal rewards and punishments, which had hitherto been its guides. The child had become a youth. Sweetmeats and toys have given place to the budding desire to be as free, as honoured, and as happy as its elder brother.

For a long time already, the best individuals of that portion of the human race (called above the eldest brother) had been accustomed to let themselves be ruled by the shadow of such nobler motives. The Greek and Roman did everything to live on after this life, even if it were only in remembrance of their fellow-citizens.

It was time that another *true* life to be expected after this should gain an influence over the youth's actions.

And so Christ was the first practical teacher of the immortality of the soul. —§ 55, 58.

The distinguished Parisian preacher, M. Athanase Coquerel, observes in his *Christologie*,⁴ that one source of erroneous views concerning the person of Christ, and of other errors too, is to be found in the current supposition of the New Testament being one homogeneous book. The Old Testament is a collection, as of the book of Genesis, of other parts of the Pentateuch, of the books of Judges and Joshua, of the Psalms and Proverbs, of the historical books, and of the Prophets; so the New Testament is a collection of books, and quotations ought not to be made from its several parts without recognising their differences and relations. Thus the books of the New Testament appeared during a period of fifty years at least, admitting the genuineness of the Gospel according to John, which, in that case, would close the canon of the New Testament chronologically at a distance of seventy years, or thereabouts, from the death of Jesus Christ. But the order in which the books appear in our Bibles is not that of their true chronological succession, which is established to be the following:—1. The Epistles of St. Paul. 2. The Epistle to the Hebrews. 3. The three first Gospels, or Synoptics. 4. The Epistle of St. James. 5. The Apocalypse. 6. The Epistle of St. Peter. 7. The Acts of the Apostles. 8. The Gospel and Epistles of St. John.

The above may be taken as a broad classification of the New Testament books according to their chronological order. The use which M. Coquerel makes of this arrangement, is to show that the Christian idea concerning the person of Christ experienced considerable development even during the period embraced by the formation of the canon. The plan of his work is to extract from each book of the New Testament, in this chronological order, the ideas which it conveys concerning the person and words of Jesus Christ, remarking the agreements and differences between the several authors.

Stating the result of this examination roughly, it may be said that the Christology of St. Paul favours the Arian hypothesis—Christ, with him, is the first-begotten of all creation, the Redeemer, head over all things to the Church, judge by appointment of the Father, holding

⁴ "*Christologie, ou Essai sur la Personne et l'Œuvre de Jésus Christ, en vue de la Conciliation des Églises Chrétiennes.*" Par Athanase Coquerel, un des Pasteurs de l'Église Réformée de Paris. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

a mediatorial kingdom till the end shall come. The view of the Synoptics favours rather the humanitarian opinion—the Anointed One is Redeemer and Son of God, as chosen Son of Man. In the Gospel of St. John, again, Trinitarianism finds its support; there the Christ who was revealed in the flesh, is declared to be the co-eternal Word. It would seem from this outline that the Christology of the Synoptics is out of its place, or that the order of development has not been followed by which the Christian conceptions of the person of the Saviour became gradually more and more elevated. M. Coquerel accounts for this apparent dislocation by supposing that the writings of St. Paul were before the compilers of the Synoptics, and that these were directed to a controversial purpose, were intended in opposition to the Universalism of the great Apostle, to point out the Judæo-Messianic character of Jesus. But it should be observed, that the conception of St. Paul does, in fact, follow its natural order, both according to time and circumstances. For the order of the conceptions is not indicated precisely by the date of publication of the several books. The Synoptics, though published later than the Pauline Epistles, embody traditions and opinions of a date anterior to those which were generated in the mind of the Apostle.

M. Coquerel thinks he perceives a method of conciliation in pointing out these differences of view which are given in the New Testament concerning the person and work of Jesus Christ. We fear that in continuing to attribute a supernatural character to the text of the Scripture, he has neutralized the rest of his work, and narrowed the ground of possible reconciliation. But before parting with him, we must permit ourselves the pleasure of an extract upon another subject than that above noticed. M. Coquerel, as is well known, holds the opinion of universal restitution:—

“Si l'essence même du Christianisme est l'union de Dieu et des hommes et celle des hommes entre eux, peut-il pour dernier résultat aboutir à cette éternelle désunion qu'on nomme, d'un côté le ciel, et de l'autre l'enfer?

“Est ce là consulter la gloire du Sauveur? Ce devrait être le sujet d'un étonnement profond que la théologie qui veut de toutes manières agrandir la grandeur du Christ, se refuse à reconnaître qu'il est impossible de plus rapetisser la rédemption et par conséquent le Rédempteur, qu'en proclamant le nombre des élus très-restreint en comparaison de celui des réprouvés, l'enfer comme éternel, la perdition comme définitive, sans espoir, sans ressource? Evidemment, c'est alors que la rédemption est peu de chose, quand on pense à ce qu'elle pourrait être; c'est alors qu'on est entraîné à demander comment il est advenu que le Fils de Dieu a si peu réussi; comment il a employé de si grands moyens, consenti de si grands sacrifices, déployé une sainteté et une charité parfaite, pour aboutir à une si lamentable issue. Le ciel serait bien moins peuplé que l'enfer, et le démon aurait un bien plus considérable domaine que le Sauveur! Notre foi a plus de souci de la gloire du Rédempteur; elle suppose à son amour une puissance de sanctification énergique et prolongée; elle attribue une immense, une éternelle influence à sa rédemption, et comme il est l'agent et le représentant du bien souverain, elle croit qu'elle aura un jour complètement raison du mal; il l'a vaincu sous toutes les formes ici bas, son triomphe continue; il le vaincra sous toutes ses formes ailleurs.”—tome ii. pp. 403—5.

To punish evil is not to overcome it; evil eternally punished is re-

presented as holding out eternally against the All-good, the Omnipotent. Now let us contrast with the above quotation one from a well-known and we grieve to say, in this respect, a popular and influential Scotch divine—one who has been able to pull down and set up churches. Dr. Candlish⁵ has published a volume of discourses on the doctrine of the Resurrection as delivered by St. Paul in 1 Cor. xv. In the course of it, we meet with the following passage, which is as unlike the teaching of the Apostle as anything could possibly be. Neither in that chapter nor elsewhere does Paul, in treating of the future life, think it for the advantage of his converts to fill their imaginations with horrors concerning the future destiny of the wicked. As far as Paul's teaching goes, the ground is clear for such a doctrine as that of Universal Restitution. Dr. Candlish is of sterner stuff. To the wicked he says:—

"You, as well as the righteous, survive death. For you, as well as for them, there is a resurrection. But in the Lord's own awful words, it is a resurrection of damnation."—p. 243.

In the words quoted, John v. 29, there is nothing declared as to the damnation, sentence or condemnation (*κρισις*), though it be final relative to this probation, being hopeless for all ages to come. That defect is supplied by the Calvinistic creed:—"Your bodies, as well as the bodies of the righteous, will undergo a change then;" it may be so, but there is no Scriptural authority for it: in the "all be changed" of 1 Cor. xv. 51, are included the classes of quick and dead alike to be glorified—not good and evil, some to be glorified and others damned.

"A change that will make them as indestructible as your immortal spirits are. Oh! what will it be for you to meet your God on that resurrection day! unjust still and filthy still—furnished with bodies of fearfully enhanced power for evil, and intensified sensibility to pain."

The *enhanced power* for evil is strangely at variance with "subduing all things to himself," with "destroying the works of the Devil:"—

"What would it be for you to reap in such bodies an hundred-fold, ten hundred-fold, the bitter, bitter fruits of your sowing to the flesh now? And these bodies—ah! they are made to last for ever; the worm that dieth not will never eat them away; the fire that is not quenched will never consume them. That tremendous sacrifice of righteous retribution is salted with salt for its endless preservation! O ye workers of iniquity, have you no knowledge? Will you not be moved to tremble at the prospect of an eternity like that?"—p. 244.

Material worms and fires in all their coarseness! But how should that which is figurative in Isaiah (lxvi. 24) become literal with the Saviour? And here, in the glibness of his preaching, a good textuary is misled to the most inappropriate application of Scripture-passages. The salting with salt (Mark ix. 49), signifying the spiritual preparation of the Christian devoting himself to any service of God, becomes a culinary method of preserving flesh, that a perpetual sacrifice of suffering may be offered to the Great Creator. Certainly, if the bodies

⁵ "Life in a Risen Saviour; being Discourses on the Argument of the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians." By Robert S. Candlish, D.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1858.

are material, and the worm material, the salt must be. Undoubtedly, Dr. Candlish has unlimited resources at his command for its supply.

But the sadness of all this is, that such views can find favour with our acute northern countrymen. We had been led to think that the more enlightened among them had come to see that the fatalism which lies at the root of the Calvinistic creed is as compatible with a benevolent issue of this mundane economy as with one of woe. We had entertained some hopes that eminent metropolitan preachers like Dr. Candlish himself, were often content in their discourses to satisfy the traditional feelings of their congregations by some customary phrases concerning corruption, election, and grace, and by some occasional protest against popery and quasi-popery, equivalent to the reading of his prayers before sermon by the English clergyman; and that they thus felt much at liberty to follow their own more liberal bent in the rest of their discourses. But the publication of such a paragraph as we have quoted goes far to shake this hope. Yet for the sake of Dr. Candlish's readers we must quote one other passage from him, and ask them if they can reconcile the two.

"What a scene here bursts and breaks on the enraptured view of faith! What a crisis! Christ, the man Christ Jesus, standing again on this earth in the body; all his redeemed with him in the body; not a breath, not a whisper of opposition or rebellion anywhere to be heard throughout all its continents and kingdoms; not a tomb anywhere; not a dying groan; not a trace of sin's or of sorrow's ravages; not the faintest vestige of the footsteps of the Arch-fiend who first brought sin and sorrow to its shores! Yes! His work is done! The end for which he got the kingdom is fully and for ever attained. He may deliver it up to God, even the Father."—(p. 89.)

Meanwhile, outside of this fair scene, the earth, so swept and garnished, gravelled and carpeted for the reception of the prince, there lies a hideous region into which he is forbidden to enter. From this earth, where Providence, and Redemption, and Spirit have done their utmost, there have been carried off into the dominion of the Arch-fiend myriads of prisoners never to be delivered from his sway. Gigantic and undying sins possess the souls, and gnawing worms and salted fires torment for ever the bodies of his victims. Can this be the right reading of the gospel of salvation?

We should not, however, omit to notice that Dr. Candlish, in discussing the doctrine of the resurrection, draws a critical distinction between "flesh and blood," and "flesh and bones," and considers that a light is thus thrown upon the nature of that promise. For that while St. Paul says, "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," it is foretold that our bodies shall be made like unto Christ's body, which, after his rising, is said to have had "flesh and bones." Certainly "the bones," "bone of bone," and the like, were Hebrew phrases for signifying the essential and innermost nature of man. But only figuratively so; they do not convey any physiological truth. And Dr. Candlish is here led, according to his wont, to draw a literal inference from figurative premises.

The question concerning the origin of human language touches theology at more points than one. For like other sciences which have emerged in modern times, it enters on ground where the Bible appears

to have delivered a history of the facts, and so to have precluded the necessity of all investigation; and the results of inquiry may prove at variance, not only with the facts so recorded, but with some doctrines which have been esteemed essential on the authority of the Bible. Moreover, apart from its biblical connexion, the question concerning this origin as concerning other origins, becomes one which relates to the mode of the Divine operation, whether it is by law or by interference. We may, therefore, notice here the Essay of M. E. Renan,⁶ although in other respects it scarcely falls within this department.

The slightest comparison of the biblical myth concerning the confusion of languages with obvious historical facts, makes it apparent that there could not be time, according to the chronology of the Bible, or within any period to which the earlier portion of it could be reasonably stretched, for the seating of the several tribes dispersed from Babel in the localities where they are found at the dawn of profane history, with strongly differenced kinds of speech and matured political constitutions. But it has been thought, that although the story concerning Babel may be a fabulous vehicle, the account given of the creation of man, and the derivation of all mankind from one pair, is of the very essence of the Revelation. The more so, because it is referred to in the New Testament as historical, and because the doctrine of traditional corruption, with which again is connected that of atonement and reconciliation, is intimately bound up with it. And a method of conciliation has been thought possible by some philologists, if only sufficient time could be given for the development of the various human languages from one common stock. It is suggested, that in lapse of ages the Indo-Germanic and Semitic languages may have differenced themselves from one original language; that if more time be allowed, the African tongues may be supposed reducible in the same way; that with more time still, it is not absurd to infer that all may be connected with the Chinese. And so men originally issued from one stock—were of the same blood. But M. Renan well observes that even the first step in this backward process is not by any means ascertained. There are some similarities in the vocabularies of the Semitic and Indo-Germanic tongues, and these after all may only be superficial; but the essentials of a language are to be sought, not in its vocabulary, but in its grammar: its grammar reveals the mould of thought in which it has been cast. Does the structure of language, then, supply evidence that it has been a deliberate work, or a spontaneous function of man? if a spontaneous function and growth, in what relation do the great groups of known languages stand to each other?

It would be absurd, says M. Renan, to recognise in the lower animals the spontaneity of the cries by which they express their emotions and indicate their relation to things around them, and to deny a like spontaneity to man in his utterances, though they be articulated and suited to his more complicated relations. Man is not first made, as a cake of clay, and afterwards endowed from without with eyes to see

⁶ "De l'Origine du Langage." Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

and ears to hear, not merely enabled afterwards to invent these organs ; they are necessary to the completeness of his nature, and are involved in the very fact of his existence. Much more does the function of language form part of the concrete human being, is necessary not only to his outward life in society, but to the precision of his inward thought. He puts forth the energy of speech as he puts forth his hand to take, or directs his vision. But if language be thus a spontaneous exercise of a faculty as divinely given to man as any others, but not more so, in what relation to each other are the various languages of the earth to be considered ?

It has very generally been taken for granted, that the primitive language, or any language in its primitive condition, must have been very simple in its forms—that the agglutinated, or polysynthetic forms, for instance, present language in a state far distant from its origin. One consequence of this hypothesis is, that immense periods of time are required for the development of the synthetical forms, if the simple forms were the original ones. M. Renan, on the other hand, contends that as consciousness, at its first development, with difficulty distinguishes itself from the medium in which it is generated, the synthetic forms—such as the affix forms of the Semitic languages, and the inflected forms, so called, of the Indo-Germanic—were the natural expressions of the earlier and less distinct energies of thought. As thought becomes more precise and analytic, it finds its expression in a logical order of words, and the relations of the parts of the proposition are signified by auxiliaries and prepositions, which supersede agglutinations to the principal words. This progress from the confused to the simple has certainly been the order according to which the human intellect has given conscious precision to its own processes :—

“ On se figure trop souvent que la simplicité, qui relativement à nos procédés analytiques est antérieure à la complexité, l'est aussi dans l'ordre des temps. C'est là un reste des vieilles habitudes de la scholastique et de la méthode artificielle que les logiciens portaient dans la psychologie. De ce que le *jugement*, par exemple, se laisse décomposer en idées ou pures appréhensions dénuées de toute affirmation, l'ancienne logique concluait que la pure appréhension précède dans l'esprit le jugement affirmatif. Or, le jugement est, tout au contraire, la forme naturelle et primitive de l'exercice de l'entendement ; l'idée comme l'entendent les logiciens, n'est qu'un fragment de l'action totale par laquelle procède l'esprit humain. Loin que celui-ci débute par l'analyse, le premier acte qu'il pose est au contraire complexe, obscur, synthétique ; tout y est entassé et indistinct.”—pp. 151, 152.

This is more than an illustration ; it is an instance of the manner in which language has been generated, as the thought of man has become developed.

“ A chaque époque apparaît le merveilleux accord de la psychologie et de la linguistique ; nous sommes donc fondés à considérer les langues comme les formes successives qu'a revêtues l'esprit humain aux différentes périodes de son existence comme le produit des forces humaines agissant à tel moment donné et dans tel milieu.”—p. 187.

M. Renan supports his views by a close array of facts generally

acknowledged by philologists. His logic is most cogent, and his diction exemplifies the characteristic excellences of French prose.

As to the question of the unity of the human race, which gives to many their chief interest in these philological inquiries, M. Renan does not think that his conclusions go so far as to negative the possibility of the whole human family having issued from, it may be, a single pair. But he thinks they reach as far as this—that there has been more than one centre of language; and whether they diverged or not from one centre of material origin, that men awoke to that degree of mental consciousness which spontaneously found expression in speech properly so called, on many different points, if not simultaneously, yet independently of each other. And it should not be lost sight of, that whatever may be thought of the reducing the Semitic, the Arian, the Chinese, and even the Turanian languages to a common stock, there still meet the philologist—not to speak of the American, the Southern African, the Australian tongues—a most intractable multitude of languages in Polynesia. It seems as if the peoples there settled had occupied their several homes in like states of rudeness, void of all but the simplest instincts, and with the merest rudiments of language, because with only rudiments of mind. Under like circumstances they have developed languages parallel with each other, but not cognate, nor resembling. M. Renan objects to the supposition of a period of mutism for the human race, after which it should have invented language; and the adaptation of the vocal organs for speech certainly forbids us to suppose an age of mutism, properly so called, as we are precluded likewise by other considerations from supposing men to have devised speech by reflection, and to have adopted it by compact. But we are led to think probable a condition in which man's speech was altogether rudimentary, corresponding to his undeveloped psychical faculties; and to some extent, therefore, M. Renan's views concerning the complexity of language being a characteristic of its antiquity must admit of limitation: for in the primitive state of all, language must have been far from compound—rather like thought, vague and undetermined.

We should very much have desired to extract M. Renan's observations (p. 200) on the theory of a material unity of race, where he points out with admirable precision that the unity essential to the human race is a psychological—a moral unity. If all peoples are subject to the same laws of being, and are sensible of the same obligations, they are one, both towards their Creator and towards their fellow-creatures, whether or not they be all sprung materially from the loins of one progenitor.

Professor Delitzsch, in his *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews*,⁷ undertakes to illustrate it with the view of maintaining, particularly against Hofman's extreme views, the vicarious satisfaction of Jesus Christ. He has thrown himself into the Jewish feeling concerning sacrifice and atonement—he may be said even to revel in the sacrificial ritual—and is not shocked at representing the

Commentar zum Briefe an die Hebräer. Mit archäologischen und dogmatischen Excursen über das Opfer und die Versöhnung. Von Professor F. Delitzsch in Erlangen. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

sacrifice of Christ as literally an appeasing of the wrath of the Father. Of course it does not suggest itself to him, that the arguments and illustrations in the epistle are to be taken *cum grano*. Professor Delitzsch's views concerning the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper are, that it is not a repetition of the offering which was once made upon the cross, nor yet a mere memorial, nor a mere devotional offering, nor only an Eucharistic offering, but that the body and blood already offered for man is thereby and therein applied to the participation of the believer—it is the individual appropriation of it; just as the sprinkling of the door-posts of the Israelites with the blood of the Paschal Lamb was the application to each house of its consecrating power.

Dr. Hitzig completes his illustrations of the Salomonic writings by a commentated translation of the Proverbs.⁸ The book itself is evidently the result of several compilations, and in no part committed to writing by the wise king, although it may contain sayings handed down traditionally from him. Naturally such collections would take the name of Solomon, just as collections of fables have been attributed to Æsop, although it is very doubtful if there ever was such an historical person as Æsop. As to Æsop, Dr. Hitzig thinks he finds a connexion between him and the צִיִּץ, 1 Kings iv. 33—"The hyssop that springeth out of the wall." We are not disposed to lay any stress upon this kind of verbal similarity; but there is some reason to think that this "speaking of trees," and "of birds and beasts," was not a natural history composed by Solomon, but orally delivered fables, in which the animals and trees were made the interlocutors.

The second part of Dr. Jost's work⁹ on the internal history of Judaism is divided into two periods. The first begins with the destruction of the temple and the depression of the Hebrew race, consequent on their unsuccessful insurrections against the Roman power. Some fragmentary illustrations of the relation between Judaism and the most primitive form of Christianity are here introduced. After the unsuccessful rising of Barcochebas, Judaism, thrown more upon itself, begins to develop the Talmudic system as an outwork of its religion. The succession of teachers in the Palestinian and Babylonian schools is thus traced till the completion of the Talmud, about 500 after Christ. The second period embraces the history from the rise of the Mohammedan religion to the death of Maimonides. This interesting work introduces the general reader to the knowledge of an immense amount of intellectual activity little suspected by him. We can only now add, that the mode in which the Rabbis appear for the most part to have conducted their controversies, would compare advantageously with the Christian method of dispute.

No one would have supposed sixty years ago, says M. Jourdain,¹⁰

⁸ "Die Sprüche Salomos, übersetzt und ausgelegt." Von Dr. Ferdinand Hitzig, Professor der Theologie in Zürich. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

⁹ "Geschichte des Judenthums und seiner Sekten." Von Dr. J. M. Jost. 2te Abtheilung, 4ter und 5ter Buch. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

¹⁰ "La Philosophie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin." Par Charles Jourdain, Agrégé des Facultés des Lettres, Chef de Division au Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Cultes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

that after little more than half a century, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences would have proposed such a subject for discussion as that which has called forth his present essay. The questions to be determined by competitors were to embrace the following points:—

1. To examine the authenticity of the works attributed to St. Thomas.
2. To give an extended exposition of his philosophy.
3. To follow the history of his philosophy into the controversies between the Dominicans and Franciscans.
4. To conclude with a complete criticism on his doctrines, showing their defects, and pointing out that which is of a permanent character.

The essay composed in answer to these questions was thus obliged to cover somewhat too much ground, and it has not been altogether possible for the author, in the course of it, to avoid some repetitions. He divides his work into three books. In the first, he gives a sketch of the scholastic philosophy to the middle of the thirteenth century; discusses the authenticity of the several works attributed to the Angelic Doctor, and presents a detailed analysis of his philosophy, comparing it in its several parts with the doctrines of Aristotle, and of Albert of Cologne. In the second, he traces the influence of his doctrines to the end of the seventeenth century. And in the third book, he passes a judgment upon their relative value. The third book, therefore, may be read as a commentary on part of the first. We have thus passed in review the relation of Reason and Faith, of Philosophy and Theology. Aquinas was not afraid of Reason, which he considered as the handmaid of Theology—as having belonging to it a proper domain and preliminary office. But as revealed Theology has also its proper domain, the two can never clash on that ground. A good appreciation is given of the method of Aquinas, as neither inductive nor deductive, but rather analytical and disputative. His point of departure for human knowledge was from sensation and experience; and he proved the existence of God through our experience of effects—not as Anselm did, through our ideas. His prime demonstration, indeed, of the existence of God, was taken from Aristotle's distribution or definition—for it is not more—of that which is moved as matter, and that which moves as mind. In his proof of the attributes of God, he had little success beyond the employment of the method of negation; for the argument that in Him, that must be perfect, which in us is imperfect, involves a begging of the question, if it does not lead to supposing in God contradictory attributes. As to Universals, M. Jourdain makes Aquinas too much incline to Platonism—although all his expressions are not consistent with each other—and he does not seem to us to have developed sufficiently his author's doctrine concerning *sensible species*, effluent representation of things; this doctrine is well explained by M. Hauréau ("De la Philosophie Scholastique," ii. 179, ff.) The importance of a doctrine of *individuation*, as antagonist to the Pantheism of Averroes, is well insisted on, while it is not attempted to defend Aquinas's opinion, that the individuation of singulars is to be sought in matter. Even more contempt is shown for the Scotist doctrine of *hæcceity*.

Yet although the scholastic controversy concerning individuation subsided in the course of one hundred and fifty years, the real importance

of the question is very great,—What determines the individuality of Singulars? for to say that the principle of individuation is to be sought in the will of God is no philosophical answer; nor is that any explanation which is given by M. Jourdain (ii. 385):—

“Puis-je dire: Je suis, sans me distinguer par là même de tout ce qui m'environne? Exister pour moi, n'est ce pas exister à part de tout autre objet? Mon existence en un mot n'a t-elle pas pour conséquence nécessaire mon individualité.”

Certainly, to the consciousness of each one of us the “I” implies the “Not I;” but if there is any reality in this distinction beyond the consciousness, the source of the individuation is still unexplained. Aquinas is also properly acknowledged to have failed still more signally, and to have fallen into inextricable inconsistencies, when he attempted to apply his doctrine of individuation to prove the personality of God in opposition to Averroes. On another point M. Jourdain makes an able apology for the absence of an uniform method and of perfect consistency in Aquinas's treatment of the foundation of moral obligations. He had before him, indeed, not only two but three unerring authorities to him—Aristotle, the Bible, and Augustine, with his doctrine of grace. It will be understood that M. Jourdain's work is composed not only in a spirit of admiration for the most eminent of all the mediæval doctors, but in a spirit of fidelity to the Church which canonized him; and from this point of view M. Jourdain's is not only a fair but liberal appreciation of the great schoolman.

Mr. Bailey's *Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*¹¹ are characterized by some of the rarest as well as the greatest excellences which can distinguish a writer on metaphysical subjects. He is peculiarly clear, concise, and consistent in his terminology; and it is one object of these Letters to point out the absence of these qualifications in some eminent philosophers. Mr. Bailey maintains the direct perception of external objects in a sense more distinct than Sir William Hamilton himself. His doctrine is purely Lockean:—

“1. That the *objects* of human knowledge are of two kinds—external existences and events perceived through the organs of sense, and internal states and operations; or in other words, mental existences and events—which two classes comprise everything we actually know. 2. That our *ideas* are representative of the objects belonging to one or other of these two classes; and other ideas than these we have none, although we have the power of putting them together in new combinations of endless diversity.”—pp. 17, 18.

These ideas are, of course, subsequent representations of the objects, not mediate to their perception. Perception is immediately of the object perceived; and Dr. Reid, in combating, as he intended to do, the Idealism of Berkeley, combated a doctrine which the bishop did not hold. Reid argued against the interposition of Ideas between the Objects and the Perceptions. Berkeley held that there were no objects beyond Ideas. And Reid himself fell into a doctrine of interposition in his distinction between sensations and perceptions. In further clearing his ground, Mr. Bailey delivers some stringent but very per-

¹¹ “*Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*” By Samuel Bailey. Second Series. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

inent criticisms upon other great authorities ; as when he points out how Sir William Hamilton confounds " what is physically immediate with what is mentally immediate ;" when he says, " as not here present, an immediate knowledge of an object distant in space is impossible ;" and in his observations upon James Mill's theory of the formation of abstracts, by " dropping the connotation."—p. 75. In his seventh chapter he enters more directly upon the main question, whether we have, as according to Leibnitz, innate ideas ; or, according to Kant, whether cognitions *à priori* are given. And he says :—

" There is, at the outset, one fatal objection to both these doctrines. Not only are we utterly unconscious of any such alleged innate principles and *à priori* cognitions (although, if they exist at all, they must be matters of consciousness), but when they are presented to us in words, we find that it is in the shape of propositions, expressive of nothing but knowledge which has been acquired through the organs of sense, and which cannot be acquired in any other way."—p. 90.

And in opposition—1, to the doctrine of innate ideas ; 2, to the doctrine of cognitions *à priori* ; 3, to the modified doctrine of innate modes of mental procedure he urges—

" That we human beings have no innate knowledge, but are so constituted as to perceive objects as having various properties, because they actually possess them ; to be high and low, near and distant, straight and crooked, like and unlike, connected together as necessarily co-existing, and unconnected or casually conjoined ; that we are likewise so constituted as to express in general propositions the points of resemblance which we discern among the various objects brought under our cognizance."—pp. 128-9.

On this debate there are some considerations arising out of comparative psychology which Mr. Bailey has passed by, as perhaps not thinking them worthy of remark, but which to our apprehension go far to require a modification of his doctrine, and to show that the mind, whatever that be, contributes more than he allows,—for he allows nothing, to the content of the thought. A dog and a man will have very different perceptions of a rose or lily, and likewise of a piece of carrion. The lower animals do not appear to have perception of *coloris*, nor of beauty in form and outline, although capable of distinguishing bulks. Does a dog, though he perceives a stick, " cognise" it as a crooked or a straight stick ? In fact, we are, as Mr. Bailey expresses it, " constituted" to perceive the properties of objects as we do perceive them. In their several properties, objects are uniformly differenced to us, which for practical purposes is sufficient for us ; but it does not carry us far into an insight into the things themselves, nor can we say how far our perceptions of the properties are adequate. We are also so constituted as to infer relations between certain objects or events, such as of cause and effect, and such inferences as these are useful to us in practice ; but we are not thereby enabled to say that necessity, causation, and the like, are relations as truly existing between the objects themselves as they appear to be to us.

There is much more in Mr. Bailey's treatise which deserves notice ; but we must confine ourselves to pointing out his excellent chapters on the prominent characteristics of German Philosophy, and their causes, and much regret that we cannot afford room for further extracts.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND EDUCATION.

INDIA inevitably continues to engross public attention. Of the occasional pamphlets before us, the most noteworthy is Sir R. Gardiner's "Analysis"¹² of the Phenomena of the Indian Rebellion." The topics which it selects for discussion are the character of the past government, the causes of revolt, the political and military insecurity of our empire, the amalgamation of the Queen's and Company's armies, and our prospective policy. The insurrection is directly attributed to our adoption of the annexation system, and its open affirmation in the dethronement of the King of Oude, and consequent appropriation of that territory. The rebellion is described as universal and social, accompanied, indeed, by military mutiny, but military mutiny as patriotic revolt, not as professional insubordination. The story of the sacrilegious cartridges is pronounced a myth. The pamphlet is ably written, and the opinions advanced are fortified by documentary evidence.

The Analytical Digest of Judicial Decisions in India, published a few years ago by Mr. Morley, was preceded by an introductory essay on the Administration of Justice in our Indian territories. Of this essay the work now before us is an expanded reprint.¹³ The subject matter is divided into several distinct chapters and sections, comprising the history of the Courts of Judicature, from their origin down to the present time, and detailing their actual constitution, powers, and jurisdiction. In his first chapter, Mr. Morley reviews her Majesty's law courts; in his second, he describes the functions and powers of the justices of peace, magistrates, and coroners. The Sudder and Mofussil courts, with the rise and progress of the Adawlut and subsequent systems, are examined in the third chapter. The two following chapters particularize the appeals to her Majesty in Council, discuss the laws peculiar to India, trace the sources of Hindu and Muhamedan law, and furnish some useful information relative to the schools, sects; and legal doctrines of the native population, as well as to those of the Portuguese, Armenians, and Parsis. The last chapter enumerates the reports of decided cases, exemplifying the existing legal theory and practice. A glossary gives completeness to the work, which may be recommended to the general reader as a concise elementary and practical treatise on the law of India.

Regarding the progress, prosperity, and power of civilized nations as dependent on the magical agencies of steam, and pronouncing foreign commerce to be a necessity of the large and redundant agricultural

¹² "Military Analysis of the Remote and Proximate Causes of the Indian Rebellion." Drawn from the Official Papers of the Government of India. Respect-

History :
sent State," &c. By William H. Morley, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, &c. London : Williams and Norgate. Calcutta : Le Page and Co. 1858.

production of the United States, Dr. Rainey invites the Federal Government to provide the people with rapid steam-mails and liberal postal facilities. In reviewing the present position of steam navigation,¹⁴ he shows the indispensableness of fast ocean communication, explains the commercial capabilities, and calculates the cost of steam, and proves that individual enterprise cannot furnish a fast mail and passenger marine. Denouncing the slavish dependence of America on Great Britain for rapid ocean transport, Dr. Rainey urges the Presidential Government to adopt the same wise and comprehensive steam system as that already established by the British Government. Americans, while sympathizing in the triumphs of their Transatlantic brethren, must, he contends, blush at their own dereliction in this enriching and civilizing service. The United States need such a service, not to control the world, but to control its commerce. The trade with Brazil, and other parts of South America, demands a direct steam post. To carry a letter four thousand miles, a distance of eight thousand miles must be traversed. Alike for foreign diplomacy, consular service, correspondence with Europe, and purposes of naval direction, America requires an independent, effective, and systematic transmarine service. At present, while Great Britain has 1670 ocean steamers, with 666,330 aggregate tons, the United States have but 57, with 94,795 aggregate tons. In a separate section, the mail steam system, inaugurated by Great Britain, is sketched historically, and its operation succinctly indicated, from the first contract, in 1833, with the Mona Isle Steam Company, to that recently completed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The ocean mail steamers of Great Britain run 2,532,231 miles per year, at a cost to the Admiralty of £1,062,797. Those of the United States run 735,732 miles per year, at a total charge on the post-office department of \$1,329,733. In the progress of his work, Dr. Rainey gives us much useful information of a scientific and technical kind; the natural laws of resistance, power and speed, are discussed, authorities cited, and tables supplied. The supplementary papers furnish valuable tabular statements on the ocean mail service of America and Great Britain, of the French and English navies,* the ocean steam lines of the world, and contain numerous extracts from the Senate reports and other documents.

Another Transatlantic publication merits notice. Mr. H. C. Carey, an economist of some pretension, considers, in a series of Letters¹⁵ addressed to the President, the foreign and domestic policy of the Union, and its effects on the people and the state. The monetary and mercantile phenomena of the country are characterized, and evidences are adduced of material, moral, and political deterioration, of the diminish-

¹⁴ "Ocean Steam Navigation, and the Ocean Post." By Thomas Rainey. Second Edition. New York: Appleton and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 1858.

* July, 1856. Great Britain.—Total of steam and sailing vessels, 527; 13,880 guns. France.—Total of steam and sailing vessels, 537; 14,077 guns. United States.—Total of steam and sailing vessels, 73.

¹⁵ "Letters to the President on the Foreign and Domestic Policy of the Union, and its Effects." By H. C. Carey. Philadelphia: Lippencott and Co. London: Trubner and Co. 1858.

ing productivity of the land, and of the declining commercial power. Commerce, according to Mr. Carey, grows by aid of the French, and decays under British policy. His views, consequently, are protectionist, and therefore generally opposed to those of our best political thinkers; yet the weighty allegations contained in this essay challenge a serious attention.

A kind of rudimentary Parliament of Social Science held its first session at Birmingham, in October, 1857, under the presidency of Lord Brougham, with a general committee of superintendence, and five sub-committees, corresponding to the five sections into which their subject is distributed—viz., jurisprudence, education, reformatory punishment, public health, and social economy. The addresses delivered and papers read on this occasion are now collected in one compact volume of six hundred pages, the joint production of about ninety authors.¹⁶ In these essays the topics of the day are treated with a contrasting capacity of discrimination, and differing degrees of ability. Clear registration of facts and calm historical exposition alternate with loquacious platitudes or sentimental declamations. There is scarcely a subject of public preoccupation unrecognised in these literary transactions. The amendment of law, employment of women, effect of commercial legislation on commercial morality, extirpation of crime, civic and military sanitary arrangements, transfer of land, prison dietary, intemperance, prostitution, education, and educational endowments,—all receive some notice,* many a detailed examination. By this ventilation of opinion some important facts are authenticated and diffused. Such we consider to be the connexion of criminality, not with ignorance, but with density of population, and rapidity of increase; the demoralization of the poor through the direct operation of a fund intended for their relief; and the frequent misapplication, inutility, or mischievous efficacy of the endowed charities of the country, representing an income estimated at no less a sum than £1,500,000. Even the educational endowments, it would seem, often serve to pension laziness and defeat their end. "One has heard of a school," says Mr. Colles, "where the master's salary was six hundred a-year, and his object was to drive away the pupils. This he effected by a series of severe floggings, various periods, from a fortnight to six months, being requisite to ensure the withdrawal of the unfortunate scholar, according to the thickness of his skin or the obstinacy of his parent." As a repertory of facts, as a thermometer of opinion, as a serviceable contribution to free discussion, and occasionally as an aid to the formation of sound views, we can sincerely recommend this volume of sociological transactions.

For the majority of men financial questions have no attraction, but Mr. Murray has shown how a subject in itself repulsive may furnish material for an agreeable and instructive volume.¹⁷ The object of his work is not so much economical as historical. Dealing rather with

¹⁶ "Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science," 1857. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1858.

¹⁷ "French Finance and Financiers under Louis XV." By James Murray. London: Longman, Brown, and Co. 1853.

men than with money, it supplies us with an account of the measures resorted to by the various holders of the public purse for meeting the exigencies of their position. Mr. Murray commences with a description of the early life and character of the Duke of Orleans, commends his honest rejection of the proposal to repudiate the debts of Louis XIV., and enumerates the expedients by which the national income was looted. Under the Duc de Noailles an attempt was made to diminish the expenditure and improve the fiscal system. Thus the responsibility of the collectors of the revenue was enforced, and the official personages who had enriched themselves at the expense of the country were compelled to restore a portion of their ill-gotten gains. No less than four thousand four hundred and seventy persons were called to account, and confessed that they had amassed upwards of 800,000,000 livres by trafficking in the finances. Under the policy adopted by the Duc de Noailles the country began to resume its prosperity, when the impatient Regent was persuaded to carry into effect the scheme recommended by Law. Mr. Murray gives a clear and graphic narrative of this celebrated adventurer's career, the rejection of his scheme by the Council, and his patronage by the Regent. He relates the circumstances attending the institution of Law's private bank, its eventual conversion into a royal establishment, the creation of the Company of the West, the attempts to colonize Louisiana, the recoil and collapse of the system, and finally Law's compulsory retirement from France. The measures employed to restore public confidence and to raise an adequate revenue, under Cardinal Dubois and the Duc de Bourbon, are next detailed, and the unpopularity and inefficiency of the two per cent. property tax strikingly brought out. Fleury's administration follows. His financial policy comprised the abolition of the property tax, the adjustment of the coinage, the reduction of *rentes*, and re-establishment of the dixième. Under the mistresses of Louis XV. the imposition of an income tax of one-twentieth obliged Machault to resign. Silhouette then proved the necessity of new imposts, and suggested a property tax of five per cent. Compelled to abandon this project, he fell back on a scheme of suspended payments. His resignation ensued, and Paris employed its wit in caricaturing the fallen minister. Trousers without pockets, portraits in outline, emblems of privation and unreality, were designated by his name. To Silhouette succeeded the unprincipled and shame-proof Terray. "Did I say that it was just?" was his answer when he was reproached with the iniquity of his fiscal project. And when told that he was taking the money out of the pockets of its victims: "And where else should I take it from?" was his retort. Among the abbé's measures were a tax on salt, an arbitrary and partial reduction of pensions, and suspension of treasury obligations. Such is a sketch of the history of French finance under Louis XV., as written by Mr. Murray. The principle of taxation adopted was a direct one; the one-tenth of Louis XVI. was superseded by one-twentieth, which was gradually increased by state exigencies to a tax of fifteen per cent. on every species of property. Yet under this abusive and fraudulent system the taxes were enormously augmented—the nett revenue under Terray far exceeding the gross revenue

under Colbert—the taxpayers were less oppressed, the fiscal burthens more equally distributed, and the number of peasant proprietors considerably increased.

The present work,¹⁸ with its unpromising title, has the same character of unexpected attractiveness as the preceding; and if not a really philosophical essay, is at least an entertaining disquisition on the principal revolutionary ideas of modern Europe, and, above all, of modern France. It is composed in a series of dialogues, in which the interlocutors are the author and various shadowy personages who represent the different types of antagonistic opinion, and challenge his statements or expand their own theories. The language in which these speculations are conveyed is highly metaphorical and diffuse, the sentences are cumulative, the figures have an oriental extravagance about them, and the logic is that of sentiment rather than of intellect. M. Pelletan thus describes his call to present authorship: "J'ai mis la main sur le cœur de la France, je l'ai senti battre et j'ai écrit ce livre!" His point of view is indicated in the sublime recommendation, "Ouvrez la fenêtre et regardez l'Europe." The primary principle of his philosophy is the eternal opposition of the two contending powers, force and intelligence. The discussion, conducted on the basis of strophe and antistrophe, comprehends the origin of evil, sin, the family, our country, humanity, nature, government, and religion. M. Pelletan eulogizes France as the laboratory of the ideas expressed in the formula Equality and Fraternity; England as the assertor of the principle of liberty. The sole determining authority is law, prepared, discussed, voted and sustained by the people, controlled and superintended by the free expression of opinion. The problem of the age is to reconcile the claims of order with those of progress. Progress is dependent on intelligence. To direct society and advance its interests, Government must ascertain the predominant social tendencies. The only expedient for realizing a Government based on intelligence is popular representation; the only form of popular representation is popular election; and the only defensible mechanism of popular election is universal suffrage, with the invariable accompaniment of a free press. It is acknowledged that truth is often the property of a minority; but where decision is imperative, and the choice lies between an armed appeal and a numerical dictation, we cannot hesitate which alternative to prefer. Should the defeated opinion have right on its side, no arithmetical force can finally overpower it. All established truths are conquests won by the minority over the majority. Thus, the minority which represents superior intelligence retains the right of ultimate victory, and is itself represented by the press. The suffrage of M. Pelletan is less a universal suffrage than a suffrage with universality as its ideal. It excludes woman for sociological reasons; it excludes all who have not received primary instruction. It makes the franchise co-extensive with moral and intellectual elevation. The principle which regulates its exercise accommodates itself to the state of society, expanding or contracting the suffrage with the expansion or contraction of capacity, but

¹⁸ "*Les Droits de l'Homme.*" Par Eugène Pelletan. Paris: Pagnerre. 1868.

ever tending to *universalize* it as the only method of realizing national life, national representation, patriotic devotion, and collective sympathy.

Social philosophy in France has just now many interpreters. Of these, the most fearless, certainly the most original, is M. Proudhon, who, after a silence of five years, once more resumes authorship. The three volumes of which his new work¹⁹ consists are written in the form of letters, addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon, and treat of man, his religion, destiny, progress, polity, literature, and philosophy. M. Proudhon places himself at the very commencement in the attitude of a belligerent. His challenge is brief and decisive. Revolution or revelation is the alternative which he offers us. Fiercely and uncompromisingly does he do battle with all his enemies, natural and supernatural; yet openly, honourably, morally, and not without some show of justification. The one cardinal question—the question into which all others resolve themselves—is, according to Proudhon, that of religion, the religious element in its most general form being identical with the Ideal or Transcendental, and having for its antithesis the Real or the Immanent. In philosophy, the primal error of our nature reveals itself in the search after the supersensuous—in the investigation of the metaphysical entities which we call matter, spirit, time, space, &c. The tendency to transcend experience and to *substantiate* hypotheses has its scientific manifestation in these ontological postulates, and its religious manifestation in the divinities of western and oriental polytheism, the three hypotheses of Christianity,—the personified reason of the Deist, the ultimate principle of the Pantheist or Spiritualist, and the collective humanity of the Positivist. In art, the same dangerous proclivity shows itself in the worship of the ideal; in ethics, in the proclamation of love as the final principle; in life, in the exercise of love as an indefinite yearning for the unknown and unattainable. Knightly devotion, chivalrous aspiration, platonic affection, are all so many deadly evils. The highest ecstasies of religious ardour are closely connected with the most vicious and degrading extravagances of sensualism. In all these tendencies, Proudhon sees a *necessity* against which man must combat; for they all involve the absolute, the abstract, the ideal—in a word, *transcendentism*. To this formidable and fatal proclivity of our nature to overleap itself, he opposes, as the sole corrective, the principle of immanence, or personal independence. It is not in love for others that human amelioration lies—it is in free will, in the conscience—in its determinate expression, justice. Justice is the watchword of the revolution in whose sacred device it bears the name of equality. It is by reverting to the revolutionary programme—it is by disclaiming “faith and love,” and adopting “work and justice,” that we shall find the fulcrum and lever that will move the world. This authoritative principle is defined to be a faculty as distinct as that of love, residing in the soul of man, and asserting itself as the recognition of our own personal dignity in others, and

¹⁹ “De la Justice dans la Revolution et dans l'Eglise Nouveaux Principes de Philosophie Pratique.” Par P. J. Proudhon. Paris.

that of others in ourselves. After deploring the growing scepticism of the age, which has now invaded the moral domain, and showing how incapable the Roman Catholic Church is to oppose the inroads of vice, Proudhon proceeds to a formal exposition of his philosophy. The doctrine of justice practically necessitates the doctrine of equality. All men, if we rightly understand our author, are absolutely identical in powers, and therefore in rights. Existing inequalities are partly due to education, which we can extend to all, and are partly the result of circumstances which we can control; so that the perfect equality of man (not of woman) will eventually be realized: inferior individuals and inferior races gradually dying out, and so illustrating the reasonableness of the sacred demand of the revolution, "*la justice ou la mort.*" Next, denouncing the theory of grace or favouritism, Proudhon accuses religion or the Church of systematically maintaining pauperism from interested motives of rejecting the principle of equality, of establishing communism in the apostolic period of Christianity, again in the middle ages, and more recently attempting its restoration. Justice, on the contrary, he asserts, in its distributive applications, institutes a true social economy, by simply converting reciprocity of respect or personal right into reciprocity of service or real right. Equality founds an economical equilibrium. Repudiating the communistic doctrines of Rousseau, Plato, and Louis Blanc, Proudhon declares his object to be not to abolish property, but to legalize it. This can only be done by establishing a balance between supply and demand, — a balance of commerce, a balance of credit, a balance of population. Property in land is to be subject to the same condition of reciprocity. The rent belongs to the state, and under the state it belongs in part to the producer, and in part to society. The producer has a prior claim to his salary. The residue constitutes the principal portion of the national revenue. An unproductive proprietor is not entitled to the rent. If he takes it without violence, he steals; if with violence, he robs. *La propriété c'est le vol.*

Acknowledging that man's natural resources have a limit, and rejecting the Malthusian theory, Proudhon contends that the true solution of the problem lies in an establishment of an equilibrium between the self-multiplying and the productive powers of the race, by means of a repressive force of spontaneous derivation. This force is to be sought in labour. The instinct of multiplication diminishes as it remits its exercise; and under the combined influence of regular work and judicious training, the generative force would find its appropriate limit, and a balance between population and production be instituted. Conformably with this view, marriage becomes the sacrament of justice. Love, which before marriage is an immorality, after marriage is consecrated, through the limitations imposed by justice on its idealizing and sensual tendencies. Woman, who when obeying her natural bias descends only to the depths of a hideous self-degradation, becomes, as the wedded companion of man, the grace and glory of life. Inferior to him in strength, in intellect, and in moral feeling, she is superior in beauty and in love. But as these qualities are incommutable, and as life demands the masculine and not the feminine element for its regu-

lation, woman always remains subordinate to man. In the conjugal pair alone justice finds its true organ. Without marriage no family, without family no city, without city no state. In marriage, natural love is not only subservient to justice, but balanced by an artificial love. To escape the aberrations of an erotic idealism, the fitting expedient, the reader will learn with surprise, is the impersonal love of all men by every wife, and of all women by every husband, combined with the personal possession of one only. Divorce, in Proudhon's moral world, with the usual reservations, is absolutely forbidden; separation, however, is allowed; and for those who have failed to form a true and noble marriage, the alternative after divorce is a legalized concubinage. The woman, in the Individualist creed, as in the Positivist, becomes through marriage a divinity that redeems man from his innate ferocity, and restrains him from the excesses of passion, and the asperities of justice. She is his *Domus aurea*, his *Rosa mystica*!

Proudhon, in addition to his economical and moral theories, has his theory of education; his theory of progress and decline; his theory of art; and even his views on regicide, all characterized by the predominance of the anti-idealistic principle. No one not a professed adherent of the writer's creed can peruse these volumes (seventeen hundred pages) without indignant protest and denial, and an ever heightening antipathy to a thinker who, with so fearless an energy, so cruel an irony, so unsparing a dialectic, declares war against the most cherished associations of his life, the dearest beliefs of his heart. With an appalling power of blasphemous utterance, and an insight that detects all the dangers that lie in a surrender to religious sentiment or poetic fervour, he destroys the beautiful world of the idealist—robs the worshipper of his God—the poet of his art—the chivalrous lover of his adored maiden—the social enthusiast of his devotion to humanity. Yet, however paradoxical and extravagant he may be, you feel that he is not altogether wrong; that there is some truth in what he says; that his reign of righteousness and justice, if it do not logically exclude the reign of love and devotion, must, at least, be reconciled and co-ordinated with it.

M. Proudhon is always impetuous, often discourteous, but a genuine sincerity sustains his plainness of speech. In modern France, opinion is free—when it is Catholic, imperial, established, never otherwise. The citation of M. Proudhon before the tribunal of Correctional Police has had its logical consequence—the condemnation and punishment of opinion, when it has only truth to justify its utterance. For undoubtedly the real offence of this able writer lies in his courageous enunciation of the social problem as Revolution v. Revelation. European statesmanship does not guarantee liberty of speech, because it does not approve freedom of thought. It is by no means evident to us that even in England patrician ecclesiasticism and commercial sanctimony would not persecute free thought, were the power and opportunity conceded. It is undeniable that in France a sarcastic refutation of the creed of the Empire is a crime only to be expiated by fine and imprisonment. Let us not deceive ourselves. Persecution sits *en permanence*. If M. Proudhon justifies the French revolutionary action in its

generality, Louis Blanc²⁰ justifies it in its detail. Though differing as Individualist and Socialist must do in their political and economical doctrines, both equally accept the grand device which characterized its first terrific explosion; but whereas the former defends the philosophical views of the revolution in general, the latter has the more limited task of vindicating one of its practical phases—the movement of 1848. M. Louis Blanc's book may be regarded as an apology and a counter-statement. He undertakes to correct the misrepresentations of Lord Normanby, the then English ambassador, and, in some instances at least, clearly establishes, by documents of unimpeachable authority, Lord Normanby's recklessness of assertion, credulousness of disposition, and indifference to historical truth. The story of the substitution of the tricolor for the red flag, by M. de Lamartine, undergoes a definitive revision. M. Louis Blanc disposes in an equally satisfactory way of the legend which attributes to him the introduction of the national workshops. For the co-operative associations which he established in the face of numerous obstacles and discouragements, he claims an unexpected degree of success; and, quoting from the writings of J. S. Mill, shows that such associations may and ought to be instituted, if only as political experiments. Yet, while admitting the general integrity and simple-mindedness of our author, we are compelled to attribute to him, in part, the failure of the republican revolution of February. The position which he occupied at the Luxembourg was a false and misleading one. It gave dangerous pre-eminence to himself, and undue prominence to the material side of the social problem. It split up the army of progress into two hostile camps. It necessarily fomented jealousy, and precluded unity of action. How far the apologist may be right in his assertion that his three Socialist friends and himself were from the first plenary and recognised members of the Provisional Government, we will not, on our present evidence, determine. The fac-simile, however, to which he refers us, at the end of his book, as so conclusively supporting his view, in our judgment testifies rather against than for it. After his own personal defence, and a vindication of the revolution of 1848, a faithful historical exhibition is given of the progress of the movement, —the Socialist theory and practice are discussed; the foreign policy and the financial crisis explained; and finally, the electoral proceedings, the invasion of the Assembly, the insurrection and deplorable issue of the revolution, are depicted with honourable fidelity to fact, and remarkable finish and flexibility of language.

From the turbulent enthusiasm of French politics, we pass to the sober and sustained spirit which characterizes the constitutional government of Piedmont. The noble political attitude of this Italian kingdom; the modest, yet distinguished part she enacted in the Russian war; her present dignified bearing in the dispute with Naples; her successful adoption of the representative system; her enlightened commercial policy, issuing in a rapidly-increasing revenue, while

²⁰ "1848. Historical Revelations: Inscribed to Lord Normanby." By Louis Blanc. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

accompanied by a reduction of taxation, stimulate our English sympathies, and incline us to welcome all publications that promise us sound information respecting her people, her statesmen, and her institutions. So considered, the page of history²¹ which Signor Chiala turns for us will be found to reward perusal. Consisting of five principal divisions, and illustrated by an explanatory appendix, his pamphlet narrates the early struggles of the new political party organized by the intrepid genius of Count Cavour, and known as *le centre gauche*; a party differing only from the Left as the practical man differs from the theoretical, or as applied truth differs from truth contemplated. After describing its formation, the author notices the attacks on the minister, Azeglio; the effects of the French *coup d'état* on Piedmont; the adhesion of Azeglio to the party of progress; the ministerial crisis, and Cavour's retirement; the position of the new cabinet; the discussion of the law of marriage; the differences with the Holy See; the dismissal of Azeglio, and Cavour's accession to ministerial presidency. The work of which we have given this brief abstract is remarkable for the sober English view of political philosophy it exhibits. Legislation grounded on exigencies and regulated by facts, progressive improvement, change of policy with change of circumstances,—are the principles which it proclaims. The author's conception, too, of historic obligation, is admirably defined:—"I make," he says, "no pretensions to impartiality. A book is impartial when it is true."

On the good or bad fortunes of the national character, writes Signor Gallenga,²² rest all hopes of the new scheme of a free constitution in Piedmont. In his genial and sincere description of a country life in "that heart of Italy," he attests that there is enough soundness in the basis to give us the best assurance of the solidity of the rising structure. Yet, the stoutest and bravest of the Italian people, the semi-Celtic race of Piedmont, is fast dwindling under the baneful influences of unwholesome diet and self-indulgent habits. Thus the mortality of Turin as far exceeds that of Paris as the latter surpasses that of London. Political freedom, however, seems to be "the Hesperus that bringeth all things good;" and already, in the introduction of athletic exercises and gymnastic sports, these deep-rooted evils are in a fair way of being cured in Piedmont. Unlike the urban population, the mountaineers seem in general to be cordial, hospitable, healthy, and vigorous, but unenterprising, indolent, thriftless, and improvident. Agriculture is rude and backward, absenteeism general, dishonest mendicancy rampant, manufacturing industry in its infancy. The subjects discussed by Signor Gallenga can only be briefly indicated here. The chapters on land and labourers, water and waterworks, woods and woodsmen, furnish much valuable information. The domestic life, the anti-social conventual system of female education, and the native temperament, are next examined; the low ebb of Italian literature and

²¹ "Une Page d'Histoire du Gouvernement Représentatif en Piémont." Par M. Louis Chiala. Paris. 1858.

²² "Country Life in Piedmont." By Antonio Gallenga. London: Chapman and Hall. 1848.

the prevailing ignorance are deplored, and the brutifying rule of Austria attested, while faintly descried through the gloomy present a cheerful future is predicted for Piedmont, and through Piedmont for Italy. We will only add that Signor Gallenga has a cordial and practical appreciation of the true Briton's privilege of grumbling, and a command of racy idiomatic English never before displayed by a foreigner.

From the Crimea to Constantinople is an obvious transition. Mrs. Edmund Hornby has given us, in her two volumes of travellers' talk,²⁴ some pleasing descriptions of Turkish life and Greek manners. Sails on the Bosphorus, inspections of harems, mosques, arsenals, monasteries, and gardens, with excursions to Balaklava, Inkerman, and the once fair and dreadful Sebastopol, are vividly and gracefully sketched. The contrast between the classical past and prosaic present is amusingly expressed in the portrait of an infant Aristides slinging stones vigorously across the narrow streets at children smaller than himself, or in that of a Lilliputian Sappho, engaged in the unpoetical manufacture of dirt-pies. The ignorance of the Turkish women, especially as exhibited in the management of their children; the sensual luxuriousness, oppression, and dishonesty of the pachas, and the miserable condition of the victims of their rapacious tyranny, are the chief social characteristics which the authoress presents. In describing the poverty of the East, she reports it as less frightful and more self-respecting than our own, and affirms that street vice is only cultivated as a western exotic. Judicious efforts for mental and moral amelioration would, in Mrs. Hornby's opinion, be attended with favourable results. Books, it seems, if published in their own language, would be welcomed by the few women who can read; and the nascent ambition of rearing an offspring as strong and beautiful as that of English mothers, argues favourably for the improvability of Oriental maternity.

"Intellectual Education,"²⁵ by Emily Shirreff, contains a valuable exposition of sound and practical ideas on the really great question of the age—at least in its application to the fairer and feebler of the two primary subdivisions of humanity. Breadth of view, far-seeing judgment, candour, and a steady but vivid sympathy with all forms of life, and truth, and loveliness, characterize the speculations of the authoress of this book; while a graceful dignity of mental movement, a self-restrained freedom, and sober beauty of language enhance the value of the thought, and impress and recommend it as we read. Christian by creed, our essayist is wise and noble enough to avow that religious training is not necessarily moral training; that the artificial defence of prejudice cannot prevent the entrance of scepticism; that we must learn to bear doubt in order to exclude despair. Protesting against the separation of moral and intellectual culture, and claiming for women their combined advantages, precisely because they have no outward necessity for labour, she vindicates education on its true

²⁴ "In and About Stamboul." By Mrs. Edmund Hornby. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1858.

²⁵ "Intellectual Education, and its Influence on the Character and Happiness of Women." By Emily Shirreff. London: John W. Parker. 1858.

grounds, the right and duty of self-development, of forming character, of realizing happiness. In her review of general principles, as applied to female education, parental superintendence, and the purpose and degree of variation in the instruction imparted, are first considered; a programme of study ranging over grammar, elementary mathematics, rudimentary science, language and history, is then examined, followed by a recital of the qualifications indispensable in the teacher. A chapter on moral training corrects certain erroneous conceptions, as the supposed religious duty of repressing all the natural tendencies; inculcates the formation of habits on the basis of the Moral Sanction, and indicates the perils of excessive sensibility and the influence of health on the mental condition. Educational limitations are discussed in the chapter on Early Teaching, comprising the amount and quality of instruction, the appropriate literature for children, and the absolute necessity of an education free from all religious dogmatism. The observations on the enervating effects of a false romance, and the awakening and ennobling influence of free poetical fancy and high imagination seem to us very admirable, while the protest against the Moloch-worshipping creed, which proclaims the salvation of selfishness as the supreme end of life, deserves a grateful recognition. In the three following chapters the appropriate studies and general management of girls from twelve to fourteen, from fourteen to sixteen, and from sixteen to eighteen years of age, are treated in a wise and earnest spirit. The concluding chapter examines the peculiarities of woman's social status, the conditions of married happiness, the alternative and occasional obligation of a single life, and the vexed question of female employment. Our authoress, while admitting the reality of the alleged exceptions to the general rule of female inferiority, deprecates competition on the part of feeble womanhood with robust manhood, maintaining the complimentary and not the equal or antagonistic nature of the sexes.

SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMSON'S beautiful monograph of the British Foraminifera,* recently published by the Ray Society, is a most acceptable contribution to our knowledge of this group of animals, the recent study of which has become invested with many features of new interest both to physiologists and to zoologists. Although this study has until lately been prosecuted on the Continent much more zealously and systematically than in this country, yet it must not be forgotten that the first separate treatise on the beautiful miniature chambered shells found in sea-sand, was the "*Testacea Minuta Britannica*" of Boys and Walker (1784), and that Montagu, at the beginning

¹ "On the Recent Foraminifera of Great Britain." By William Crawford Williamson, F.R.S., Professor of Natural History in Owen's College, Manchester. Printed for the Ray Society. 4to, pp. 120: With seven lithographic plates. London. 1858.

of the present century, described many additional species from British types, before the publication of the admirable "*Testacea Microscopica*" of Fichtel and Moll, in 1803, by which the foundation of a systematic study of this group may be considered to have been definitely laid. Not only did these authors describe a large number of new specific types, chiefly obtained from the Mediterranean shores, but, by the comparison of large numbers of individuals, they were led to perceive that many of these types are subject to an extraordinary degree of variation; and they did good service, by not only describing but figuring the most remarkable examples of this tendency which had presented themselves to their observation. Up to this time, and for long afterwards, no zoologist appears to have had any suspicion that the animals which formed these beautiful microscopic shells differed in any essential respect from those of their larger allies; and, even in 1825, M. D'Orbigny, who first attempted their scientific classification, ranked them as an order of Cephalopods, distinguishing them as *Foraminifera*, while the *Nautilus*, *Ammonite*, and their allies, whose chambered shells are furnished with a siphuncle, were designated *Sipunculifera*. It is curious that the designation *Foraminifera* has stuck to these organisms, although deprived of all its significance by the removal of the group from the highest class of Invertebrata to the very bottom of the animal series, which has become necessary in consequence of the discovery of Dujardin, first announced in 1835, that the creatures which form these minute chambered shells are not Cephalopod Mollusks, but little particles of animated jelly, possessing no distinct organization, but extending themselves into root-like filaments, termed *pseudopodia*, which serve as instruments both of prehension and locomotion. To the animals of this type, some of which are destitute of shells and inhabitants of fresh water, but the greater part testaceous and marine, Dujardin gave the designation *Rhizopoda*; and this would be advantageously substituted for *Foraminifera*, were it not that the latter is now in such general use, that its relinquishment is not to be expected.

It has been by M. D'Orbigny that the study of this group has been most systematically prosecuted; but whilst great credit is due to him for his industry in collecting, describing, and figuring a vast number of forms, recent and fossil, from various parts of the world, it is much to be regretted that, with such a rich store of materials, he did not lay a more durable foundation for the philosophical classification of these organisms. His almost entire ignorance of their internal structure has caused him to fall into the most grievous errors in regard to the affinities of his principal types; whilst his habit of selecting only the strongly marked forms, and neglecting the intermediate specimens, has led him not only to multiply *species* to an enormous extent, but frequently even to create distinct *genera*, for the reception of what are only individual *varieties*.

It seems likely that, as British observers led the way in the early study of the *Foraminifera*, so will they be the foremost in that complete re-investigation of the group which has now become requisite as a basis for its systematic arrangement. The work was well begun by

Professor Williamson, in a series of isolated memoirs upon particular British genera, which he has published from time to time in the "Annals of Natural History," and the "Transactions of the Microscopical Society;" and it has been contemporaneously prosecuted by Dr. Carpenter, who, starting with those gigantic Foraminifera, the fossil *Nummulites*, has specially devoted himself to the complete elucidation of the structure, variations, and affinities of a comparatively small number of types, chiefly from tropical seas, as to which his series of elaborate memoirs is in course of publication in the "Philosophical Transactions."

Notwithstanding the great difference in the materials on which their researches have been prosecuted, these two gentlemen seem to be fully agreed as to their principal results; and the Ray Society has accordingly arranged with them for the production of a joint Treatise on this group,—Professor Williamson undertaking the execution of a monograph of the British species, whilst Dr. Carpenter has engaged to furnish an account of the structure, physiology, zoological affinities, and geographical and geological distribution of the Foraminifera generally. Professor Williamson's portion of the work is now complete; and its publication, with upwards of two hundred beautiful figures on stone, constitutes another of those valuable services to Natural History, for which the Ray Society has already earned a strong claim to the gratitude of its votaries. Nothing can form a greater contrast to the dashing recklessness of M. D'Orbigny than the painstaking caution of Professor Williamson; who, instead of considering how many genera and species he could make, seems to have aimed at reducing their number to the smallest possible amount, by the careful study of the range of individual departure from each specific type. Indeed, he confesses that throughout the descriptive portion of his treatise he has employed the machinery of binomial classification provisionally only, as a useful mode of indicating special types of form; having not yet arrived at any satisfactory conclusion as to what are to be considered the limits of their variation. His remarks on this point are very instructive:—

"Nothing is easier than to throw the Foraminifera obtained by dredging over some limited area into defined groups, each of which has apparently a specific value. But as we extend our researches to more distant localities, new and intermediate forms perplex our minds as to what are the same and what different species. Long before our dredging net has swept round the British coasts, we find that what was already difficult trenches upon the impossible; and when we test our results, by applying them to collections made in remote parts of the globe, we become convinced that the limited amount of our present information makes that impossibility absolute. The more extensive our experience, the weaker become our convictions respecting the limits of variation in any species. Examples abound which we are unable to locate with confidence; and we are at length tempted to believe that specific distinctions have no experience."—p. x.

This, however, would be an unsafe and unwarrantable conclusion. That there should be a much wider range of variation in this group than among the higher types of organization, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered how little of definiteness there is in the form and

structure of the soft gelatinous body that forms the shell; so that the wonder is, not that there should be a tendency to diversity both in the form and in the plan of growth of the aggregate body, but that there should be any regularity or constancy whatever. Still it is only in the degree of this range, that this group differs from others; and the main principle which must be taken as the basis of its systematic arrangement—that of ascertaining the range of specific variation by an extensive comparison of individual forms—is one which finds its application in every department of natural history, and is now recognised and acted on by every Zoologist and Botanist worthy of the name.

Mr. Bolin has sent forth the second and concluding volume of his new edition of Dr. Mantell's popular exposition of geological science,² which has had the advantage of the careful editing of Mr. Rupert Jones, who, without breaking in upon the original symmetry of the work, has managed to introduce into it a large amount of new and valuable matter, which has been partly incorporated with the text, but, where it related to the subjects of the previous volume, has been added in an appendix. This contains abstracts of Mr. Sorby's highly interesting paper on the microscopical structure of crystals and on the contents of their cavities, from which Mr. Sorby has shown that positive inferences may be drawn in regard to their aqueous or igneous origin; of Sir C. Lyell's lecture (March 7, 1856), on the secular elevation and subsidence of areas of land; of Dr. Falconer's exposition of the zoological and geological relations of the true species of mastodon and elephant; of Mr. Prestwich's memoir on the former extension of upper tertiary deposits, probably of the age of the crag, over the chalk downs of Kent; and of Mr. Godwin-Austen's communication on the granitic boulder recently found in the chalk at Croydon, which has been as prolific a source of geological argument and romance as any fact lately brought forward. By the kindness of Sir Roderick Murchison, the editor has been enabled to introduce, in its proper place, a summary of the latest views of that distinguished geologist on the classification of the Permian and Silurian formations; and he has also specially noticed that interesting discovery (by Mr. C. W. Peach) of Lower Silurian fossils in the siliceous limestone rocks of Sutherlandshire, which has enabled Sir R. Murchison to bring to their true bearings the observations previously made in this locality by himself and others, and not only to rectify the errors and to disperse the obscurity which covered the geological history of the North-Western Highlands of Scotland, but to place enormous masses of the stratified rocks of this region in their right position in the geological scale, and to develop their relations with their equivalent formations in Scandinavia, Canada, Wales, and elsewhere. Thus brought up to the knowledge of the present time, we have no doubt that the "Wonders of Geology" will retain the reputation it has deservedly acquired as a sound compendium of the facts

² "The Wonders of Geology; or a Familiar Exposition of Geological Phenomena." By Gideon Algernon Mantell, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Second edition. Revised and augmented by T. Rupert Jones, F.G.S. Vol. 2. Post 8vo, pp. 546. With numerous woodcuts. London. 1858.

and doctrines of Geology, set forth in an attractive form, and with the advantage, on the part of its lamented author, of such a thorough practical knowledge of his subject as is unfortunately possessed by but few popular authors on science.

We are glad to possess in a collected form³ the series of interesting papers originally contributed by the late lamented Hugh Miller to the columns of the *Witness* newspaper, in which he narrated, in his own graphic and vigorous style, his personal experiences as a geological explorer. As in his other writings of a like class, the account of his scientific researches is very pleasantly blended with descriptions of the scenery in the midst of which he prosecuted them, notices of remarkable features in the history and antiquities of the localities, amusing incidents of travel, and anecdotes of the remote islanders amongst whom he found himself, which give an insight into modes of life of which those who have never visited such out-of-the-way spots can have little conception. These papers were originally composed during the heat of the Free Kirk controversy, into which, as is well known, Hugh Miller threw himself with his characteristic energy, wielding his sledge-hammer with tremendous power, and crushing many an antagonist by its heavy strokes. Whatever might be the subject on which he wrote, church politics were sure to be brought in somehow or other; and the rambles of a geologist gave plenty of opportunity for the discussion of them; which, being often carried on at that time with too little of the charity which "thinketh no evil," was apt to draw those who engaged in it into expressions which were anything but appropriate to the seriousness of the subject and the calling of the disputants. That the Free Kirk of Scotland is now "a great fact," and is doing a great work, must be admitted by the staunchest adherents of the Establishment; and the supporters of each can honestly regard those of the other with mutual esteem and respect, instead of with mutual repugnance and distrust. To have reprinted the polemical parts of Hugh Miller's "Cruise" and "Rambles" would have only served to keep alive the *odium theologicum*; and we consider, therefore, that the editor has exercised a wise discretion in the omission of them. Every reader will still find abundant manifestation of the author's party sympathies; but there is little to which an opponent could fairly take exception.

Some persons have very lax notions as to what constitutes literary property, and think, when a book has acquired a reputation with the public, that they are quite at liberty to appropriate as much of that reputation to themselves as circumstances may permit. We have been accustomed to think that such piratical practices were peculiar to the inferior class of literary hacks; and are sorry to find a Free Kirk minister lending to them the sanction of his position, and even glossing them over with an air of "decided piety." The title of a little

³ "The Cruise of the *Betsey*; or, A Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides. With Rambles of a Geologist; or, Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland." By Hugh Miller. Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," &c. Post 8vo, pp. 486. • Edinburgh. 1858.

book before us⁴ is obviously adopted from that of a larger treatise by Dr Carpenter, "The Microscope and its Revelations," and that which is impressed on the cover is identical with Dr. Carpenter's. Of the contents of the volume, a large part has been transferred from the pages of Dr. Carpenter's, as well as from Mr. Quekett's, and other treatises on the microscope; and the only excuse which the author can offer, is that the sources of these materials are for the most part honestly acknowledged. We have searched its pages in vain for any record of an original observation, or for any definite indication that the author has made himself familiar either with the use of the instrument, or with the phenomena which it brings to view. Let the books from which he has quoted be placed in the hands of any other man of ordinary intelligence, possessed of the gift of stringing together scientific facts by sentences, paragraphs, and whole pages of theological verbiage, and we will undertake to say that at least as good a product will be turned out. In fact, we have thoughts of constructing a machine which shall bring down a good scientific treatise to the level of the taste which, from Mr. Gosse's success, we must suppose to be now prevalent, by interlarding it with the unctuous phraseology which some people mistake for religion. Mr. Ferguson's bugbear seems to be the "Vestiges;" and he cannot satisfy himself without a hit at the doctrine of progressive development, although the question can only be brought under discussion in a completely irrelevant manner. Altogether, though he professes his object to be the reconciliation of science and religion, by showing how the results of microscopic research confirm and extend our ideas of the Creator's wisdom and goodness, we are of opinion that every well-constituted mind will draw such inferences for itself, without the intervention of such vapid sermonizations as those of Mr Ferguson.

Although numerous monographs and works on limited portions of Psychological Medicine⁵ have appeared of late years, none of these meet the demand of the student and practitioner for a systematic treatise on Insanity; and no better answer could be given to his inquiry, than to refer him to Dr. Prichard's work, written a quarter of a century ago, which, though an excellent compendium of the then state of knowledge of the pathology and treatment of disorders of the mind, and in some respects an advance upon the medical and legal philosophy of that time, is decidedly behind the present age. That work being out of print, and its gifted author being no more, we think that there was a decided call for a new treatise; and better men than the authors who have associated themselves together for the production of the volume before us could scarcely have been found. Both of them are practically conversant

⁴ "The Microscope; its Revelations and Applications in Science and Art." By John Ferguson, Minister of the Free Church, Bridge of Allan. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 160. Edinburgh. 1858.

⁵ "A Manual of Psychological Medicine: containing the History, Nosology, Description, Statistics, Diagnosis, Pathology, and Treatment of Insanity. With an Appendix of Cases." By John Charles Bucknill, M.D. Lond., Medical Superintendent of the Devon County Lunatic Asylum, &c., and Daniel H. Tuke, M.D., Visiting Medical Officer to the York Retreat. 8vo, pp. 562. London. 1868.

with the subject; both have made it the subject of careful study; both have an extensive acquaintance with its literature, and show themselves not only able but willing fairly and fully to estimate what has been done by others; and both write in a pleasant readable style, free alike from all attempts at elaborate display, and from that slipshod carelessness which some mistake for ease. Dr. Tuke contributes the earlier part of the work, a large proportion of which is historical. He first enters, more fully perhaps than is necessary, into the inquiry as to the prevalence of insanity among the nations of antiquity, and the opinions of ancient medical writers on the treatment of the disorder. He then discusses the question as to the influence of modern civilization upon insanity; as to which he concludes (after making due allowance for causes of error) that insanity really does attain its maximum development among civilized nations; the causes of this excess lying in the fact that the various influences which favour the development of insanity are at work with far more potency in what is called civilized society than they are in a state of barbarism; though, as all our present civilization is to be regarded as imperfect and transitional, it does not necessarily follow that civilization carried to its perfect development should be attended with this grievous drawback. In fact we might say that so long as insanity is a prevalent disease, so long must there be something wrong in our social system, and especially in our educational training. In the succeeding chapter, we have a succinct history of the amelioration of the condition of the insane in modern times, especially in regard to mechanical restraints; the study of which history is essential to the formation of sound opinions upon this point, since neither the theory nor the practice of the humane system can be thoroughly understood without a knowledge of the results to which the system of coercion inevitably leads. Dr. Tuke then discusses the definition of insanity and the classification of its various forms, and finishes his part of the work with a chapter on the statistics of the malady, with especial reference to its causation. The latter half of the volume, embracing the three most important subjects of the diagnosis, the pathology, and the treatment of insanity, is from the pen of Dr. Bucknill, and will add to the high reputation which he has gained by his previous contributions to this department of medical literature. In the chapter on pathology, more especially, we recognise the results of profound philosophical thought upon the data supplied by varied and extended experience, under the guidance of the most advanced views of cerebral physiology; and we feel sure that it must exercise a most important influence on the formation of the opinions of such of its readers as come to it with unprejudiced minds, and are prepared by their previous habits of thought for the discussion of the subject upon the broad basis of the *philosophia prima* of life and organization. Dr. Bucknill also contributes an appendix of cases, some of which are illustrated by characteristic portraits of the subjects of them, taken by the aid of photography.

In connexion with the foregoing, we may notice two smaller treatises of more limited scope, which agree in their general object, and to a certain extent in the mode in which it is worked out, whilst differing

in various particulars of less account. Both authors have adopted the general views of the correlation of physiology and psychology, which Dr. Carpenter has propounded in his "Human Physiology;" and have dedicated their treatises to him as an expression of their sense of his services to this department of science. Mr. Dunn's Essay,⁶ which has already appeared in a succession of detached chapters in Dr. Forbes Winslow's "Journal of Psychological Medicine," shows a very extensive acquaintance with the writings, not merely of physiologists and pathologists, but also of psychologists; and from these, with valuable additions from his own ample store of professional experience, he has carefully constructed a scheme of the physiology of the encephalon, chiefly on the plan marked out by Dr. Carpenter, but with the aim of applying the like method to the determination of the function of the different parts of the cerebral hemispheres. The overthrow of the old phrenological system may now be regarded as complete; but Mr. Dunn seems to consider that the way is quite open for the construction of a new one upon more philosophical principles; and we are not at all sure that he is wrong. He aims to determine by anatomical comparison, aided by the history of development, what are to be considered the primary or fundamental portions of the cerebrum; and urges that these must be the instruments of those primary intellectual operations which constitute the simplest elements of the reasoning processes; whilst those parts which are peculiar to man must be the instruments of those highest actions which he alone can perform. Thus he is led to conclude, first, that the perceptive faculties, by which we take cognizance of external objects, their sensible qualities, attributes, and relations, and the phenomena of their action, must have their local habitation in the convolutions of the anterior lobes; secondly, that the posterior lobes, as exclusively human, must necessarily be the seat of the exclusively human affections, and administer to our social relations; and thirdly, that the convolutions of the middle lobes are the seat of the personal affections of the *ego*, and of the social, moral, and religious intuitions. We think that many exceptions may be taken to these conclusions, the evidence for which seems to us to be far from having a title to the "indisputable proof" which the author claims to have established; but we consider that he is fully justified in asserting that the method he has adopted is the one by which alone the truth is likely to be ultimately evolved; and we trust that psychologists and comparative anatomists will harmoniously co-operate in the attempt to determine what in the mental operations of different animals are really comparable phenomena, and what are the truly homologous parts of their cerebral hemispheres. When these questions shall have received anything like a satisfactory solution, it will be time to commence the work of system-making. At present, as it seems to us, we are but upon the threshold of the inquiry.

⁶ "An Essay on Psychological Physiology." By Robert Dunn, F.R.C.S., Esq., Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, &c. 8vo, pp. 94. London. 1858.

The substance of Dr. Noble's treatise⁷ formed one of the earlier chapters in the author's work on psychological medicine, a second edition of which appeared about three years since; and he has been induced to produce it separately in a more extended form, partly by a desire to give a fuller development to his own views, and partly for the sake of a class of readers who feel a special interest in the correlation of physiology and psychology, but care little about the pathology and treatment of insanity. It is much more popular in its mode of exposition than Mr. Dunn's essay, and aims at conveying to the general reader such a view of the anatomical relations of the principal parts of the nervous apparatus as may serve for the basis of a scientific psychology. The author does not, like Mr. Dunn, attempt to analyse and allocate the functions of the cerebrum; for having been satisfied that the system of phrenology of which he was formerly the very ingenious advocate, is altogether baseless, he seems in no hurry to construct a new one. But the chief point on which he has views of his own to propound, relates to the seat of the emotional sensibility, which he regards as distinct from ordinary sensibility, locating the former in the ganglionic centres known as the thalami optici and corpora striata, whilst he refers the latter to the corpora dentata or inferior ganglia of the cerebellum. In support of this view he urges several considerations of much weight, and certainly makes out a very fair *ex parte* case in its favour. But there is also much to be said on the other side; and the safest course is probably to suspend the judgment, until the experimental and anatomical inquiries at present in progress shall have furnished more reliable data than we at present possess for the interpretation of pathological phenomena. The researches of which Dr. Brown Séquard has recently given an account in the lecture-room of the Royal College of Surgeons, so strangely unsettle our previous ideas on points as to which it had been supposed that there was little room for doubt, that the prudent neurologist will express himself with great caution as to any of those topics on which the evidence is still more questionable. One of the most valuable chapters in Dr. Noble's treatise, entitled "The Physiological Potency of Ideas," we would commend to the special attention of such of our readers as may desire a scientific *rationale* of the so-called spiritual manifestations; which we regard as simply the corporeal expressions of ideas with which the mind allows itself to be possessed, under the temporary abnegation of the volitional direction of the thoughts.

The publication of a second and much enlarged edition of Professor J. H. Bennett's *Clinical Lectures*,⁸ affords a gratifying evidence of the present activity of the Edinburgh School of Medicine, which some years ago had almost seemed to have sunk into the torpor of age, but

⁷ "The Human Mind in its Relations with the Brain and Nervous System." By Daniel Noble, M.D., Visiting Physician to the Clifton Hall Retreat, &c. Post 8vo, pp. 157. London. 1858.

⁸ "Clinical Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine." By John Hughes Bennett, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, and Senior Professor of Clinical Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Second edition. With 468 illustrations on wood. 8vo, pp. 951. Edinburgh. 1858.

which the energy and skill of Professor Bennett as a clinical teacher have done much to revive. The value of these lectures mainly consists in their constant inculcation of the necessity for an accurate acquaintance with the natural history of disease as a basis for rational treatment, and in the amount of information they convey as to various topics of special pathology; and it is greatly augmented by the copiousness of the illustrations, which, though not generally to be praised as works of art, serve to convey a much better idea of the objects they represent, than verbal description alone could afford. Their chief defect consists in the want of balance among the subjects treated, which results from the author's anxiety to set forth his peculiar views and distinctive merits, as to questions that seem to us much more fitted for discussion in the pages of a journal than in those of a treatise which aims at a systematic character; whilst, as a necessary consequence, many topics of much greater importance are either passed by altogether or are dismissed with the slightest possible mention. As we have no space, however, for detailed criticism upon the general plan and execution of the work, we shall limit our notice of it to a summary of Professor Bennett's general views on the recent changes in therapeutics occasioned by the advance of our knowledge of diagnosis and pathology, as to which points he is at issue with Professor Alison, Dr. Watson, and several others among his older brethren, whose opinions have been recently set forth in our pages (vol. XIII., pp. 269—271). It is admitted on all hands that the use of blood-letting and of other (so-called) antiphlogistic remedies has within a recent period greatly declined in this country; but it is with respect to the causes of this change of practice that the controversy is sustained. Professor Bennett affirms that it is attributable solely to modern improvements in diagnosis and therapeutics, which have brought about an almost complete revolution in our treatment of disease within the last fifteen years; whilst his opponents, by no means ignoring the influence which these improvements have exerted, maintain that the type of inflammatory diseases has undergone modification, and that there is now so much greater a tendency to an asthenic condition in those who are suffering under them, that patients cannot bear the large bleedings which were formerly believed upon adequate evidence to exert a beneficial operation. In opposition to their assertions, Professor Bennett urges:—

"1st. That little reliance can be placed on the experience of those who, like Gregory and Cullen, were unacquainted with the nature of and mode of detecting internal inflammations. 2nd. That inflammation is the same now as it ever has been, and that the analogy sought to be established between it and the varying types of essential fevers is fallacious. 3rd. That the principles on which blood-letting and antiphlogistic remedies have hitherto been practised are opposed to a sound pathology. 4th. That an inflammation once established cannot be cut short, and that the only object of judicious medical practice is to conduct it to a favourable termination. 5th. That all positive knowledge of the experience of the past, as well as the more exact observation of the present day, alike establish the truth of the preceding propositions as guides for the future."—p. 261.

The first of these points may be freely conceded, without the de-

cision on the second being in any way affected by the concession. Professor Bennett affirms that as inflammation consists in "a series of changes in the nervous, sanguineous, vascular, and parenchymatous functions of a part, terminating in exudation of the liquor sanguinis, or what some call effusion of lymph," this series of changes must always be the same in their essential characters; so that, for example, "a true pneumonia is the same under every circumstance." But we would suggest whether this affirmation is not a begging of the very question at issue. Is the nature of the exudation always the same? Does not its character depend very much upon the previous constitutional state? And does not that constitutional state often depend upon causes which affect a whole population at once, so that the prevalent type of inflammatory disease shall be very different at one time from that which presents itself at another? If Dr. Bennett restricts the designation pneumonia to a form of disease which is always characterized by precisely the same physical signs and constitutional symptoms, then he must carry the same principle into the classification of diseases generally, and will soon find himself entangled in a labyrinth of difficulty and error. Nature will not be trammelled by arbitrary rules. The state of the human body at any one time, as Dr. Draper has well pointed out, is but the expression of all the antecedent agencies to which it has been subjected; and, consequently, as these influences are continually varying, sometimes in obvious modes, but more frequently in a manner that eludes our direct observation, it is to be expected that the prevalent constitutional state, and consequently the type of disease, should change from time to time. Whatever be the agencies which have led to the diffusion of influenza and cholera within the last quarter of a century, those agencies can scarcely fail to have exerted a more than temporary influence upon the human organism. And if Professor Bennett would trust a little less confidently in his own experience, and would extend his inquiries among intelligent practitioners who, like Dr. Watson, are fully competent to judge of the value of modern improvements, and have had the advantage of an experience dating back thirty or forty years, we believe that he will find an amount of accordance with Dr. Watson's views which may lead him to a reconsideration of his own. We do not believe, however, that, supposing the sthenic type of disease again to present itself, any intelligent practitioner would have recourse to the large and repeated bleedings which were formerly practised, without reference to the stage of the malady; for we have no doubt that Professor Bennett is fully borne out by experience, as well as by scientific deduction, in his third affirmation as to the injurious results of these bleedings, which merely debilitated the patient without producing any effect upon the morbid action. The statistics which he has collected in regard to the relative results of different modes of treating pneumonia, are very remarkable; and after making every allowance for sources of error, the contrast which they present between the results of the vigorous antiphlogistic treatment formerly practised, and those of the milder and more expectant system now pursued, is so much to the advantage of the latter, that its general superiority can scarcely be

questioned. The acceptance or rejection of the fourth of Dr. Bennett's propositions will mainly depend upon the sense in which the word "inflammation" is understood. With Dr. Bennett, inflammation can only be said to be present when exudation has commenced; whilst other pathologists regard as inflammation that perversion of the ordinary nutritive process which tends towards exudation. Hence the latter may fully accord with Dr. Bennett in the assertion that when exudation has once taken place, neither blood-letting nor any other antiphlogistic treatment is of any avail; whilst they may retain their own opinion (in which even Dr. Bennett may agree without a forfeiture of consistency), that blood-letting may cut short an attack that would have otherwise become violently inflammatory. Dr. Bennett is by no means opposed to moderate bleeding in the early stage of pneumonia, where there is much pain and dyspnoea, and fully admits the relief which it often affords; so that we believe that practically there would be found very little difference between himself and his opponents; and the whole question at issue reduces itself to this,—whether, concurrently with the advance which is admitted on all hands to have taken place in the diagnosis and treatment of disease, there has been any modification in the type of disease itself.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

WHEN a statesman turns for recreation to the classical literature which in youth he loved, professional scholars will not, indeed, feel flattered, but they may naturally wish to be indulgent. But this must be on condition that the neophyte demeans himself as becomes an aspirant—that he advances his opinions with modesty, preserves the consciousness that he is but a dabbler, and treats with deference those whose lives have been devoted to antiquity. If, instead of this becoming behaviour, he constitutes himself the champion of some paradox, old or new,—assumes the airs not only of an equal, but of a dictator, and presents himself as having a vocation to set everybody right, he will certainly be rigorously required to produce his credentials for such a mission. Mr. Gladstone's "*Homer and the Homeric Age*"¹ is a challenge—a challenge, not to this or that theory or opinion, but to the whole method of philological inquiry as now understood and accepted. It is beyond the province of the general critic to take up this challenge. The philologists must, if they can, vindicate their own procedure. We may, however, properly offer some general remarks on the issue which will have to be joined if the question of the true method of historical inquiry is to be again reopened.

In the first ages of the classical revival, as is well known, the authority of the Greek and Latin writers was never questioned. The "pro-

¹ "*Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for the University of Oxford. 3 vols. 8vo. Oxford University Press.

“*profane*” philosophers and historians were, of course, distinguished from the “*sacred*.” But in their own subject, on secular affairs, the statements of classical writers were as implicitly accepted as those of the canonical books were in matters of religion. The business of the scholar consisted in collecting, comparing, and harmonizing texts of “*ancient authors* ;” just as the business of the divine was to harmonize passages from Scripture and the Fathers into one consistent body of doctrine. When, by this means, an acquaintance with the contents of antiquity had been obtained, the first efforts of nascent criticism naturally took the direction of doubt. It began to be hinted that every statement of every ancient author was not true. And as physical force was not employed by the magistrate to repel inquiry into the authority of profane writers, the work of destruction went on rapidly. Scepticism has been the method of historical inquiry for the last three centuries ; and all the progress in classical knowledge which has been made, has been due to the unlimited exercise of the right to doubt. The principle of conservatism has done nothing for knowledge but oppose its progress. It is evident, however, that scepticism, in its own nature, must have a limit. It is only by the accident of the existence of a usurped authority that it has been the powerful instrument which it has. As soon as ever it shows a disposition to go beyond its legitimate province,—viz., the overthrow of hypothesis—it evinces its weakness. The conservative spirit is ever at hand, ready to avail itself of this lapse, and under cover of refutation of the particular theory advanced, to attempt to restore the whole of the exploded doctrine of authority. The inability of the revolutionary movement to construct society in a permanent shape is, in the sphere of politics, that which has called forth the despotic reaction. The failure of negative criticism, in its attempts to frame positive hypotheses, is what, in historical inquiry, is now encouraging orthodoxy to make a desperate attempt to recover its lost ground. Among these efforts, Mr. Gladstone’s “*Homer*” is one of the most thorough-going and surprising.

After many and various constructive attempts on the part of Greek philologists to mould the notices we possess of the pre-historic ages of Greece into one consistent scheme, they appear within the last few years to have come to an agreement to desist from such attempts for the future. They have agreed to say all the early Greek history before a certain date B.C.—where the line is to be drawn may be matter of doubt—is lost to us. This treatment of early history has been made extensively known in this country, by having been adopted by Grote in his popular *History*. It places in one category all that relates to the legendary age, and pronounces it to be neither true nor false, but incapable of historical interpretation.

This position, we believe, no historical scholar of any character will impugn in the main. It is, indeed, subject to certain deductions. 1. Ethnological affinities, architectural remains, and, above all, language, are facts transmitted from the ante-historical times, which may be found sufficient as a basis for a few cautious inferences. 2. The Homeric poetry may be accepted as evidence of manners, and all that

may be called extreme, for some age and some part of the shores of the *Ægean*, though for what age B.C., and what district, we have no means of deciding.

In defiance of this very reasonable and safe view, Mr. Gladstone advances the preposterous theory that the Homeric poems are themselves a basis for the history of the earliest times of Greece. We are not able to state his view in any precise words of his own, for, perhaps with a secret consciousness that it would not bear naked enunciation, he has nowhere given it such a form. But his assumption must be—and to state it is to refute it—that the “*Iliad*” and “*Odyssey*” are, not poetry, not fiction, but history in verse. That the personages really lived—that the events really occurred—that the things represented as said and done, were actually said and done,—no less amount of assumption than this will bear up his conclusions.

That there is not a particle of evidence for such an assumption need hardly be said. The strange thing is, that Mr. Gladstone does not even think it necessary to support it by any of that ingenious pleading of which he is such a master. He assumes it as a self-evident truth, and proceeds to write three octavos on the assumption. A stroke of the pen converts a poem into a history. That done, we have an inexhaustible fund to draw upon, and can write most detailed and minute annals of the new period which we have rescued from the night of ages. The proceeding can only be compared with that of one of the bubble joint-stocks, who in five minutes created half a million, and then proceeded to lend their “capital,” with indiscriminate profusion, in every direction. On such a theme Mr. Gladstone obviously could write, not three, but thirty, volumes. His fertility, his ingenuity—above all, the iron force of his logic, have never been more conspicuously exhibited than in this perverse essay. Woe betide any unhappy novel or fact that stands in his way! If it does not mean it, it shall mean it. If there is no door, he breaks through the wall. What a pity that such powers have not been spent on some worthy theme! Such work as these volumes contain is far too severe to have been recreation. It is serious and earnest, and speaks of incomparable power and talent all thrown away on an untenable, stupid paradox. Mr. Gladstone’s “*Homer*” must share the fate of Bentley’s “*Milton*,” or Warburton’s “*Dissertation on the Mysteries*.” Indeed, in witnessing the force of muscle which Mr. Gladstone can put forth to hurl his spear, we have more than once been reminded of Warburton, and of Peter Elmsley’s discriminating remark: “In the mind of Warburton the foundation of classical literature had been well laid, yet not so as to enable him to pursue the science of ancient criticism with an exactness equal to the extent in which he grasped it.” Mr. Gladstone seems to have a jealous susceptibility about “*English scholarship*.” His own book, which the authority of his public reputation will carry far and wide on the Continent, will do more damage to our reputation in Germany than anything we have turned out for years. He finds fault with the article “*Homerus*” in “*Smith’s Dictionary*,” by Dr. Ihne, “because it is not in conformity with the prevailing state, at least, of English opinion upon the controversy. Whatever may be the demerits of Ihne’s article in

other respects, "conformity to English opinion" is a very odd test of philological truth! We are often glad to see that Mr. Gladstone does not, in politics, always comply with this test himself. But what is "English opinion" on the Homeric controversy? The three most distinguished English critics who have of late years treated the question are Thirlwall, Grote, and Mure. Of these, Thirlwall relies entirely on German authorities; and Grote, though rejecting Lachmann's hypothesis, and advancing an equally untenable view of his own, is not at all in conformity with Mr. Gladstone. Col. Mure is too well read in the Homeric controversy to think it any credit to have formed an opinion on the subject without having mastered the arguments of Lachmann, Ritschl, Hermann, Nitsch, and Welcher.

The prevalent fashion of republishing collected essays is justified by the amount of thought and study which is now laid out on periodical writing; making these papers often the best things of the day. Forty years ago it was not so. Not only was reviewing less cultivated as an art, but writers did not usually devote their best and most original thoughts to periodical writing. M. de Barante's "*Etudes Littéraires*"² date from that earlier time. He has thought it worth while to gather out of periodicals and dictionaries two more volumes, of no higher character than the two last, which we noticed six months ago.* These sketches must have been dull and colourless at any time. If ever they had any savour, they have now quite lost it. About one hundred pages of the second volume are taken up with a notice of Schiller, first published in 1821. We are now in 1858, and Schiller's life and works have been the object of the most indefatigable illustration in Germany ever since his death. Who would now care to read Schiller's life in an essay written in France in the year 1821? Nor is this obsolete biography recommended by any vigorous and striking criticism. Commonplace remarks, interspersed by translation into French prose of Schiller's best-known ballads, swell out the bulk of this feeble performance.

Michelet's prose has that high quality which we attribute to the most impassioned poetry, of being untranslatable. The language of art—Virgil or Tasso—can be rendered into other language equally artistic; but the language of passion cannot. This is Michelet's power; this inspires his imagination, and warms his language—viz., his intense political feeling. Sir W. Scott had the imaginative eye, and could make the exterior forms of the past live before us—could resuscitate the persons, instinct with life and character. Michelet does not only make the actors of the past play over their drama before him, but he feels with the human interests at stake in their doings—interests larger and more comprehensive than any individual life can be. This political imagination is the highest sort of historical power. Only by aid of this power can we gain instructive insight into history. The picturesque narrative may amuse us; diplomatic and documentary re-

² "*Etudes Littéraires et Historiques.*" Par M. Le Baron de Barante, de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. Paris: Didier.

* *Westminster Review*, January, 1858.

search may enrich the lawyer with store of precedent; he who paints the personal passions may thrill us with dramatic interest. But only he who can extract from the hubbub of the fray the eternal human interests imperilled in it—who can show us, beneath the variable intrigue of the hour, the mundane war of truth, virtue, justice, freedom, nobleness of soul, against force, fraud, despotism, and brutality—he only can properly interpret for us the deep meanings of the speaking picture which lies before the eyes of all of us in the records of the past.

The two topics between which the new volume is divided—"Richelieu" and "The Fronde"³—are hardly so favourable for Michelet's peculiar talent as the subjects which have recently occupied us. They want the breadth, unity, and decision of such all-comprehensive influences as "The Renaissance," "The Reform," and "The League." A crowd cannot be drilled into a picture, and a various succession of more or less isolated intrigues cannot be combined into a history. True, the 'Thirty Years' War, which we here come upon, is absorbing enough, sweeping in course of time all other interests extant in Europe into itself. But Richelieu's policy with regard to the German War was not great; indeed, it was infinitely petty for so great a man. Michelet is honest enough, notwithstanding his nationality, not to disguise this. Had Richelieu been absolute at home—in France—his foreign policy might have been different. But he had to struggle against traitors and enemies in the court; against the Spanish faction, represented by the two queens, and worked and fermented by all the malignant arts of the Jesuits. His sole stay against so many foes eager for his fall was the good sense of the sickly and irritable king (Louis XIII.). This home difficulty breaks into little intrigue the policy of the really great cardinal. While the hopes of Europe are in peril in Germany, the history of France has to consist of the smutty scandal by which the Jesuit confessors, and the queens they managed, endeavoured to ruin the minister, and to drive from the helm the greatest statesman of the country. On the other hand, the cardinal, who, if supported, could have moved the world, is driven to counteract the subterranean machinations of the religious party by finesse and ruse, which at least occupied his attention and frittered his powers. Hence the enormous effort, producing nothing; complex combinations; the ostentatious display of a political machine of huge power, but which a straw was able to throw out of gear; the vast expenditure of skill and will to compass a momentary result, which characterize the ministry of Richelieu. From being so perpetually crossed and countermined, Richelieu drew his surpassing skill in the art of politics. He carried finesse to that point where it allies itself with chance. He came to regard statesmanship as a game of chance. Not that skill was superseded, but that the highest skill consisted in being always ready to take advantage of the chances of the tables.

Mazarin took up the same system, and pushed it even further. In Richelieu we mourn a high political genius degraded. The base and

³ "Histoire de France au Dix-septième Siècle. Richelieu et La Fronde." Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chametot.

politroon spirit of Mazarin knew no nobler policy.' Mazarin passed his life in calculating his cards, in negotiating—*ravauder* is De Retz's word. He was wont—the Italian trickster!—to ridicule those who inquired into the causes of events, or to think they had the clue to the entanglement. His only merit was to be "lucky."

We have one grand chapter (chap. vi.) on Gustavus Adolphus. Gustavus had not merely heroic qualities; he was every inch a hero. Truest sign of this, the impression left by his brief career. He was but a moment on the scene—landed in Germany, May, 1630, and was killed, November, 1632—yet left a name behind as enduring as if it had rested on a career of fifty years. Schiller has disfigured the Thirty Years' War by his system of impartiality. He thought it the duty of an historian to distribute his praise and blame in equal quantities to both sides of every quarrel. But it is the chief characteristic of the short campaign of Gustavus that he represented the good. The justest war, the noblest cause, the most honourable warfare. Schiller sets up against this true hero the charlatan Waldstein. Waldstein had the greatness of the angel of destruction. A speculator in human life on a vast scale, he had drawn around him all the saleable bone and muscle in Western Europe. He offered his soldiery, as bonus, the lives and properties of the unarmed peasant and citizen. Everywhere carnage, rape, pillage, and universal ruin. The spirit of the populations was so broken, that they no longer thought resistance allowable, and had not the heart even to welcome the Swedes as their deliverers. This terrible thunder-cloud, which hovered over Germany, was first broken by Gustavus at Leipzig, and finally annihilated at Lutzen. This army of demons, who knew neither humanity, justice, nor law, was employed by the religious party—the great Catholic Conservative party in Europe—by the Emperor Ferdinand, who, at his *prie-dieu* with his confessor, invoked the blessing of the saints on these savage butchers;—Austrian policy, ever selfish, base, and treacherous, triumphing finally, by the assassination of both the generals—the enemy's and its own.

While Germany is the theatre of these terrible woes, destructive of civilization and art—but that is nothing—of society, of humanity itself—what was doing in France? At the Court, the wretched intrigues to which we have alluded. In the provinces, worse wickedness, in the form of religious zeal. The chapter on the *diablerie* in the convents is in Michelet's best manner, and contains new and highly curious matter; aberrations, freaks of the human understanding incredible except to the well-read in the history of fanaticism. But to study the influence of Catholicism on Europe, the history of these diabolic panics is not less important than to follow the rational thread of Jesuit intrigue. In the three affairs which Michelet entitles "*Le Trilogie Diabolique sous Louis XIII.*," the victims are no longer Protestants or Freethinkers, but Catholic priests—secular clergy—a new game started by the Capuchins. The Protestants, already thoroughly humbled, pillaged, trampled on, looked on passive spectators of the mutual fury of their foes. The charge got up against the secular confessors was that of "mysticism" (*quietisme*)—a vague phrase, and there-

fore exactly adapted for the purposes of a theological crusade. Given a certain state of the public mind, "mysticism" could be proved against a priest who had made himself obnoxious to a monk. If Richelieu had unkennelled the whole pack of Capuchins, Carmelites, Recollets, &c., who among the secular clergy would have been safe? The monk, who reigned without a rival in the heart of the Spanish women, was too gross and dirty to be acceptable to the French ladies, who preferred the curé or the Jesuit as confessor. Hence the implacable jealousy of the regulars. The three affairs which Michelet selects to compose his trilogy are identical in their incidents. Each has its licentious curé, betrayed by his rival, the jealous monk; an ecstatic nun, by whose mouth the devil speaks; the exposure and burning of the secular priest. The affair of Loudun, which made most noise, revealed so much debauchery in the convents, and so much trickery in the diabolical machinery employed, that even the religious party were glad to hush it up. It is wonderful that what came to light did not open the eyes of the multitude. It did not. They saw Grandier, the priest—whose innocence the women who had accused him confessed—burnt, and were satisfied that true religion was properly vindicated. What did Richelieu? He saw through it. A certain M. Quillet, who was on the spot, informed him how the comedy had been got up. But he was obliged to look on passively. He could only just make head against the queens and the Spanish cabal as it was. He would have been ruined had he attempted to stem the tide of religious feeling, to treat with the religious party.

Every one acquainted with the history of French Literature, knows the ridiculous criticism on "The Cid," produced by the nascent Academy, under the auspices of Richelieu. Michelet is the first to suggest the political importance of Corneille's great work. Its effect was to make Spain and the Spanish character the delight of the public, just at the moment when it required all the strength and patriotism of Richelieu to resist the undermining influence of the Jesuit and Spanish cabal on the councils of France.

We are gradually approaching ground—the siècle of Louis XIV.—which will test decisively the *honesty* of Michelet. Wherever national honour comes in, the French mind seems almost incapable of impartiality. To this nationality we must ascribe the tone in which Cousin has lately written of Madame de Hautefort and Madame de Chevreuse, his apology for Anne of Austria, and his leaning to the Jesuit cabal who were undermining the liberties and independence of France. This identification of the glory of France with the great Catholic conspiracy is the traditional view of French history. But in his better days, when his eye was keen and his spirit unbroken, Cousin would never have bowed to the national superstition which Michelet dares to defy. There can be no doubt that Buckingham was the successful lover of the Queen (Anne of Austria)—that she made advances to Richelieu and was rejected—that she was privately married to Mazarin, who, though cardinal, was never priest. Though it is pretty certain that Louis XIV. was legitimate, yet Michelet suggests the probability that he had an elder brother, and adds a conjecture that this elder brother was the

Iron Mask. From La Chevreuse even we have this little trait of the Queen—quite sufficient to indicate what she was:—"On the Assumption, the Queen communicated, and swore upon the Host that she had never held communication with Spain. Afterwards she had admitted that this declaration was false, and that she had perjured herself," &c.

The attempt to separate the political from the ecclesiastical, and to make the former the subject of a separate history, confers a degree of novelty on Mr. Greenwood's treatment of a worn topic—viz., the Latin Church. Too little attention has been given to the bearing of the Papal system on the great interests of civilization and civil liberty. The causes of this inattention Mr. Greenwood finds "in that supine liberalism which throws religion out of the account of political motives of action, and to that timidity or indifference which sets aside religion altogether as a subject for calculation in human affairs." It would be easy to cavil at the distinction here drawn between what is civil and what is religious in the history of the Church—not perhaps possible completely to vindicate the distinction. Still, every one must admit that the Roman Church has exercised a powerful influence on civil society—at one time for its benefit, in these latter days chiefly for its bane. A Church history, which should have for its guiding idea this influence, would be the best Church history. It would be the only one really worth knowing. The ecclesiastical history proper, or the history of controversies, ritual, usages, or the interior economy of the institution, has a very limited value. The other, or history of the influence of the Church on civilization, would be little less than the history of Europe for many centuries.

Such was Mr. Greenwood's plan as announced in the Preface to his first volume, which appeared two years ago. He has scarcely, however, redeemed his promise, and has innovated little on the familiar form in which Church history has long been dressed. Mr. Greenwood is a very careful, laborious, and impartial writer; and his "*Cathedra Petri*,"⁴ when finished, will be as judicious a summary of the ordinary facts of the history of the Western Church as the student can wish to possess. It is a careful abridgment of Tillemont, Baronius, Fleury, Pazi, &c., and may be very usefully used as an introduction to the more detailed study of its period. The second volume, now before us, brings down the history to A.D. 844. This is an epoch in Latin history—less on account of the treaty of Verdun, by which the empire of Charlemagne was dismembered, than on account of the new basis given to the hierarchical scheme by the publication of the false Decretals. Opening with the Popedom of Simplicius (A.D. 467), the volume thus contains nearly three centuries of Church history. The variety and complexity of the events—the shifting nature of power, population, language, and law during this period, make it one of the most trying which an author can undertake to reduce to any sort of intelligible order. Mr. Greenwood's arrangement appears to attain all that is possible in respect of

⁴ "*Cathedra Petri. A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books iii. iv. v. From the Close of the Fifth, to the Middle of the Ninth Century.*" By Thomas Greenwood, M.A. London: C. J. Stewart.

distinctness, without any pedantic affectation of classification. In this perspicuity an excellent chronological summary at the end, and a tolerably copious table of contents at the beginning, contribute not a little. Altogether the pains spent on getting up the work have evidently been great, and it is a labour of love; for the author admits that he cannot hope for a sale that will repay even the publishing expenses. The "*History of the Germans*," published by the author some twenty years ago, must have been equally unprofitable as a speculation, though a work of great labour and learning, and probably exhaustive of its subject; yet it is so little known that the author has felt himself justified in transferring one or two sections of it—*e.g.*, the Settlement of the Lombards in Italy, to the present volumes.

Alfred von Reumont continues his "*Contributions to Italian History*," in two more volumes⁵ (vols. 5 and 6). There is certainly a falling off from the interest of the previous volumes, both in the importance of the events treated, and in the research bestowed upon them. From the title, "*Beiträge*," we should be led to suppose that we had before us a collection of original pieces, selected from those stores of records in which every Italian state, city, or even palace, is so rich. The State-papers at Florence, in the admirable arrangement which has been lately effected by M. Bonaini, fill fifty-six rooms. This material is far too vast to be printed, but it might be quarried, and its essence presented. This was the design of the "*Archivio Storico Italiano*," of the first series of which A. von Reumont was an editor. But in his German work, the "*Beiträge*," we have a series of what the French call "*Études*."

Volume 5 is occupied with short memoranda on the history of some of the princely families. The author has not gone very far for his materials for these sketches. But as he writes German such as it is very seldom our good fortune to fall in with, the reading is not that heavy penance which German books usually are. Nor will the student easily find anywhere else so compact an account of family history as in this volume, for the seven families which it includes; viz., the Colonna, Barberini, Strozzi, Borghese, Inverizio, Albani, and Rinuccini. Take the Strozzi, for instance. He must first go to Zitta for the pedigree. Then he must collect the history of Filippo and his sons out of Varchi, Nardli, Segni, and Adriani. The life of Filippo the younger must be looked for in the vast collection of Grævius and Burmann. Marshal Strozzi figures in Brantôme, and the life of Palla Strozzi is buried in a volume of Mai's "*Spicilegium Romanum*." In about seventy duodecimo pages, Von Reumont presents us with an outline gathered from all these and other sources, drawn up with the ease of an antiquary, and the skill of a practised writer. Each monograph concludes with a pedigree reduced from Zitta's great work, and bringing under the command of the eye all the personages in the Strozzi genealogy with whom we need want to make acquaintance.

⁵ "*Beiträge zur Italienischen Geschichte.*" Von Alfred von Reumont. Bände v. und vi. Berlin: Ober-Hof-Buch-Druckerei.

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A complete handbook of the Italian families, framed on such a plan, would be most useful to the historical student.

The volume winds up with two short essays. 1, On the Poetical Literature of the Italians in the Nineteenth Century; 2, On the Italian Artists in Germany during the Thirty Years' War. There is more elegance than strength about the author's criticism. In fact, Von Reumont, though he writes in German, writes as an Italian writes. We assent to the justice of what is said, and feel that the ideas are conveyed in a medium of unexceptionable taste, but somehow we very soon find ourselves dropping off to sleep.

In volume 6, the most interesting memoir is that on the Academy Della Crusca. The author points out how the Italian Academies, as a sort of literary brotherhood, were the resource of the spirit of liberty when public and political action was denied it. Like the *Académie Française* at the present day, they became centres of opposition, the more annoying to despotism, because indirect and unavowed. Cosmo, the most perfect type of Machiavel's Prince, marked this tendency of the *Accademia Fiorentina*, and sought to counteract it by the system of Dualism, the resource of the Machiavellian when force will not do. As a rival to the older academy, he bestowed his favour on another literary union and incorporated it under the title of *Della Crusca*—the literary men thus innocently submitting to be the tools and puppets of the politician. From its first establishment in 1584, it counts over a thousand names, among which are some of the most famous in Italian art and letters. Its great work was the *Vocabulario*. At this it has never ceased to labour during the period of its existence. The first edition appeared in 1612 in a single folio. The fifth edition, which is now in the press, devotes two folio volumes to the letter A alone. Among the foreign members of the Della Crusca have been six Englishmen. Sir Isaac Newton is one. Mathias, who spent his life in publishing Italian verses which no one read, was another. The latest English associate was William Roscoe.

Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, has expanded his article on Mezzofanti into a life.⁶ Such a memorial was required. The prodigy was so astonishing, that in order to make it credible, it was desirable that testimonies should be collected in time. In a case like this, we need that the facts should not only be collected and preserved, but well-attested. Dr. Russell sums up the Cardinal's attainments into this total:—

- "1. Languages frequently tested, and spoken with rare excellence—Thirty.
- "2. Spoken fluently, but hardly sufficiently tested—Nine.
- "3. Spoken less perfectly—Eleven.
- "4. Spoken in a few sentences and conversational forms—Eight.
- "5. Studied from books, but not spoken—Fourteen.
- "6. Dialects spoken, or their peculiarities understood—Thirty-eight."

⁶ "The Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti, with an Introductory Memoir of Eminent Linguists, Ancient and Modern." By C. W. Russell, D.D., President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. London: Longman and Co.

Volumes 3 and 4 of "Froude's History of England,"⁷ bring us down to the death of Henry VIII. They are conceived in the same spirit and follow the same method as their predecessors. The narrative is based primarily upon the original documents, which the author has gone through for himself, as they exist either in Lemon's collection, or in mouldering remains in the State-Paper or Rolls Offices. Thus instead of excribing Hall or Hollinshed, and making an occasional reference to MSS., which has been the ordinary practice even of careful historians—*e.g.*, Lingard—Mr. Froude is often able to correct the contemporary chronicler by original authority. This, then, is the first time that the English student has been able to approach at first hand the facts of this important portion of his country's annals. It is an important inquiry, if this recurrence to original sources puts the material events and characters in a new light, or reverses the judgments which liberal-minded and intelligent men had already passed on less sufficient evidence, and a merely traditional testimony.

One undeniable advantage the author secures by his method of looking into everything for himself,—that of clear, vivid, and original conception of the policy which he has to unfold. The picturesque school of historians, by art and imaginative effort often succeeded in affecting the reader forcibly. But they painted only "scenes," localities, or some tragical and terrible incident. Mr. Froude employs his truly sympathetic and active imagination on character and policy, rather than the mere exterior of place and circumstance. He uses his material, neither as a painter with words, nor as a lawyer; but in the true spirit of a historian, and interests us in the substance, not the accessories, of History. His style is as admirable, as it is original. It is his own; and incapable of imitation, being less the product of art, than an efflux of character.

But in judging historical writing, every other merit must be subordinated to truth. Not power of representation, but fidelity, is the historian's virtue. The more forcible and telling his delineation, the more severe is the censure he deserves, if he uses his power to imprint a false character on events. We recur to the inquiry, "Has Mr. Froude's documentary research enabled him to correct misconceptions, and to place Henry VIII. and his policy in a more favourable light than we have been accustomed to regard him?"

It is well known from his former volumes that Mr. Froude *does* labour strenuously to reverse the verdict which posterity has passed on the Tudor Monarch, and that not merely in respect of his home and foreign government; but has pushed his paradox to the length of affirming that the man who had seven wives, and divorced and murdered them one after the other, was only the victim of matrimonial infelicities. Now, were these novelties supported by new evidence, gathered by Mr. Froude's laborious and praiseworthy researches, however astonishing they might seem, we should be compelled into belief. But we do

⁷ "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vols. 3 and 4. London: John W. Parker and Son.

not find, on any very material point in these two volumes, that the archives have yielded the basis on which Mr. Froude demands that the verdict of posterity shall be reversed. He has brought forward much that is new and highly curious, as illustrations. He has cancelled some good stories which had crept into history, but had no business there,—*e.g.*, that of Cranmer's danger and escape in 1543. More than this, the general impression left on the mind of the investigator, after long familiarity with contemporary memorials, an impression under which Mr. Froude composes, is itself a sufficient and rewarding result of such investigations, even though not a single new "fact" were turned out. The general temper and prepossessions of bodies of men, or classes of society, the tendencies of an age, and the insensible currents of feeling that sway it hither and thither,—all these are facts, though facts so vague and indiscriminate that they can only be felt, but cannot be stated. Such results of Mr. Froude's labours his readers recognise, and are invited to share with him. But in what touches the general complexion of Henry's domestic government, his personal character, his treatment of his wives, &c., we find that though Mr. Froude dissents from the usual view, he does not allege documentary impressions as his ground. The sole basis of his paradoxical opinion is an *a priori* view as to the possibility of determining the motives of conduct.

This is not the place for a detailed examination of the propriety of Mr. Froude's historical axioms. We shall state their substance as briefly as we can.

A man's motives are never very distinctly known to himself, and can never be made visible to another. Long and familiar confidential intercourse with a friend may almost enable us to make guesses at his feelings and purposes; but such conjecture becomes more and more blind and uncertain as the person is removed from us in time or place. How infinitely small, then, must be our chance of guessing right about persons and actions removed from us by the distance of centuries, about whom our only information may be a few pages of mouldering paper!

"If from those whom we daily meet, whose features are before our eyes, and whose minds we can probe with questions, we are divided by impalpable and mysterious barriers, how are the difficulties of the understanding increased when we are looking back from another age with no better assistance than books, upon men who played their parts on the earth under other outward circumstances, with other beliefs, other habits, other modes of thought, other principles of judgment! We see beings like ourselves, and yet different from ourselves. Here they are acting upon motives which we comprehend; there, though we try as we will, no feeling will answer in unison. The same actions which at one time are an evidence of inhumanity, may arise in another out of mercy and benevolence. Laws which in the simplest stages of society are rational and useful, become mischievous when the problem which they were meant to solve has been complicated by new elements. As the old man forgets his childhood; as the grown man, and the youth rarely comprehend each other; as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties do not reason to the same conclusions,—so is the past a perplexity to the present; it lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and un-

thinking; and only half solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy, alike in those who read and those who write."—Vol. iv. p. 2.

The undeniable truth of these observations may impose upon readers new to, or impatient of, philosophical reflection, but upon such only. Those who have meditated on the philosophy of action will recognise in these positions the old sceptical hypothesis which lies unrefuted and irrefutable, over against all moral observation and induction. There exist in the possibilities of thought a great variety of such axioms. Every science has its antagonist scepticism—its *ver rongeur*, which eats its heart. It belongs to metaphysics to examine and test the means of induction, and to show whether anything, or whether nothing, can be known. But it is a preposterous proceeding, in the middle of the demonstrations of any science, to be continually checking ourselves by recurring to abstract doubts of the possibility of demonstration. What should we think of the chemist who, in the middle of a series of well-planned experiments, broke out with, "Ah, we must remember that on the hypothesis of idealism, matter may be only a mode of our consciousness?" Just so with moral inductions, and the observation of human life. There is more than one abstract theory which would negative the possibility of any moral knowledge. The theory of fatalism, *e.g.*, is irrecusable as an abstract position, yet we decline to embarrass ourselves with it when we enter on historical inquiry. The impossibility of tracking motive, and the consequent futility of moral judgments, is such a position. It is the negative of moral science. If Mr. Froude chooses to maintain that history is an impossibility, be it so. We should not wish to undertake proof of the contrary. But what is the use? He has himself produced four volumes of the most instructive and original history that has yet been written on the English Reformation—a history which, but for his unhappy paradox, would deserve to become at once the exclusive textbook for the period of which it treats. With the inconsequence of a Calvinist, who, in spite of his fervent declaration of his belief in absolute decrees, continues to eat and drink, to take physic, and to punish crime, Mr. Froude has filled four volumes to tell us how he thinks people acted, felt, and were moved, three centuries ago.

Meanwhile, his sceptical hypothesis is not, as might be supposed from this, mere superfluous baggage, a philosophical flourish of trumpets, all for show, and nothing more. He uses it as an orthodox divine uses reason, to demolish a certain set of antagonists. When it has served his turn he throws it away, he has no further use for it. You attribute to Henry VIII, the motives and character of a despot; you make him arbitrary, violent, tyrannical, unjust, blood-thirsty, and selfish. You should not attribute motives. You can't interpret character. We know nothing of the secrets of a man's heart. Having thus beaten off the enemy, we turn round, and we have no difficulty in interpreting Henry's character in our own way. He was a wise, noble, generous-hearted prince; patient of opposition, inviting contradictions, with no other object than the welfare of his country. A man, to be sure, who had his faults, like all of us, but they are but

as "scars on the features of a sovereign who in trying times sustained nobly the honour of the English name."—Vol. iv., 538.

This is the general method of Mr. Froude's polemic, and the basis of his new judgments. When we come to follow up some of the incidents in detail, his unfairness is marked and glaring. Mr. Froude, indeed, writing from material inspected only by himself, has a vast advantage over his critics. But we take his own statements, and without any other assistance we convict him of a thick and thin spirit of advocacy, which destroys our confidence in him, where we have not the means of following him. His remarks, *e.g.*, on the case of Catherine Howard, whom Henry, not satisfied with divorcing, put to death for adultery, betray the weakness of his own case. The expression which Mr. Froude himself quotes in the king's instructions to the miserable tool of tyranny, Cranmer, "foreseeing always that you make no mention of any pre-contract," is sufficient evidence of the spirit of this State prosecution. The injured husband, however, who was thus justly beheading his wife for her adultery, was supposed by the Court to be ready to make a mistress of his son's wife. With this odious fact before him, we cannot but feel indignant at the glosing sentimentality which Mr. Froude offers as "conjectural explanation of the king's repeated matrimonial misfortunes." It is pitiable, indeed, to find a man like Mr. Froude adopting the servile cant of the Court sycophants that "the king's majesty's goodness is most unworthy to be troubled with any such mischance."

We must not let Mr. Froude inveigle us into a false issue, as he is continually doing, and confounding the moral with the historical question. It is not a question of Henry's *motives*; only secondarily even of his character. It is not a question for the historian, whether what Henry did can be justified or palliated; how far the man is to blame. Let us by all means get rid of this "praise and blame" system. But what we do want to know are the facts. Now, the one great domestic fact of the closing years of Henry's reign is the tyrannic terror which he had spread around, which lay like a crushing weight upon the heart and mind of Court and Parliament, corrupting character, debasing independence. No man's life and fortune was safe from his private enemy, who had but to whisper the word "treason" in order to accomplish his ruin. The mind surveying the sad scene sickens to see with what pliancy the English character adapted itself to despotism. It is not the judicial murders, the deaths of a few brave or innocent men which moves us, so much as the base submission of those who were left; and who, like niggers, were forward and eager to vote the death of those whom the king had resolved to ruin. Of this dreary national humiliation, which could not have been compensated by the most brilliant foreign successes, even had there been any, Mr. Froude appears wholly unconscious. He has marred what might have been a splendid national monument by a moral insensibility, which removes the landmarks of right and wrong, and confounds all distinction between actions. The tide of opinion in Europe is setting strongly in favour of despotism. Mr. Froude's exaltation of the Tudor régime is only part of the general movement. "Omnes in

servitium meo." A few years more, we shall be back at the Divine Right of Kings—we shall have timid apologies from the few friends of freedom for Marathon and Thermopylæ—and the applauses of mankind will be as, in the good old times, reserved for their masters.

A volume by Guizot⁸ has been called forth by misrepresentations of which he has been the object. He has given to his defence, however, a regular and solid historical form. His "*Mémoires*"—which are historical, not biographical—are not interesting, as circulating libraries count interest, and we are not surprised to find that the demand for them at Mudie's is slack. But there is a smaller circle of readers who will find them out in time, and their value will be recognised. They are much less diplomatic and dull than "*Sir Robert Peel's Memoirs*," of which in some respects they remind the reader, and are thickly strewn with political truths and general remarks, into which Sir Robert is rarely betrayed. They do not, if we may trust a hasty inspection, offer any new revelations, or clear up obscure processes of politics. But they give a clear, consistent, and detailed interior history of domestic affairs, chiefly, indeed, with a bearing on parliamentary tactic, from 1815 to 1830. The facts are certainly subordinated to the writer's views. But then M. Guizot's views, however we may differ from them in many things, are those of an observant, instructed, profound statesman; and, even when erroneous, are themselves a substantial element of history. The following is his description of the exhaustion moral and material of France in 1814:—

"I have even now before my eyes the aspect of the Rue de Rivoli (then in progress of construction) the morning of my departure for Nîmes. All was still and deserted; materials, scaffoldings, and half-finished walking—newly-erected ruins—were on all sides of us; abandoned for want of money, hands, or confidence. Throughout my journey to the south the same appearances of inactivity joined to an uneasy restlessness; the same visible impoverishment of the country; more women and children than men; young conscripts marching mournfully to join their corps; invalids and wounded men pouring back towards their homes; in fact, a mutilated and exhausted nation. Along with this I remarked a great moral perplexity, the uneasiness of opposing sentiments, a violent hatred of the foreigner, coupled with an ardent longing for peace. Towards the emperor, alternating anger and sympathy. . . . With the rich and educated the prominent feeling was dislike of the rigours and hazards of the imperial despotism, a forecast of its fall, and the prospective calculation of another system. The lower classes only roused themselves from lassitude to give way to a momentary burst of patriotic rage and revolutionary sentiment. The imperial rule had given them restraint without reform. It might thus be said of the popular masses, as of the *émigrés*, that they had neither learnt nor forgotten anything. There was no moral unity throughout the land, no common thought or feeling, notwithstanding the community of misfortune and experience. The nation was almost as completely divided in its apathy as it had lately been in its passion."—Guizot, l. 95.

The weakness of the first Restoration (1814) lay, says Guizot, in the nation's inexperience of liberty. They knew not what it was that they had got. Old France had looked forward to the return of the

⁸ "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Mon Temps.*" Par M. Guizot. Tome 1^{er}. Paris: Michel Lévy.

Bourbons as their own triumph. Young France expected the "Charter" to guarantee them the liberties of '89; and both parties were equally disappointed. The nation suffered; but neither resisted nor promoted the return from Elba. Napoleon said himself to Count Molière, "*Ils m'ont laissé arriver, comme ils les ont laissé partir.*" The success of Napoleon's attempt was impossible. Whatever others might be, he himself was not deceived. It has been said, that his genius and energy failed him at this crisis. M. Guizot thinks he was never more himself. The causes of his disaster lay much deeper. He was no longer sustained by the enthusiasm and devotion of the people. His attempt in 1815 was purely selfish, dictated by his own passions, and his personal ambition, but repudiated by the good sense of France.

During Guizot's premiership the opposition papers were continually twitting him with his pliancy in having remained in office during the Hundred Days. He gives a formal contradiction to this scandal; "for it is nothing more. He quitted his post, an under-secretaryship in the Home Office, March 20, 1815. Of the absence of all enthusiasm for Napoleon at this time, he relates an anecdote. Guizot happened (in May) to be in the Tuileries, when a few scores of the rabble of Paris under the windows of the Palace raised shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Napoleon was obliged to show himself. "He came forward, and saluted. But in an instant the window was shut; and I could see him as he walked away shrugging his shoulders in disgust at having to humour demonstrations of so paltry and feeble a character."—(i. 72.)

As we advance, Guizot's reminiscences become more esoteric. In January, 1830, he entered the Chamber as Deputy for Lisieux. His first speech, from which he gives long extracts, was on the famous Address; and he was one of two hundred and sixteen members who carried it up to the King (March 19). Charles X., Guizot says, wanted intelligence, and breadth of view. He was wont to say of himself, "*Il n'y a que M. La Fayette et moi qui n'ayons pas changé depuis 1789.*" As late as the elections for the New Chamber in July, the situation of the sincere well-wishers of the monarchy and the charter was excellent. Had Charles X., after having pushed the Royal prerogative to extremity by the dissolution, stopped there, and given the constitutional royalists a hearty support, the crisis would have been surmounted. But he was blinded by the Bourbon tradition in which he had been brought up. During his brother's reign he had been the patron and hope of the ultra-royalist opposition. Still his confidential intercourse with his old friends was mixed with a taste which he had acquired for the new-fashioned popularity which was to be acquired by a liberal leaning. After he came to the throne, he coquetted more than once with this popular favour, and held out hopes that he would govern according to the charter, though always by the medium of his own friends and adherents. MM. de Villele and de Martignac exhausted their popularity and their strength in the attempt to serve him. After their retirement, which he easily permitted, Charles followed the bent of his own temper, and surrendered himself to counsellors little disposed to contradict, and wholly unable to restrain him. Two erroneous ideas

got possession of him. He believed his throne menaced by the Revolution, which was not the case: and he had lost all confidence in the charter, and came to think it impossible that Government would be conducted any longer by legal and constitutional means.

We are inclined to think that M. Guizot has done his "*Mémoires*" injustice by publishing first and by itself that part of them which must necessarily be of the least importance. When he comes to the epoch of his own ministry, he will doubtless have original disclosures to make, in addition to the view and comment which this volume affords.

Shelley has been singularly unfortunate in his biographers.⁹ Some of the nineteenth-century poets have had no biography at all,—*carent vate, sacro*,—or none worth speaking of,—Coleridge and Wordsworth, for example. But Shelley has suffered from the zeal of a great variety of friends and worshippers. It almost seems as if the waywardness, lawlessness, and impulsiveness, half weak, half fiery, of the poet's own nature, infected all who had to do with Shelley, or the memory of Shelley. They all seem to lose their common sense by the contact, and to adopt a strain of rant and fustian whenever they speak of him. This has injured Shelley's character. For though the poet himself had strange vagaries, was eccentric to the very verge of sanity, and continually talked strange, wild stuff enough, he was not always so. He had a powerful, penetrating intellect, which, with discipline, might have made a man of might of him. Unreasonable, with brilliant powers of logic, his mind entirely ran to waste for want of control and culture,—for wasted it certainly was. We cannot accept the flights and snatches, the bubble and foam, which make up his collected "*Poems*," as anything. Tennyson's beautiful line, "*His worst he kept, his best he gave*," is singularly inapplicable to Shelley, who was always greater and grander than anything that he wrote. Works he has left none, but only preludes; heaps of poetry, not one poem. It is the same with his character. He never lived to be a man. For though he was thirty at the time of his death, he was as youthful in mind and character as others are at twenty. His passionate sallies and struggles against the restraints of custom are to be set down to youth. They are not matter for condemnation or vindication. Indulgence is readily conceded to the turbulence of sensual passion; it must also be allowed to the licentiousness of the intellect. In both cases, under the condition that the license be of short duration,—that it be recanted and renounced. Every candid judge understands that Shelley's lawlessness of opinion was the crude thinking of an immature intellect, which, with the presumption of youth, had grappled with problems which its knowledge was inadequate to the solution of. His paradoxes and heresies ran counter to the moral rules of society as it is; but they did not contradict, or were not meant by him to contradict, the principles of morality. On the contrary, it was his sincerity and sensitiveness to honour which excited his outbreaks against the organized hypocrisy of "*the world*." Shelley's atheism was a paradoxical expression of

⁹ "*The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*." By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Moxon.

his religious feeling, which was outraged by the hollow professions of canting respectability. There is a letter of S. T. Coleridge, quoted by Mr Hogg :—

"His discussions," writes Coleridge of Shelley, "tending towards atheism of a certain sort, would not have scared *me*; for me, it would have been a semi-transparent larva, soon to be sloughed, and through which I could have seen the true image,—the final metamorphosis. Besides, I have ever thought that sort of atheism the next best religion to Christianity, nor does the better faith I have learnt from Paul and John interfere with the cordial reverence I feel for Benedict Spinoza."

His retractations began very early. Already, *æt.* twenty, he confessed to Godwin "that his thesis 'On Atheism' was not well-judged or wise" (ii. 88), upon which Godwin sagaciously told him that he foresaw "that the *second* chapter of his *Retractations* was not far distant."

We have said that he was still a boy at thirty. He was this by the vehement exuberance of his imagination, the want of control over his impulses, the ardour of his chaotic ideas. On the other hand, his very earliest efforts at speculation show a manly vigour,—a rejection of the trivial and conventional,—a resolute determination to storm the very citadel of truth, which is the attitude usually assumed by the ripe and trained understanding. His education, in short, began at the wrong end. Could he have been submitted to a patient philosophical discipline from the first, his noble soul would have been spared its frightful and frantic struggles to attain equilibrium. It is doubtful, perhaps, if any discipline could have held so volatile a temper, so impatient a spirit. But it is certain that he could not have been submitted to a worse educational machine than the public school and university system as it then was. Administered by ignorant and barbarous pedants who had nothing to teach, to whom the audacity of young genius was criminal insurrection, it could inspire nothing but disgust and disappointment in minds which were burning with the thirst to learn. They lost no time in getting rid of Shelley; and his biographer, Mr. Hogg, without Shelley's genius, possessed, as his book shows, talents of an order so superior as to have found no proper pabulum in the authorized teaching of the university. Except the prejudice created in society by the fact of expulsion, neither of the pair lost anything by it. To punish a youth of nineteen for his "opinions" is not, in any case, a right proceeding. In the case of Shelley it was particularly ill-judged; for it is certain that he had no opinion on the subject. The restlessness of his mental temperament impelled him to oppose everything which he could find any one ready to maintain; to dispute whatever was asserted. He was fugitive, volatile, evaporating like ether; suddenly escaping like some fragrant essence; only capable of being portrayed in dissolving colours. He had a feverish thirst for metaphysical speculation. But, incapable of solitary meditation, he could only gratify this taste in society, in conversation, in disputation. Mr. Hogg knew Shelley more intimately than any other man, and he declares that he never could discover in him more than two fixed principles. These were, love of liberty, and love of toleration. He would discuss, and discuss *ad infi-*

nitum, Godwin's theories. But he was equally ready to attack or to defend them, and never adopted them as his own :—

"Had he been left to himself, and permitted, without disturbance from without, to follow his own inclinations, he would have grown gradually weary of argument and disquisition. In fact, he did eventually become tired of them. The opposition, and even persecution, which he suffered, served only to prolong the period of his addiction to the vain attempt to elicit the truth, which he long and sincerely believed was to be effected by written and verbal argumentations."—ii. 72.

This is the true point of view from which Shelley's obnoxious and eccentric opinions are to be regarded. It is because Mr. Hogg takes this ground—devotedly attached to the man, and reverencing the genius of the poet, while not at all blind to the nonsense of what he wrote, and the folly of his conduct—that he proves himself to be possessed of one important qualification for writing Shelley's Life. He never forgets the sacred obligations of friendship, or even indulges in censure on the many faults he has to record. But he does not attempt to disguise or palliate the folly of them. By the genial humour of his narrative he diverts the reader's indignation, and obliges him to see them in their true light—in the light in which they would be viewed by personal friends of the poet. But the one great qualification which Mr. Hogg possesses to be Shelley's biographer, and which previous writers have been without, is acquaintance with the facts. Many attempts have been made before to write Shelley's life. Only last year Mr. Middleton collected what could be found in print relating to Shelley. But it was not only very meagre in quantity, but it left the life as great a mystery as ever. Mr. Hogg's volumes not only communicate far more than has yet been known to the public, but in a great measure do, as far as they go, clear away that cloud of mystery which has hitherto hung over it. True, these two volumes only bring us down to the poet's twenty-second year; so that it remains yet to be seen if Mr. Hogg can explain the more mysterious incidents of his later life—the causes of the separation from his first wife, of her unhappy death, and the legend of the unknown guardian who hung about his track in Italy. One little incident of the earlier life—viz., the assassination-scene in Wales—is not made quite clear. Mr. Hogg, however, has put before us all that can now be known, and we may form a conclusion if we can. Mr. Hogg offers several conjectures, of which the most plausible appears that so much of the nocturnal assault as did really occur was got up by a knavish Irish servant, and that the rest was to be ascribed to the nervous, unsettled state of Shelley's imagination at the time.

In the taste and texture of his narrative, Mr. Hogg has laid himself open to just censure; and the critics who assume to themselves to regulate matters as to style have not been slow to pronounce judgment against him. We gather from Mr. Hogg's manner, that he does not much care whether they do or not. It is well, indeed, that there are men to be found now and then with sufficient originality to break through the tailor-made uniformity of style which small reviews try to enforce. Books are fast becoming, under this *régime*, like coats

and cravats, all of a pattern. Mr. Hogg knows none of these restraints, and dares to be genial. He gives full rein to his gossiping muse, and the result is that he is eminently entertaining. The source of the entertainment we trace not so much to the humour of the anecdotes told—they are not always very good—but to the impression left by every page on the reader's mind, that he has to do with a man of powerful talent. Mr. Hogg evidently possesses a vigorous common-sense understanding, which confers interest even on the trivial when he undertakes to tell it. He reminds us in this respect of De Quincey, with less literature, less cultivation, but also with less affectation. There are passages, however, of which the geniality is rather that of "after-dinner," than of the playful humour of the morning. This is the way in which, *e.g.*, Horne Tooke, who had nothing to do with Shelley, is introduced:—"Did you ever see John Horne Tooke? Who ever saw him? I, says the fly, with my little eye, I saw John Horne Tooke. With my own eyes, little or great, I saw him once," &c., &c. —ii. p. 437.

Again, tea being brought in:—

"Tea was always most acceptable to me, particularly whilst I was a Pythagorean. Poor dear Pythagoras, with all his wisdom he did not know how to make himself a good cup of tea, or where he might purchase a pound of passable Pekoe, or satisfactory Souchong."—ii. 118.

Mr. Hogg is a Tory, and boasts of being so. The reader, who finds him the sincere enemy of all abuses, corruption, and patronage, calling for searching inquiry into the Universities, and into abused charities, *e.g.*, Lord Crewe's, denouncing the chicane of the law, speaking of Thomas Paine without cursing, and even allowing merit to the speculations of William Godwin, and finally, remembers that he was the intimate and faithful friend of Shelley, will be hardly persuaded of his Toryism. The Tory complexion, however, which his political creed belies, comes out, like a brogue, in his style. From the early days of Blackwood down to the present, a tendency to a swaggering, rolling vein of humour has characterized all the Tory writers. Mr. Hogg is many degrees removed from the more offensive outbursts of these vulgar-genteel roisterers. But we cannot but recognise the family likeness in his handwriting, when he himself is forward to claim the relationship.

BELLES LETTRES AND ART.

THE author of "*Charmione*"¹ has ambitiously selected the most eventful period of Athenian history for the subject of a novel, in two volumes, which might have been printed in one, and in which he illustrates, with more industry than originality, the public and private life of the Hellenic Paris. He details the splendid revels of the Dionysia, the tumultuous, if judicial, assemblage of the *Dikastenes*; the various attractions of the *Gymnasia*, and the magnificent cere-

¹ "*Charmione, a tale of the great Athenian Revolution.*" By J. Leatham, M.A. 2 vols. London: Bradbury and Evans.

monial of that national attic worship, the Panathenea, with a minuteness and accuracy hardly suited to even a classical novel, and which savours of undue recourse to classical handbooks.

We have the solemn deathbed of the elder and greater Pericles, whose son by Aspasia is the true hero of the book. In the very first chapter of the first volume—and an interval of twenty years separates the second from the first—we have Plato, whose name *now* sounds like something incompatible with mortal frailty, as an unsuccessful lover; and we are treated to a fragment of the conversation of Sophocles. There is a sensible parallel instituted between the brutal shows of the Roman Colosseum and the public amusements, refined even in the struggles of the Gymnasia, with one exception, of the violet-crowned city; a remark which was scarcely necessary, considering how cricket and rowing are practised in English Universities, “for then it was not necessary to the aspirant for literary fame to present a bleached, unhealthy, and what is technically called an intellectual aspect. The great writers of Athens were often as mighty with the sword as with the pen. Sophocles was not merely the ‘god of the stage,’ but danced foremost round the trophies of Salamis; Æschylus was not only honoured by a statue in the Dionysiac Theatre, but his portrait was conspicuous upon the walls of the painted porch where the Athenians preserved the animated forms and glowing features of the heroes of Marathon. In their productions we look in vain for sickly sentimentality or morbid imagination; all is stern, true, and at the same time exquisitely pathetic. Yet the pathos does not appeal to our commiseration of weakness in distress, but of greatness struggling manfully against overwhelming calamity;” and Mr. Leatham may be sure that such English compositions as shall survive as long as those of Homer, Sophocles, and Æschylus, will be distinguished by traits of equal genius, always excepting the unapproachable rhapsodies of the *Ilias*, where the hour and the man met as they will never meet again.

But the characters in “*Charmione*,” well-named as they are, are not conceived consistently, nor are they vigorously sustained, with, perhaps, the exception of Theramenes. Charmione, who gives her name to the book with very little reason that we can see, is presented to us as an unapproachable young Juno, something like Mrs. Siddons in her youth, and she keeps her fervent admirer, the younger Pericles, at an immeasurable distance; an unfortunate accident, and the illness of Pericles, occasioned by her cruelty, bring her to a more merciful consideration of his claims upon her affections; while a few pages after we have been chilled by her inexorable pride, we find the son of Aspasia, on the occasion of his departure as one of the Athenian generals, commanding against the Spartan forces, actually addressing the high-born and haughty daughter of Nicias, such as we have seen her, as his “little girl,” and “how stupid you are, love.” Eucharis, as a foil to Charmione, is a gentle, and even a charming character, but not well sustained; her conduct subsequent to the supposed death, at Arginusæ, of her lover, Archinus, is utterly unnatural; and her treatment of Plato, though feminine enough in the main, is a

little too harsh for her character. Critias, too, the president of the Thirty, cannot well be the man he is suggested in the conspirator's cave (p. 176, vol. i.), if he is subsequently to be represented as the coarse and brutal tool of Sparta, careless of "Fame's eternal voice," so that his own temporary ascendancy is secured by the ruin alike of his country and his own reputation. The Spartan Lysander, in some respects the most remarkable character of Lacedemonian, or even of Hellenic story, offered a favourable opportunity to one strong enough to bring back from Hades the most successful, the most able, and the most unscrupulous servant of any State. He resembled rather one of those Italian princes chronicled in the pages of Guicciardini, and generically sketched in Macchiavelli's Prince, than the other generals or chiefs of the warlike Republic.

Mr. Leatham must have tired of his task when he had exhausted his reading, or surely he could have derived a better peroration than "happy Charmione," "happy Eucharis"—we see very faint grounds for either apostrophe. The novel begins with the death of the elder Pericles, and terminates with the destruction of Critias and the Thirty, by the exiles from Thebes, under Thrasybulus, whose character, we may remark, as sketched in the novel, would scarcely prepare us for the secret, determined, and prudent leader of this successful expedition.

It surely was reserved for French ingenuity or audacity to find the hero, or rather the heroine of a romance, in a Mummy;² the attempt, if new, is certainly not unsuccessful, though the prologue is perhaps the liveliest part of the performance. Milord Evandale, a young English peer, accompanied by a German *savant*, who rivals Champollion or Bunsen in his knowledge of Egyptian antiquities, are travelling in Egypt, and purchase of a Greek seller of curiosities, who has with national astuteness continued to monopolize the funereal valley of Bibau el Molouk, consecrated to the remains of royal mummies, the right to open a mausoleum, only known to Argyropoulos, who has reserved it *in petto*, as a *bonne bouche* for some wealthy and learned explorer. The Greek demands a thousand pounds for the privilege, which milord, with the liberality of English lords in French novels, agrees to disburse, on condition that there shall be no mistake or deception in the matter; but that the tomb shall be an unripped tomb, and the mummy a virgin mummy, which it turns out to be in a sense utterly unanticipated even by the experienced Argyropoulos, who is inconsolable at the moderation of his first demand, and considers himself actually *volée*, though he gets his twenty-five thousand francs. The mummy, which has lain three thousand years in the proudest mortuary state, proves to be that of a young female, whose former rank and importance are most decisively attested by her presence in the valley of royal mummies; for even the consorts of Egyptian kings were not inurned within the royal valley of death, Bibau el Molouk, but in less state, in a district of inferior consideration, at some distance from the former. The sepulchral urn with its

² "Le Roman de la Momie." Par Theophile Gautier. London: Nutt. 1858.

precious contents are conveyed on board Lord Evandale's boat, in the cabin of which the unrolment is carefully and lovingly performed by the enthusiastic Rumphius, who rubs his hands with satisfaction at the notion of having got more than his pennyworth from a modern Greek. The last and finest linen wrapper is removed with tender and careful consideration for the dead, who is described in a manner so pre-eminently French that it must be subjoined in the original.

"Le dernier obstacle enlevé la jeune femme se dessina dans la chaste nudité de ses belles formes, gardant, malgré tant des siècles écoulés, toute la rondeur de ses contours, toute la grace souple de ses lignes pures. Sa pose, peu fréquente chez les momies, était celle de la Venus de Medicis, comme si les embaumeurs eussent voulu ôter à ce corps charmant la triste attitude de la mort, et adoucir pour lui l'inflexible rigidité du cadavre. L'une de ses mains voilait à demi sa gorge virginale, l'autre cachait des beautés mystérieuses, comme si la pudeur de la morte n'eût pas été rassurée suffisamment par les ombres protectrices du sépulchre." p. 51.

A papyrus roll is found between the arm and side of the mummy, and, deciphered after three years of hard labour by Dr. Rumphius, furnishes the story detailed in the subsequent pages. It is a bold attempt on the part of a modern Frenchman to bring before our eyes, not only the domesticities of high and low life in the Egypt of the time of Moses and the Jewish captivity, but to realise, by collateral testimony, the miracles wrought by the Jewish leaders to the discomfiture of Pharaoh and his college of magi.

The young female mummy thus discovered is the embalmed body of Tahoser, daughter of the high priest Petamounouph, who captivated unintentionally the hitherto unmoved heart of the mighty king on his triumphal return from a distant expedition, while she has previously lost her own to a young Jew, Poeri, who, in turn, is constant to one of his own race, and is insensible to the attachment of the loveliest and richest girl in Thebes. After some adventures, Tahoser, who is concealed in a Jewish hut, in which dwells Rahel, the beloved of Poeri, who yet shelters her unsuccessful rival, falls into the hands of Pharaoh, who himself conducts her to his palace, and treats her with royal courtesy and love. She shares his throne, and witnesses the miracles wrought by Moses before Pharaoh, whom she endeavours to render favourable to the Jews. The king, partly moved by the supernatural powers of the Jewish leaders, partly by the entreaties of Tahoser, permits them to depart, but repenting, pursues them, and with his host perishes in orthodox manner in the Red Sea. Tahoser does not long survive, and is consigned to the tomb intended for the most powerful and most unfortunate of the Pharaohs. One little dramatic touch in the prologue evinces M. Gautier's professional skill, when Lord Evandale, preceding his learned companion, who purposely assigns the *par* to his patron, pauses on the threshold of the inner chamber which contains the sepulchral urn to contemplate with an interest that conquers the insular coolness indispensably characteristic of an Englishman, *à la Gaulois*, the print of a naked foot in the fine and hard dust, which had retained it for thirty-five centuries—"the foot of the last priest or of the last friend, who had retired, fifteen hundred years

before the Christian era, after rendering the last respectful services to the dead."

M. Gautier must have read up Champollion with remarkable care and diligence, for he indulges in descriptions of furniture, ornaments, and dress, with a minuteness and amplitude of detail which speaks well for his industry in getting up his subject, though it becomes rather fatiguing at last.

The "Web of Life"³ is one of those novels, now so common, though not the worst of its class, in which nature is made to conform to an idea, not the idea to nature. The character of Graham Kennedy, however, seems detailed with all the minuteness and partiality of an early autobiography, but we do not see what pretension it had to appear in print. The Rev. Boyd Livingstone may be a sketch from the life, having an air of verisimilitude, and may possibly be recognised by such of his Scotch fellow countrymen, if such there shall be, who may read this novel. He is an example of practical piety and benevolence, and finds in religion an obligation to observe more strictly all the charities of life. As a pendent, we have the portrait of a young popular preacher, somewhat like Mr. Thackeray's Honeymen, such as are annually turned out by Cambridge and Oxford, from very indifferent materials, and warranted parsons. The comic character is caricatured from Dickens, whose own portraits are always caricatures, though generally for an instructive or beneficent purpose. *

Pericla is but a dull novel⁴, hardly redeemed by good intentions, or the transient sparkle which French idioms, in their own tongue, can confer upon the dullest text. It refers to those early times of Christianity when she suffered rather than inflicted persecution. The fable commences in the year 302, and the opening scene is laid in Athens, while the concluding one of grim pagan persecution, terminates in the arena of the Roman Colosseum. Pericla is the daughter of a wealthy Athenian citizen, zealous, like her father and brother, for the honour and glory of Grecian divinities, worshipping the Chryselephantine—of ivory and gold—Minerva in the Parthenon, as the magnificent, all-powerful tutelar of Athens. Her father, Jason, is bitter against the Christians, who were becoming numerous in Athens under the active and zealous preaching of Timothy, and succeeds in bringing to the stake a party of Greek Christians, which includes a young female friend of Pericla's, Ismena by name, who endures the horrors of preliminary torture, and the hideous death itself with all the calm, and gentle, and unyielding fortitude which has dignified so many a fruitless female sacrifice. This scene Pericla witnesses, but far from sharing the exultation which fills the other spectators, her mind is deeply moved, and her convictions disturbed, when she beholds the hitherto despised and hated creed inspiring the weakest with supernatural courage and confidence. She ultimately joins the Christian sect, flies from her paternal home to join them, refuses to return to Athens, notwithstanding the eager search made for her

³ "The Web of Life." By Allan Park Paton. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

⁴ "Pericla. Tableaux Historiques." Paris. 1858.

by her father, and unmoved by the deep affections of her brother Amyntas. But the Christian persecutions in Rome, whither she had gone, under Maximilian, began to rage, and the Christian leaders determine to emigrate to Gaul, where the bigotry of Constantine was less excessive, as he sought rather to destroy the Christian places of worship, than to shed the blood of the worshippers. This plan is, to a great degree, frustrated by the difficulty of obtaining present means of conveyance, and by the activity of the Roman soldiery sent in pursuit. Pericla, with a few companions, is brought to Rome, and there, with many others, subjected to martyrdom by fire or wild beasts. Pericla shares the latter fate, and at the moment when her hour is come, her brother Amyntas, who has left Athens for Rome in search of her, and has been directed to the Colosseum by the thronging citizens, discovers his sister, proclaims that he too is a Christian, and dies with her.

There is no plot, no attempt to characterize by individual traits, but much uninteresting dialogue, a good deal of which is controversial, at the expense of paganism; from which, however, Christianity did not disdain to inherit its legacy of persecution. We see nothing better in this novel than the following sketch of the character of the Athenian Jason, father of Pericla and Amyntas:—

“Malgré la rudesse de ses principes, Jason avait le cœur plus ouvert aux affections de famille que ne l'était généralement celui des hommes de son temps; on pouvait dire que c'était avec tendresse qu'il aimait sa fille. Le caractère faible et léger d'Amyntas avait peu attiré ses sympathies; mais ayant jusqu' alors trouvé chez Pericla le reflet de tous ses sentiments, il s'était attaché à elle, et par amour paternel, et par cette inclination moins noble qui nous fait aimer ceux qui nous ressemblent, parceque c'est nous-mêmes que nous aimons encore en eux.”

We have received the first six numbers of Häcklander's modern “*Quixote*,”⁵ to be completed, according to the publisher, in twenty parts, by October next.

The object of the work is to show up modern society in the manner of Cervantes, had he lived in the nineteenth century; aggregate human nature, with all its rigorous prejudices, its gross materialism, its fancied enlightenment, its excessive superstition and credulity, on the one hand; on the other, a man unprejudiced and noble, with an inextinguishable faith in the good and true, struggling fruitlessly against the social tendencies above indicated.

It is scarcely possible to do justice to “*Oulita*”⁶ without an intimate practical acquaintance with the operation of serfdom in Russia; the Tragedy is, therefore, better adapted to a Russian than to an English public; for it is in Russia that serf-emancipation is to be worked out, and justified. It is but a truism to say that great wrongs must be inflicted where one class has acquired and exercised the power—it can never be the right—to control the actions, and dispose of the lives of another class. But these wrongs can hardly be of the nature indicated

⁵ “*Der Neue Don Quixote*.” Von F. W. Häcklander. 1856. London Nutt.

⁶ “*Oulita the Serf. A Tragedy*.” London: John W. Parker & Son. 1858. [Vol. I.XX. No. CXXXVII.]—NEW SERIES, Vol. XIV. No. I. U

in this drama, written though it is in the cause of humanity. Such a being as Oulita is little likely to be produced in a race of over-worked and oppressed Tartars; nor is a Count Von Straubenheim, a representative of the old, narrow, sometimes highly-polished, though most rarely highly-cultivated nobility, which still retains an Asiatic and semi-barbaric belief in the practical subserviency of the weaker to the stronger sex, at all likely to pursue a romantic attachment for one of a degraded caste, to his own utter ruin. Oulita's un-Asiatic elevation of spirit, and her refined and perfect beauty, are well nigh a physical and moral impossibility among a Tartar population, no less than the noble, disinterested passion of Von Straubenheim, retaining, as he does, all the instinctive subtlety and despotic cruelty (p. 85) characteristic of his race and order in Old Russia.

Serf-emancipation will be carried out (for it has been taken in hand by the only power in the State capable of effecting it), but much more from considerations of expediency and advantage to the autocratic power, than from motives of justice and humanity. The influence of the over-powerful boyars will be effectually shattered; and the absolute adhesion of the labouring and soldier-producing class to the person and office of the Czar, who will come, in time, to be traditionally regarded with religious veneration as a liberator, secured. We are never likely to see representative institutions, an unfettered press, and a people dominant, without anarchy, except in Anglo-Saxon communities; and a mild, because strong and fearless despotism is the government probably most suited to the half-Asiatic population of the Russias.

It has been said that no one ever read continuously through the "Faery Queen;" for Spenser's honeyed harmony, too long drawn out, palls upon the most eager palate with a sense of monotonous and cloying sweetness. To read through "Anastasia"⁷ we can testify to be a much harder task, requiring an amount of patience which would have found the first but an ordinary trial of endurance, though for a different reason. No doubt the book is well, though not wisely meant, for a homily in blank verse of such prodigious length must defy perusal even by congenial souls, who are, we imagine, rather given to prose than verse; and the author is unjust to himself in hiding his few grains of wheat beneath such a multitudinous chaff of words. The opening monologue discloses Alexis in an agony of grief at the loss of his cherished Isaura; in the second, we find Isaura in heaven, scarcely reconciled to her new life; and the author, with more than the boldness of Milton, essays to paint the peculiar joys of the Christian Paradise.

Alexis, his grief at length assuaged, passes through various phases of human activity and suffering; while Isaura subsequently appears in a vision to her sleeping husband, and favours him with advice and information on moral and religious topics at great length, but not, that we can see, with such force or originality as might be expected from one who had passed through the valley of the shadow, to a higher and happier state of existence. Isaura gives her husband a long catalogue

⁷ "Anastasia." London: Longman & Co. 1858.

of names known gloriously on earth, as now existing with augmented lustre in heaven. Of these, strange to say, with the exception of the good and pious pastor of the Vosges, Fra Oberlin, all are British; though Alexis must, we presume, from his name, have been a Greek, to whom English and Scotch saints would necessarily sound unfamiliar. Did the author imagine he might venture upon the detail in which Dante indulges, with poetical effect? We can only say, as Cedric said to Richard—"It was boldly, it was rashly done."

Isaura further proceeds to inform Alexis that she has been re-christened in heaven, and that her name is now Anastasia—

"In my new life I found
Upon my resurrection-robcs enwrought
The cipher Anastasia. 'Twas the pledge
That thou too shouldst arise."

In the final scene, Alexis expires, and is received into heaven with a quotation from the Bible.

The second volume of this edition of "*Percy's Reliques*,"⁶ contains a great proportion of the more modern ballads, generally far inferior in poetical merit to those genuine old lays which Bishop Percy contributed to rescue from unmerited oblivion. There is, however, one of the earliest English attempts at elegiac verse, on the death of Edward I. in 1307; but the writer, no doubt a monk, prefers to celebrate the King's devotion to the Church, rather than his great qualifications as a wise prince and successful soldier.

In the "*Turnament of Tottenham*" Cervantes was anticipated, and unsparing ridicule heaped upon the spirit of chivalry in this ancient burlesque. It was first printed from an old MS. in 1631, by the Rev. W. Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore, who died in 1641; but he gravely mistook it for the narrative of an actual occurrence antecedent to the time of Edward the Third, because in that reign tournaments were legally prohibited, though they really continued as late as the time of Elizabeth. The text of this ballad in the late editions follows an old manuscript in the Harleian collection, transcribed in the reign of Henry VI., about 1456, and not Bedwell's. In the ballad of "*Mary Ambree*" we find that a young English-woman, to whom history has been less propitious than to Agostina Zaragoza, could well avenge her lover's fall, and infuse courage into the hearts of an overmatched and wearied garrison. She accompanied a few adventurous English volunteers, who crossed the sea to assist the Flemings, whose territories had been overrun, and cities taken in 1584, by the Spaniards, under the Prince of Parma. There are several ballads contemporary with the long struggle between the Reformed sects and the Catholic Church, wherein the idolatry, theological errors, and fatal greediness of the clergy are set forth with malice and ingenuity. In Scotland especially, the land alike of broad and furtive humour, all sorts of ridiculous and even obscene songs were sung to the favourite tunes of the Latin hymns of the Catholic service, which

⁶ "*Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*" Vol. II. Edinburgh: J. Nichol.

led to that well-known and unseemly mistake chronicled in the "Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90, from which it appears that "Thomas Bassendyne, printer, in Edinburgh, printed ane psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane bawdy sang, called 'Welcome Fortunes.'" By far the best of these ballads, and which contains much sense and humour, all on the side of the Reformation, is entitled "Plain Truth and Blind Ignorance." A "Sale of Rebellious Household Stuffe" is a jubilate over the downfall of the saints and the Commonwealth, comparing about as favourably with Milton's sonnet on Cromwell, "Our Chief of Men," as the achievements, political and military, of the restored Charles with those of the greatest and wisest ruler that ever filled an earthly throne.

The origin of the word "fit" for part, which occurs so often in the ancient ballads and metrical romances, is ascribed to the fits or intermissions into which these were divided, for convenience of singing at public entertainments. Yet the old Saxon word, *Fitte* really seems to have been synonymous with a poem, or collection of verses, as used in modern times by Lord Byron—"Here is one Fytte of Harold's *Pilgrimage*."

Mr. Bohn has here presented to the public, in a cheap form, with portraits and illustrations on steel, of no very high order of merit, the best English translation of Ariosto.⁹ Not every sinecurist employed his leisure so well or so gracefully as Mr. Rose, and no Englishman, either by acquirement or taste, was more fitted to do justice to an Italian poet; as, having married a Venetian lady, he had the best possible means of acquiring an idiomatic knowledge of Italian. Still Ariosto, in an English garb, will certainly never again be popular in England—he is best in Italian, and even then is far better adapted to the Ausonian than to the Anglo-Saxon idiosyncrasy. The versions of Hoole and Barrington were, no doubt, inferior in elegance and accuracy to that of Mr. Rose, but they appeared at a time when the English public had fewer literary distractions, when quarto editions were purchased and laboriously perused, and magazines and newspapers in a chrysalis condition.

This pocket edition of *Æschylus*¹⁰ is the ideal of typography and neatness. The text of the seven dramas of *Æschylus* which had suffered more from critical meddlings than almost any other of the well-studied, and elaborately criticised Greek plays, has here the advantage of almost all that the most judicious critics have effected towards removing the difficulties which have tired the patience and perplexed the acuteness of the ablest.

At verse 97 of the *Choephoræ*, the present editor, by inserting π for θ , reads *ιδειν πνευμενεις* for *ιδειν θρονονεμεις*, and thus by the substitution of a word of exactly opposite meaning, proposes to disentangle what has long been the ganglion of this drama. The suggestion, ori-

⁹ "*Orlando Furioso*," translated into English verse. By W. Stewart Rose. New Edition. 2 vols. Illustrated with Engravings on Steel. London: Henry G. Bohn.

¹⁰ "*Æschylus*," ex novissimâ recensione Frederici A. Paley. Cantabrigiæ: Deighton, Bell & Co. 1858.

ginating apparently from the analogy of a similar passage in the Agamemnon, may be correct.

Though Aristotle's "Poetics"¹¹ afford the best extant model of criticism, it may be doubted if a translation was required at this time of day. He derived his canons from a thorough acquaintance with the excellences and defects of some of the most perfect of human compositions—the Homeric Poems, and the *chef-d'œuvres* of the Greek dramatists. Commenting on these with trained sagacity and acuteness, he could not fail to say much that to contemporaries at least was worthy of record; but when he speaks with the authority and pretension of a critical Aristarch, he does but quote the practice of the great poets he professes to criticise, who are his guides as well as ours. The text is well rendered in this French translation, and the running commentary is useful, though too voluminous. It provokes one to find such sesquipedalian and stilted portraits of human nature as exist in the tragedies of Corneille and Voltaire coolly adduced by the translator in these notes as rivalling the creations of the Greek and English masters. Napoleon, it is true, said he would have made Corneille a Minister of State, and the dramatist could have filled the stately sinecure to admiration, while he might have had Macpherson for a colleague, had nationality and anachronism not prevented, for the works of this notorious "poet" shared Napoleon's partiality with Corneille.

Madame de Pontés' instructive and entertaining volumes are a welcome contribution to literary biography, interspersed with critical remarks on the merits of German Poets and Poetry.¹² The greater part of the first volume is devoted to the antiquities of the subject—to the origin of those wild northern lays, which arose in the dark and troubled times, when Paganism and Christianity were yet in conflict throughout Northern Europe, and when the social condition, like that in which the heroic poetry of Ancient Greece was cradled, was more favourable to the inspiration and reception of strains that appeal rather to faith and to the imagination than to reason,—a condition additionally fostered by that universal geographical ignorance which made all countries not included in Central and Southern Europe to be regarded as the abiding-places of the supernatural.

An utter confusion of dates and of historic truth prevailed in all that group of epic ballads and lays, of which the Nibelungen Lied is the noblest exemplar; a medley of Pagan and Christian exploits and titles, strung on a thread of truth, not always easily traced. The Emperor Theodoric of Verona, as Dietrich of Berne, and Attila as Etzel King of Hungary, are the principal centres around which lesser lights revolve in this wild constellation of Facts and Fictions. The Rosengarten was the last of these epic creations, and numbers among its characters most of those which figure in the well-known Nibelungen song. A passion for roses seems to have prevailed among

¹¹ "Poétique d'Aristote, traduite en Française, et accompagnée des notes perpétuelles." Par J. Barthelemy Saint Hilaire, Membre de l'Institut.

¹² "Poets and Poetry of Germany. Biographical and Critical Notices." In 2 vols. By Madame L. Davies de Pontés. London: Chapman & Hall. 1856.

the inhabitants of Germany during the earlier centuries of the Christian era; and Chriemhilde's garden, in addition to her own beauty, was considered cause sufficient that noble knights without number should risk life and limb for a sight of these floral treasures, which were jealously guarded by twelve redoubted champions, whose adventures and exploits are recorded in the ballad.

There is a sketch, slight indeed, (for the materials though more numerous than might have been expected are not always precise and clear,) of the gentle and accomplished nun Hroswitha, who entered, towards the middle of the tenth century, the ancient convent of Gandersheim, founded in 859 by a Count of Saxony. She composed in her retirement, not only a female martyrology, but some dramatic pieces, which, with the permission of her ecclesiastical superiors, were performed rudely enough, no doubt, by the inmates of the convent.

A fair amount of illustration is accorded to the German Minne-singers, though the romance of gallantry sooner degenerated into licence in Germany than in France, and the yoke of beauty was never, perhaps, as gracefully worn. Nothing, indeed, can be less in accordance with modern notions of the ideal troubadour than Ulrich von Lichenstein, a noble minne-singer, who has left an autobiography which closes about the year 1255, and which for minuteness of confession almost rivals Rousseau's. The valour of these noble and knightly romancers does not seem to have been accompanied by corresponding literary ability, so that their productions became so remarkable for prolixity and dullness, that by degrees they had few readers among the male sex, and counted their chief admirers in the matrons and damsels condemned to the monotonous existence of moated fortalices.

The drama gradually arose as men demanded more pungent mental pabulum; but as the church then contained almost all who were capable by attainments of literary efforts, and had the power to suppress whatever was opposed to her teaching, so religious themes were chiefly chosen, as they were selected for illustration by the great painters of Italy; and thus names sacred by tradition and custom are handled with a freedom that sounds profanely in ears accustomed to the decorous forbearance of modern times; yet nothing like profanity was intended in these bizarre efforts of early Teutonic playwrights.

The devil figures in these dramas divested of nearly all that is either terrible or impious, as if his supernatural power and propensity to do mischief had been counteracted by the theological vaccination he has been made to undergo by the efforts of the church. A century later, and the spirit of satire arose, as the groundless pretensions of temporal and ecclesiastical authorities came to be canvassed, as we see in the *Narrenschiff* (Ship of Fools), *Reynard the Fox*, *Eulenspiegel*, the Curate of Calenbourg, and the book of the *Schildburgers*; most of them dull enough to us, whom feasting has made fastidious, but much more highly relished by contemporaries, who felt their spiritual wants unsatisfied by legends of saints and martyrologies alike questionable.

Ulrich von Hutten, equally ready with pen and sword, the friend of Franz von Sickingen, champion of the oppressed German peasantry,

whose free and noble spirit hoped from the Lutheran revolt something better than the substitution of one intolerable form of bigotry for another, is noticed at a length which his active and gallant career, rather than his poetical merits, would warrant. He lived in times scarcely worthy of him, and already in his own mind the revolution had occurred which Luther's coarse and vehement character soon after effected for the numbers who had long been disgusted by the absolute pretensions of the Romish hierarchy. The asylum from persecution denied him in Switzerland by the timidity of Erasmus, was granted by Zuinglius, and he died at the age of thirty-five in the little island of Ufernow, in the Lake of Zurich, August 31st, 1523.

One of the strangest features of the times that followed the Protestant revolution, was the fanatical popular belief in witches, and their consequent cruel persecution, to which no one more heartily assented than Luther himself. It was perhaps a distortion of the newly-awakened principle of faith in a higher agency than the Pope, and a demonstration against the presumed agency of the devil on earth. Women, young and old, were peculiarly liable to this cruel suspicion, and youth and beauty, whose witcheries have survived this persecution, were no protection against the stupid superstition. Between 1580 and 1680 it is supposed that a hundred thousand persons, the great majority being women, were burnt or tortured to death for the imputed crime of sorcery. Protestants and Catholics were equally guilty of this cruelty; but a Jesuit, the Count von Stein, is recorded as the first who dared publicly to raise his voice against a continuance of this persecution. This was in 1631, but it was not till 1794 that the last execution for witchcraft took place on the Continent.

It was scarcely till the commencement of the eighteenth century that modern German poetry began to assert itself, and Opitz and Gottsched were but feeble harbingers of the luminaries of Weimar. Bodmar, whose critical abilities were of more service to German literature than his poetical—Rammeler excelling in graceful erotics—Haller, once popular as a poet, but much more justly celebrated as a physiologist and physician—the gentle, pious, and benevolent Gleim, who lived to see the national poetry under Goethe and Schiller almost rivaling the muse of England,—were all born at the commencement of the eighteenth century. An undue space is devoted to Kleist (primus), whose death at the battle of Konnersdorf has endeared him as a patriot to his Prussian fellow-countrymen, and secured a vitality to his reputation denied to his verses. He was a gallant man, but it speaks ill for his genius that he seems rather to have desired the long-withheld approbation of a military pedant like Frederic II. than any higher guerdon. Prussia may if she pleases revere the memory of the most successful of her monarchs,—but was there anything great in his life or in his actions but his victories? Klopstock, whose poetry has now found its level, is noticed at a length rather due to his former influence than to his present reputation, while scarcely justice is rendered to Lessing, the greatest critic since Aristotle. The melancholy incidents of Bürger's career, whose name is so familiar through the "*Wild Huntsman*" and "*Leonora*," while the details of his life

are so little known to English readers, are sensibly given, and the criticisms, whether ethical or æsthetical, are worthy of the maturity of a masculine intellect. Wieland and Herder are familiar names; and Schubart's troubled life, wherein we find the petty tyranny of a petty German prince destroying the fortunes of a man whose shoe's latchet he was unworthy to unloose, had been previously detailed by Mr. Carlyle in a book sold even at railway stations. The Schlegels, Chamisso (the naturalist poet), Voss, Arndt, Werner, the second Kleist, Novalis, find their due place and fair appreciation in Madame de Pontés' book, which may be advantageously consulted by that great majority which will never form an independent judgment from the writings of the authors.

The living do not fall within the design of this work, so that Uhland, Freiligrath, and many others, are unnoticed; nor is there anything but an allusion to the great names of Goethe and of Schiller. Yet we must record our protest against a criticism which Madame de Pontés only repeats, on the tendency of Goethe's writings, which have been accused as deficient in moral aim, if not in morality. Goethe's history shows that the object uniformly proposed in his writings was Truth, whether moral or scientific. The lofty intellectual eminence he occupied forbade all narrowness of view, and scarcely permitted the possibility of deception by those Idols of the Cave, the worshipped errors of mankind. It was on this account that he was indifferent to the stirring politics of the day, with which he has been reproached, from a conviction that, while his interference would have availed much less than that of some thick-headed Prussian or Austrian marshal, the most explosive events exert little influence on the destinies of mankind. He had the courage to question the truth of Newton's theory of colours, and with better grounds he wrote his "*Metamorphosis of Plants*," and confirmed Oken's great idea of the essential identity of the expanded bones of the skull, with those of the spinal column. In his great literary efforts he does not load vice with hysterical epithets of censure, nor does he make virtue invariably triumphant on earth, in deference to the prejudices of his readers. But he followed Truth and Nature as he saw them and read them in history. In *Egmont*, for example, we have a high-hearted patriot; and the gentle, noble, impassioned Clara, who lived in the life of *Egmont*, sacrificed to the cold-blooded, treacherous tyranny of Alva, we see despotism and bigotry suffocating truth, patriotism, and noble affection. It is all historically true, and reproduced before us without epithet or any false interposition of "poetical justice;" yet what can be stronger than the feelings of hatred and abhorrence which are excited by the agents of evil, though triumphant. In "*Faust*," the incidents are exactly such, so far as the human actors are concerned, as produce those domestic tragedies, scarcely known beyond the actors, which possibly will endure till the extinction of the species. Margaret has every inducement to err, and falls as only a girl of warm and generous feelings can fall; and, after the sad and bitter sufferings that expiated the crimes into which she was almost unwittingly betrayed, was saved at last by refusing any longer to hearken to temptation, even in her extremest need.

We do not admire German novels, and see little to amuse even in the "*Wahlverwandschaft*," which has been so fiercely assailed by a shallow Scotch critic; yet Goethe merely sketched what we know by the records of our consistorial courts to be always in existence around us, and sought to show how human weakness may be betrayed into un contemplated crime. Ignoring sin is not the way to cure it, any more than to refrain from piercing an ulcer which is destroying the constitution, though not apparent on the surface. For the rest, his "*Life*" shows that he was capable of the truest and most unostentatious benevolence, though he did not regulate his opinions by a formula.

Mr. Lewes¹³ can defend himself, and we leave him to try conclusions, if he cares to do so, with a German Quixote, who has zealously couched his lance to assail a modern windmill. The biographer of Goethe is accused by Heinrich Siegfried of having most unjustifiably treated the character of Bettina Brentano (now Madame von Arnim) in the "*Life and Works*." Possibly in his zeal for his hero, Mr. Lewes may have been a little hasty as regarded the lady, especially when he declares that Goethe's correspondence with her was a fiction of her own invention; yet the tone adopted by Herr Siegfried hardly entitles him to a reply, apart from the merits of the case, and he professes to have addressed Mr. Lewes without the cognizance of the person immediately interested.

Professor Hermann's posthumous materials for a "*History of Greek and Roman Civilization*"¹⁴ are here collected and edited by Dr. Schmidt. The first volume received the careful supervision of Hermann himself, and is devoted to a consideration of the rise, progress, and decay of civilization in Greece. This is divided into two periods, the first comprehending the origin of the Greeks, and their progress up to the time of the Persian invasion. The chief heads under which this is treated are the geographical position of Greece, the various early Greek races, and their mutual relations; actual or probable foreign influence, particularly of Egypt, on Greek civilization; art, especially architecture and statuary; the civilizing influence of Greek worship, particularly of the gods of Olympus and of hero-worship, as the foundation of civilized and religious culture in later Greece; external changes in the form of Greek government at the commencement of the Historical Epoch; the Dorians, as embodying the national Hellenic elements, and their contrast to the Greeks of Ionia; the origin of lyrical poetry and music in Greece; the development of the fine arts, and of religious culture, with the expansion of civilization; the awakening of a philosophical spirit, and the commencement of prose literature; the development of citizenship and of domestic relations, and the commencement of a regular system of legislation.

The second period is arbitrarily included between the years B.C. 500

¹³ "*An G. H. Lewes, eine Epistel*." Von Heinrich Siegfried. Berlin. 1858. London: Nutt.

¹⁴ "*Karl Friedrich Hermann's Cultur-geschichte der Griechen und Römer, aus dem Nachlasse des Verstorbenen, herausgegeben*." Von Dr. Karl Gustav Schmidt. London: Nutt.

and B.C. 200, and embraces that period of time in which the influence of Greece on the general affairs of the civilized world was most apparent. In this part the effect of the Persian war on the development of Greek civilization, and on the domestic policy of aggregate Greece, is treated, as well as the establishment of the general intellectual influence of Athens under Pericles; the condition of poetry, especially dramatic, under the same; the scientific tendencies of Greece during the predominance of Pericles, and the relation of the sophists to its development; the Peloponnesian war, and subsequent decline of Spartan power; the results of this war, and effect of Lacedæmonian policy on the other Greek states; the decay of Athens, and its consequences, politically and intellectually, to Greece; Alexander, and his influence on Grecian civilization by his Persian and Indian conquests; the treatment of poetry and literature during the Macedonian preponderance, particularly at Alexandria, and the final political state of Greece in the last stage of her independence.

The second volume is devoted to a similar brief inquiry into the history of the civilization of the Roman States, and their rise and development contemporaneously with those of Greece, up to the epoch of the Macedonian war. The effect of contact with Greek civilization from this period on the ruder manners of Rome is carefully traced. The subject is handled vigorously and learnedly within the narrow space assigned, and *perpendendæ, non numerandæ sunt observationes*.

The Alps¹⁵ and beyond the Alps is the work of a man of considerable literary and scientific attainments, who considers the antiquities, and geology, and the historical interest of the places he visits. The book is divided into nine chapters, and conducts the traveller learnedly and satisfactorily from the frozen heights of the glacier-world to the burning plains and mountains around Palermo. There is rather too much of historical dissertation perhaps, which one could have sought more legitimately elsewhere. A vignette represents the unique little republic of San Marino, perched on its well-nigh inaccessible precipice—a political and topographical curiosity.

A hint of Niebuhr's, which occurred casually in the present editor's reading, induced him to devote much time and labour to the text of this, perhaps the most elaborate piece of special pleading among Cicero's¹⁶ forensic efforts. The great rhetorician had an arduous task, and exerted every artifice within the knowledge of a consummate advocate to procure an acquittal for a client he believed to be guilty; for though in all probability that client, Aulus Cluentius Habitus, was obnoxious to the charge of deliberate poisoning brought against him, yet his suspected victim and step-father, Statius Albius Oppianicus, and the prosecutrix, his own mother, Saccia, the wife of the poisoned Oppianicus, were so infinitely worse than himself, Cluentius, that his guilt, great as it was, becomes extenuated by comparison with the

¹⁵ "Alpinisches und Transalpinisches. Neun Vorträge." Von Karl Witte, Professor in Halle. London: Nutt. 1858.

¹⁶ "The Speech of Cicero for Aulus Cluentius Habitus, with prolegomena and notes." By William Ramsay, M.A., T.C.O., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. 1856.

inconceivable depravity of the others. As affording a passing glance into the domestic life and general morality of Roman provincials (for Larinum, in the south of Italy, was the theatre of the numerous tragedies in which the miscreant Oppianicus figured as a murderer, some seventy or sixty years B.C.), the speech itself, and the editor's clear and elaborate prolegomena, are interesting; we see that even republican Rome had attained a social condition marked by the most shocking depravity, and was fast tending towards the abyss of iniquity, public and private, which engulfed the Imperial epoch.

"Ana"¹⁷ are usually interesting; they are not, or ought not to be, either didactic or homiletic, but should abound in charming little nuggets of wisdom or of wit, which may be gleaned from the writings or the conversation of most eminent literary men. Mr. Bohn is a judge of the public taste, but it has occurred to us that his zeal for the production of these substantial five or six shilling volumes occasionally outruns discretion. There is very little of Mr. Foster's in this volume, and that little was scarcely worth reprinting. The great bulk is made up of extracts from books of travels, undertaken during the earlier part of the present century, which seem to have passed under Mr. Foster's notice for the purposes of review, but he had only to deal with the relation of actual facts and occurrences, which he was unable to contradict or affirm. Such subjects as Hinder's celebrated Australian voyage, accompanied as it was by so eminent a man as Dr. Robert Brown,* now probably the sole survivor of an expedition which ranks among the antiquities of Australia; Moore's account of Infanticide in Hindostan, Krusenstern's Voyage round the World (1803-6), Forbes's India and its People, Mr. Polack's very sensible observations during his New Zealand explorations between the years 1831-7, are interesting to those who care to know what the world was, before its rapid revolutionizing under the influence of steam. Where Mr. Foster favours us with independent criticism, we discern but a very common amount of critical acumen. Examples occur on the subject of epic poetry, *apropos* to Mr. Cottle's forgotten "Fall of Cambria;" in the notice of Dr. Fisgrave's inane "Midas; or a Serious Inquiry concerning Taste and Genius;" on Lord Erskine's noble Speech in the House of Lords, in 1809, on the Bill for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, then rejected; Campbell's Travels in Southern Africa, and in the reflections on Mr. Walter Scott's work on the border antiquities of England and Scotland, 1814-17.

Professor Assing has produced a volume of travels on the well-worn subject of modern Greece.¹⁸ It is the production of a well-informed, painstaking, conscientious traveller, who laboriously determined to trust no other eyes than his own; and relates what he saw with accuracy and fidelity. There is none of that flashy flippancy of style which

¹⁷ "Fosteriana: consisting of Thoughts, Reflections, and Criticisms of John Foster." Edited by Henry G. Bohn. 1858.

* Written before the death of this distinguished man, which happened on the 10th June.

¹⁸ "Griechische Reisen und Studien." Von. F. J. Assing, Professor an der Universität Kopenhagen. 8vo. Metz. 1857.

deforms so many modern tourist sketches in our own tongue. The notice of the classical Eurotas or Titaresius, or rather of its bed, as it appears to the modern traveller, describes one of the many difficulties which beset the geography of Homer, suggesting very considerable doubts that he ever studied personally the topography of the scenes he describes.

"In the vicinity of Turnovo, a few slender poplars are met with, and one sees a broad, sandy river-bed. A long bridge of twelve or fifteen arches, shows that here, at certain times, a considerable stream must flow; at present, however, the bed was dry, affording sufficient reason for the modern name, Xeragi = dry river. I have seldom in nature seen anything so strange as this broad yellow bed of sand, and scarcely believed my eyes, that it is of this stream of which Homer speaks in the 2nd book of the 'Iliad'—vv. 751—5."

“Οἱ τ’ ἀμφ’ ἱμερτον Τίταρησιον ἐργα ἐνεμοντο,
Ὅς ῥ’ ἐς Πηγειον προίει καλλιροον ὕδωρ.
Οὐδ’ ὁ γὰρ Πηγεῖω συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
Ἀλλὰ τε μὴν καθυπερβην ἐπιρρεῖ ἤντε ἐλαίου
Ὀρκου γὰρ δεινὸν Στυγὸς ὕδατος ἐστὶν ἀπορρῶξ.”

Similar phenomena are, however, to be witnessed in Spain, as mentioned by Rossmassler in his "Reise-Erinnerungen aus Spanien."

The Libraries¹⁹ Act, which to become active, requires the assent of two-thirds of the ratepayers of any parish having a population over ten thousand souls, called together at the requisition of at least ten ratepayers to the overseers of the poor of such parish, is at present a dead letter in most of the populous towns of England. It is Mr. Feilde's object to rouse attention to the great advantages, social and economic, to the million by the active operation of this law. He is so obviously in the right that he should carefully have avoided any appearance of intolerance or fanaticism, even in the cause of real improvement, and might have allowed for the natural repugnance of human nature in general, and of London ratepayers in particular, to even the most trifling additions to the heavy total of their annual rates. The success of the attempts already made to establish these cheap lending public libraries in the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, and in the towns of Salford and Oxford, will produce its effect in other parts of England, as the beneficial working of the Act becomes apparent. It is hopeless to support such institutions by the capricious aid of mere voluntary contributions, likely to be withdrawn at any moment of pressure. Among the artizan and mechanic population of the large towns of northern England, there is a mass of fermenting and dissatisfied talent and energy, pent in their narrow limits by poverty and contracted knowledge, which like the subterranean floods of Artois, can only become apparent when relieved of the pressure which coerces them.

¹⁹ "On the Advantages of Free Public News-rooms and Lending Libraries, in an Address to the Ratepayers of Camberwell." By M. H. Feilde, Esq. © 1858.

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THE
WESTMINSTER
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OCTOBER 1, 1858.  
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ART. I.—FRANCE UNDER LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Les Codes Français, collationnés sur les Textes Officiels. 8me Edition. Par Louis Tripier, Avocat à la Cour Impériale de Paris, Docteur en Droit, et Membre du Conseil Général de la Yonne. Paris: Cotillon, Libraire du Conseil d'Etat. 1857.

THE difficulty of justly estimating the import of contemporary events has been so signally illustrated all through history by the errors of deed and opinion into which the keenest intellects have fallen, that its acknowledgment has passed into a hackneyed phrase of commonplace wisdom, without, however, in any manner conducing to a practical remedy of this deficiency. Age after age has been regularly denounced as an epoch of decay by those who, grown grey in the struggle for objects imperfectly attained, are smarting with disappointment, while it has as regularly been hailed as the dawn of fulfilment by those still in the flush of youth, who perceive pledges for the achievement of their high-wrought hopes in what they hold to be the signs of their age's requirements. Age after age has nevertheless rolled on without that downfall considered imminent by the one class, and without that happy glory trustfully expected by the other. If the effort of keeping judgment unwarped by sensations induced through personal circumstances be thus proved as almost beyond the reach even of individual thinkers, its possibility must be quite out of the question with the public in general. The province of the public being action, its disposition, by a law of nature, will ever be under the influence of some dominant impulse that concen-

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trates vigour, but likewise hurries into exaggerations, entailing disappointments which involve fluctuations in opinion. A most remarkable example of such oscillations in public opinion is now exhibited in England with reference to the second French Empire and its representative Louis Napoleon. A creation, but the other day regarded with the curiosity attaching to an organization deemed possible only in an entirely different state of the world from ours, sprang to life again, and attained, as it were, overnight, an appearance of vigour which made people wonder how they could have ever been blind to the truth of its seeming lifelessness having all along been but the slumber of repose. At the same moment a man, hitherto made sport of as the type of a political clown and adventurer, became suddenly elevated into respect as a mysterious mouthpiece of recondite policy, and a truly trusty counsellor for confiding friendship. All at once this hum of concordant reliance was awkwardly disturbed by the occurrence of a few obscure but jarring incidents, when, just as we were afresh settling down into olden confidence, the grenades of the 14th of January, followed by a series of most astounding explosions, have prostrated us back into a state of doubt which even weakens our belief in former estimates. At this moment it indeed deserves our best efforts to obtain a correct insight into the position of the government of France, for France affects the whole world by her convulsions, and whether Imperialism prove permanent or not, it is certain that the present is pregnant with consequences. In attempting, therefore, to give an account here of the main features of Imperial administration, pointing out the elements that contribute to its establishment, and those which, in our belief, are sapping its existence, we do not venture to affirm ourselves beyond reach of the influences above mentioned as unconsciously warping judgment, but our honest purpose is neither to make an apology for a political party nor a libel on an existing government.

Misconception was the mainspring in the establishment of the second Empire. An exaggerated alarm at the imminence of a Socialist Republic made people erroneously believe society, when already saved by its own individual exertions in the sanguinary days of June, to be still in need of a champion armed with extraordinary powers. Under the influence of this fear, a large number of persons willingly sacrificed all other considerations to secure an efficient bulwark against anarchical aggression in a government fortified by unusual authority, whose excessive powers were by them, however, expected to be merely of the temporary nature of a dictatorship, called for by the extreme requirements of a season, and to be exercised with the view of removing impediments which endangered general safety. A strange mistake,

furthermore, prevailed amongst the most intelligent classes of French society as to Louis Napoleon's character. They were induced to elect him President because, split amongst themselves by party dissensions, they thought it best to compromise their differences at that critical time by a choice which, through its dynastic character, would gratify their common hostility to the Republic, while they expected it to supply them with a brainless puppet, who would be the toy of their suggestions. Both these views, widely apart in their origin—the one springing from an honest though mistaken impulse, the other inspired by mischievous policy—coincided, nevertheless, in one point. Both were bent on achieving a result which was intended but as a means for ulterior ends—both accordingly sought to compass something in itself to be but of temporary duration; but the first wished it to operate with the arbitrary action of a dictatorship, while the second tried to contrive the malleable material of a compromise, allowing free scope for play of party purpose. But there were other circumstances at work which foiled these calculations, and clothed Louis Napoleon with authority more arbitrary and lasting than had ever been contemplated. First, the estimate formed of his character was altogether incorrect. He turned out to be a man possessing in a remarkable degree tenacity of purpose and a resolute will of his own; so that the calculations based on his submission to foreign guidance were woefully at fault. Events had at that conjuncture likewise removed from the public scene all other pretenders to sovereign authority in France, endowing him consequently with a position of extraordinary advantage. The elder Bourbons were deceased for the people; and the feeble efforts made in their behalf by a knot of disaffected politicians had not even acquired for their trifling schemes the importance of plots. The younger branch was, on the other hand, labouring under the discredit resulting from the undignified conduct of Louis Philippe, and from the pusillanimous manner in which the dynasty had deserted itself. The Republic, again, brought about no one knew how or wherefore, and acquiesced in at the moment rather as the acknowledgment of the void created by a thorough collapse, than proclaimed of a deliberate purpose by any party, brought an accession of strength to any pretender, by the fact of its own unpopularity. But there was yet another circumstance, too generally overlooked by political speculators, which made itself felt with irresistible force—namely, the fascination exercised by the name of Napoleon on the illiterate mass of the rustic population—a fascination partaking of the mythic, and in history only to be compared to the legendary glory of Charlemagne. Any one not well acquainted with the uneducated condition of the French peasantry will hardly believe

what wild fancies animated their enthusiasm for Louis Napoleon, who was regarded as a St. Michael come to slay that loathsome monster the Republic, ravenous for taxes. Never has the transcendent spell of a great and cherished name on the simple minds of a people been more singularly manifested. The country people literally flocked in excited mobs to tender their votes for the nephew of that Emperor in the grey overcoat, whose wretchedly engraven image hung, as that of a household saint, over most cottage hearths, and whose deeds of glory and of greatness formed the staple matter for the housewife's and the grandfather's talk on long winter's eves. Many were, in their profound ignorance, actuated by such superstitious notions as to believe the nephew to be the old Corporal himself, risen from the tomb for his people's delivery in the hour of need; and, as a body, all were inspired with the most foolish expectations of a golden age of plenty and prosperity, to be secured by his infallible intervention. Delusion of this kind was in its frenzy beyond all control of reason, had such then been actively exerted to dispel it; but, like the flush of fever, it likewise must necessarily be limited in duration, and doomed to result in disappointment proportionably profound to the exaggerated pitch of its expectations.

These were the circumstances that contributed to invest Louis Napoleon at once with a presidential authority, easily converted by him into an unlimited dictatorship; but the causes that induced him to make that peculiar application of his power exhibited in the iron system of his present government are to be found in his character and education. Beneath a demeanour wearing the look of impassable placidity he possessed a stern will, which, by constant direction, had been hardened into an unrelaxing tenacity of a settled purpose, while within a nature seemingly cold and dull there lurked a spirit animated with passion, but the more intense that its fire had been guardedly restrained, and which in the hour of venture could count on the support of a courage as reckless about personal risk as it was free from noisy swagger. No man has been more devoid of those trappings of talent which set off a figure to advantage. Louis Napoleon's qualities are altogether of that unobtrusive kind which, like the hidden marrow of a frame, never strike the eye, and thus the blank in his appearance lets the glance of the keenest judges glide past him as presenting no feature worthy of attention. This alliance of passion and discretion, this power of holding the former in hand, and rendering it subordinate to a settled direction, is the essential peculiarity of a nature able to supply the want of ready and spontaneous suggestion within its limited capacity by application and thorough identification with an embraced system. As in the ordinary events of life a fervent and undoubting faith supplies to a trust-

ful soul remedy and consolation for every disappointment—steady resolution against adversity, and emboldening to struggle against difficulty, misfortune, and danger with a confidence to be inspired only by the conviction that no hostility can ultimately prevail over one strong in the armour of righteousness—so the system of the first Napoleon, presented to the imagination of his nephew as a legacy to his family, proved the inspiration and strength of his political conduct. Brought in contact with parties and factions at a loss how to act under a conflicting strain of prudential considerations, Louis Napoleon proceeded with the decision of a man who never entertains even the shadow of a doubt about the correctness of his views. While France was anxiously searching a remedy for her troubles, he proffered, and what is more imposed, the application of a regimen with a confident assertion about its efficacy which had weight with men labouring under hesitation. But this regimen was nothing more than the old Empire, only modified in foreign policy, and therefore of so despotic a nature as to be incompatible with the indispensable condition for a people's healthy state. It is a system based not on the subordination but on the subjection of the individual; it substitutes for the excellent action of civic spirit the arbitrary impulses of an imperious guardianship that must necessarily wax daily in exaction under the influence of indulgence; and its fundamental principle is one of such rigidity as to make the fabric resemble an iron cage, whose bars may in one sense be valuable as staying off danger from without, but procure this advantage for the inmate by crippling his health and vigour. So absolutely is Louis Napoleon devoid of all originality in his administrative institutions, that it will hardly be possible to point out any part of his constitution which is not a slavish copy of an existing model in that of the first Empire. Instead of mastering the import of his uncle's history, his intellect has been spell-bound by its political forms, and his domestic polity is a matter of mechanical composition, whose inflexible parts can be estimated to a nicety through the test of experience. Before, however, proceeding to enter upon the incongruities between his reproductions and the state of things to which they were to be applied, it should be well borne in mind how the circumstances attending the very outset of Louis Napoleon's career involved contradictions containing the germ of inevitable discontent and defection. He was raised to power by men who, shaking with fear, were only anxious for an immediate shelter against danger—by political schemers who sought for their purposes a momentary truce, and by the frenzy of an ignorant peasantry, who, drunk with fabulous expectations, believed him to be possessed of miraculous power; but all these coincided in one essential point—their favourable

dispositions were all of a prospective and expectant cast, and entertained Louis Napoleon's elevation as a means to bring about something beyond. But the nature of his government is necessarily contrary to all accommodation, being a system essentially inflexible and exacting, and, as long as it lasts, an engine of terrific force. Europe, trembling to see such power in the hands of a man hitherto known merely as a restless adventurer and the hereditary representative of ambitious aggression, became affected towards him with admiring delight when, instead of a firebrand, he showed himself a discreet and moderate statesman in intercourse with other nations. His assurance that "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," was gratefully re-echoed in every cabinet, and not unnaturally biassed opinion abroad in favour of his domestic policy. But Louis Napoleon's talents are restricted to foreign affairs; his capacity is essentially that of a diplomatist; and his clear appreciation of the value of an alliance with England is strong proof of independent judgment in one otherwise so entirely under the influence of Napoleonic maxims. Specific aptitude, fostered by study and travel, has acquired for him a correct insight into the relations of states, while the prominent feature of his uncle's misfortune has probably riveted his attention upon the danger of warfare to the neglect of those administrative faults which actively precipitated his downfall. It therefore seems to us that a marked difference should be justly made between Louis Napoleon the diplomatist and Louis Napoleon the administrator, the one being a man of insight and natural talents, while the other is a lay figure immovably set in an attitude. But no foreign policy, however able, is of itself sufficient for the permanent support of a government.

The question whether the Imperialist form of government will last, or at least elaborate itself into a satisfactory settlement, does not depend upon the fact of its being objectionable in parts, but upon how far, in spite of such drawbacks, it still responds to the real requirements of the French people. The first thing that strikes our attention is the wide difference between the circumstances of the nation at the epochs of the erection of the two Empires as compared with the identity of their institutions. The first Empire arose, not unnaturally, in a season when the requirements of the State, distracted by intestine conflicts of the fiercest kind, and reduced by the strain of gigantic wars abroad, called out for captainship as the one thing immediately needed. The temper of the nation was therefore affected by a feeling which directly tended to make military government popular, while brilliant success and the continuation of warfare caused its stringent discipline to be borne with at home for the sake of its value against the foreigner. But the second Empire has no such plea

for its introduction, and no such patriotic purpose to pursue. It has nothing to grapple with but the subtle element of political principles. Instead of being called upon to gather an arsenal of strength to be discharged upon a hated enemy, circumstances oblige it to apply itself to that internal economy which can no more be satisfactorily regulated by mere force than the organic action of the human system can be corrected by castigation. The second Empire, finding itself face to face with a state labouring under a deeply-seated administrative disease, pretends, with the recklessness of quack practice, to have healed it, when in truth it only removes outward signs of virulence by driving it inward, while that iron hold, formerly tolerated as a gauntlet for the nation's champion, now lies upon the neck of the people with the unmitigated weight of coercive oppression. Louis Napoleon's diplomatic glance has not been blind to the difference in the present situation of France from what it was in his uncle's time, and therefore the second Empire has been proclaimed a social dictatorship, purporting to give that settled expression to certain principles for which France is affirmed to have vainly struggled since the Revolution. He announces himself to be the representative of 1788, and declares his system to be but that absolute form of seasonable principles which is best suited to the French character. Now, this we hold to be an entire fallacy with regard to the import of his government. The principle for which France struggled at the Revolution, and ever since, is Liberty. The manner of that struggle naturally bears in itself traces of those failings which, from the fact of their prevailing extent, first induced an effort at reform, but had also been productive of obnoxious habits by their duration. The struggle has been, moreover, complicated by circumstances to be expected from so violent an effort and from the emancipated speculation of the age. Liberal tendencies have not proceeded with prudent evenness; and under influence of the strongest impulse that has yet occurred in the history of the world, political aspirations have straggled beyond bounds. Thus a torrent which, duly guided, would at once have permanently changed the face of things, has weakened its force by straying to the realms of Socialism and Communism. But these extravagances do not materially affect the bulk of disposition, being incidents as inseparable from a great movement as depredations on banks are from the flow of a great stream: the cause of every French event since 1788 has always been a desire for freedom. Freedom was the cloak under which the Bourbons stole back; freedom was the motive of the Revolution of 1830; freedom was sought in those parliamentary struggles which unfortunately resulted in the catastrophe of 1848; and freedom now still remains the object of

desire. But owing to events, and also to a peculiar disposition in the French people, the Executive in France has been allowed to attain proportions incompatible with a free people. Now, although the irksomeness of this rule has irrevocably disaffected public opinion, yet the men who strove for reform having contracted infection from the atmosphere of their early association, carried into rebellion pernicious habits. Reforming zeal has, consequently, remained comparatively barren, because, whereas the remedy required for France was freedom, each effort at reform has, on the contrary, proceeded despotically. Centuries of resignation to authority acting in behalf of public welfare in the manner of injunction, have so wedded French minds to notions about its efficacy, that, when actuated by a passion for reform, they have always been hurried into the fatal error of believing the substitution of a new authority, armed for its purpose with the same excessive prerogative as the old one, to be all that was requisite for the achievement of a better state of things. Instead of perceiving how the evil lay in a practice which must exhaust the general system by draining its vigour for the nourishment of an organism fostered into monstrous proportions, France, alive but to the fact of its want of health, has made efforts which themselves are all deeply affected with the disease in question. Spasmodic attempts to contrive new machines of government, big enough to fill up the whole space out of which the old one had been just ejected, characterize the whole course of French reform, and, consequently, a dictatorship really to promote the good of France would have to proceed in the most self-denying spirit—to wean the people from its vicious superstition in power resident in the State as something by itself apart from the collective result of individual combination, to instruct in the duty of personal contribution to the action of the commonwealth, and to give an impulse towards those independent habits of civism which alone can ensure a nation's health. Vainly do we, however, look for the smallest indication which might connect the second Empire with the furtherance of these objects. On the contrary, so thoroughly does it partake of the faulty principles which have caused France's misfortunes, that instead of being, as it affirms, the expression of its requirements, it is rather the consummation of its errors, and instead of giving any shape to that relief from executive oppression which alone can save it from ultimate prostration, it has lent the deceptive confirmation of a settlement endowed with all the semblance of power and the insignia of recognised government to those schemes of arbitrary disposition, which, while presented in the nakedness of mere theory, could never command extended attention. Disabled by its nature from engrafting itself upon what is genuine and wholesome in French

reform, the Empire identifies itself not unnaturally with those distortions which have crippled its progress, and in fact, as regards the baneful intervention of an engine superseding the emotions of independent men by a discipline which is to drill them into puppets, the difference between Louis Blanc and Louis Napoleon reduces itself to a difference between two names and two men. The regeneration of society, professed to be achievable by the former through a system which in the name of humanity exacts a mute and equal submission to inexorable maxims, practicable only by the sacrifice of qualities which, though easily misdirected, are yet essential to all manly worth, is by the latter proclaimed in the name of august authority and by the undisguised method of compulsory enforcement. Misconception, the origin of the second Empire, is therefore also its inheritance, for instead of being the legitimate fulfilment of the Revolution, it is but the legitimate consequence of indulgence in that political vice which inspired the worst excesses of its peremptory temper.

Louis Napoleon's first act was a repetition of the 18th Brumaire, his second was the arbitrary revival of a set of corporations invented by his uncle, and which experience had made public opinion regard as mere effigies of institutions. The particulars attending the first do not concern us here, but it merits observation, what an unfortunate influence an origin in fraud, violence, and perjury must have upon the consideration of a government which ostentatiously professes the object of its establishment to have been the vindication of law, order, and virtue. The second event was in itself of no importance whatever; a slavish copy of a sham constitution, without one novel ingredient capable of exciting the least expectation as to its possible efficiency, could not for a moment remove from public opinion the impression that authority vested exclusively in the sovereign. To bring therefore the temper of this authority into unison with the temper of the country—to cement a fellow-feeling between sovereign and people—to attach to majesty by ties of affection those classes whence a mob draws its chief recruits—was the task which Louis Napoleon believed himself about to accomplish. He aimed at acquiring a national position like that which once fell to the lot of Henry IV., and which allowed the government founded by him to swell into the monarchy of Louis XIV. The nation relieved from anxious disturbance by the intervention of a provident government was to be put in the way of profitably pursuing its material avocations, so that the sovereign to whose wise care this affluence should be due would be cherished by the people, and his dynasty, rendered incarnate with happiness in popular superstition, would become the object of a political idolatry that must prove a bulwark against revolutionary turmoil. But to inaugurate a millennium of such

placid contentment proceeding from above, it was necessary to eradicate the noxious elements of opposition residing in an impulse towards reform from within, which under the influence of representative governments had been growing in France since the time of the first Empire. This tendency it is true was but partially spread, but still it did exist, was in its nature inexorably hostile, and so inextricably interwoven with the parliamentary system, in a manner identified with the associations of Louis Philippe's reign, that Louis Napoleon, without having any choice in the matter, was obliged from self-defence to begin his rule by a war against existing organization. Now Louis Napoleon has never got beyond this primary struggle necessary for clearing the ground for his edifice—a struggle imposed on him by the mere fact of contact with the society of his own day, and for guidance in which little if any instruction can be gleaned from the first Empire. The capital fact to be noticed, therefore, in his career as ruler is the want of solid success accompanying his keen aggression: on the one hand, he is engaged in a desperate conflict against political elements, which by their subtlety baffle his inadequate measures; on the other, he is unrelaxingly wedded to the conception of the Empire as it was; and at a loss to adapt its deficiencies to present requirements, by modifying its rigid fashion in accordance with circumstances, he is, by headstrong persistence in his peculiar views, bit by bit drifted so far from the democratic position he originally aimed at assuming as to be obliged to have recourse to the coercion of unmitigated tyranny as his sheet-anchor, so that now his government is a matter of summary injunction like the direction of an army, and his administration is reduced to a band of police agents responsible merely to him and bound by no considerations but his decrees. But the unfaltering steadiness and readiness of purpose which so signally marked the steps of Louis Napoleon, while merely pursuing the restoration of a previous model, has deserted him as soon as he engaged in devising supplementary additions from his own suggestions. Sometimes adventurously desirous to impress ideas of modern progress into his service, as when he manifested strong inclination towards free-trade, at others rushing into outrageous sallies of coercion, defiant of the commonest principles of right—as in the famous ministerial injunction for the sale of trust property—Louis Napoleon has repeatedly been met with an opposition in presence of which he has suddenly swerved from his designs. Being unable to entertain the shadow of a suspicion that the Empire in itself may not respond fully to the genuine likings of the people, Louis Napoleon with that want of confidence and self-possession in his administrative inspiration not unnatural to inadequate talent, has taken unpopularity, when

decidedly manifested, to be a competent condemnation of his individual measures, provided always that there be no direct precedent for them in the old Empire, nor such a visible necessity as renders them indispensable for buttressing the very foundations of his own; two cases in which he proceeds under the guidance of inexorable conviction admitting of no hesitation. Out of France where he is mainly judged by the boldness of his advent to power, the want of steady judgment and insight evinced in his regulations for appliance at home has escaped notice, but it is a fact, illustrations of which we will point out further on, that in dealing with circumstances of domestic policy his resolutions have been in general inefficiently conceived, for the most part inopportunately adopted, and often as suddenly abandoned.

When Louis Napoleon assumed exclusive power he perfectly understood what was involved by the nature of his position. His elevation was to be the degradation of intelligence—its conviction of political unfitness at the bar of the world—the dethronement of mind, as manifestly incompetent to direct action, ridiculously perplexed in its deliberation and selfishly exclusive in its proud pedantry. For the wayward and inefficient suggestions of conflicting conceits he offered to substitute a wise and vigorous guardianship, and such a state of things being essentially repulsive to the independent feeling generated in the breasts of those who are conscious of enlightenment, he sought to ally himself with those masses whose interests he affirmed had been shamefully neglected by the superciliousness of vain pedants. He therefore hid the common usurper beneath the character of the people's delegate elected to acquire for them their rights, and as these rights were made the stalking-horse for his ambition, so the conceited arrogance of barren pedantry was made the war-cry of a crusade against education, the corner-stone of all free government, and which, unless removed and positively crushed, he justly felt must prove the block against which his system would be dashed to pieces. The first measure in this sense was naturally the suppression of the Press, which in France had more influence on public opinion throughout the country than even the debates in the Chambers; a fact which may be explained as connected with the literary and abstract source of inspiration whence French political speculation is derived. A number of influential and respectable journals were at once suppressed on the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1852, while the general laws regulating the press underwent stringent modifications by a decree of the 17th February, 1852, which prohibited the publication of any new journal without the previous sanction of government, in whom rested the appointment, or at least confirmation, of its editor. The journals in existence at the date of this decree were exempt from

this obligation, but the successors of their then editors would be subject to the same approval on the part of government. Likewise the government assumed the right of administering an official reproof to papers giving circulation to a statement of any kind which might be displeasing to it, such reproof to be textually inserted at the very beginning of the first number issued after its receipt, and *three* of them exposing the journal to *suspension* at the good will of the government. These stringent regulations, in themselves more than sufficient to reduce the press to subjection, are, however, far from being the only means at the disposal of government, and habitually had recourse to by it for the coercion of an obnoxious journal. The insertion of the most harmless piece of erroneous information in some correspondent's letter, or even if derived at second-hand from some foreign journal, exposes to an action for the propagation of falsehood; the accidental omission of a stamp on a number issued, or of a signature at the bottom of the most trivial paragraph, even if copied from a foreign paper, renders amenable to a charge of misdemeanour (*délit*), and two condemnations involve necessary *suppression*. Nor is the government content to reserve these tremendous weapons for the repression of persevering disaffection; it actively brings them into daily play against every journal that is not ready to subside into its humble mouthpiece. French law, for instance, renders publication in the papers incumbent for the validity of certain decisions and deeds, and the *prefets* have now assumed the prerogative of naming journals as alone permitted to insert such announcements, because those excluded from this privilege are speedily reduced to ruin, the cost of these advertisements being the main financial support of French journals. So the government also limits as it likes the journals allowed to be sold by the newsvenders in the streets; an act not only of unjust oppression against those which are prohibited, but likewise of monstrous patronage in favour of those thus put in exclusive possession of the market. Amongst the papers long excluded from public sale in Paris were the *Siccle* and the *Presse*, the latter of which, as an evening paper, mainly circulated by the venders on the Boulevards, has encountered most severe losses by this arbitrary decree. It is only a wonder that the French Press has not entirely succumbed to such an array of persecution. We have been unable to obtain an accurate list of journals suppressed or indirectly crushed by this restrictive system, but even the following names that occur to us at haphazard are sufficient to give some idea how pertinaciously private opinion is hunted down.

Le Corsaire suppressed, 1853; *La Revue de Paris* first suspended, then suppressed, in 1858; *L'Assemblée Nationale*, after two suspensions, was forced to change its title to *Spectateur*,—sup-

pressed, 1858; *Le Siècle* has had three reprimands and one condemnation; *La Gazette de France* three reprimands; *La Presse* three reprimands and one suspension; *Le Constitutionnel* two reprimands; *La Vérité de Lille* extinct; *La Gazette du Languedoc* ditto; *Le Moniteur du Loiret* ditto; *Le Progrès du Pas de Calais* ditto. The fate of this last paper deserves notice, as having been the one in which Louis Napoleon himself used to write from his prison at Ham. The most remarkable proceeding of the Imperial Government, as demonstrative of its determination to monopolize in its own hands the channels of general information, is its conduct towards the *Manuel Général de l'Instruction Primaire*, a weekly paper in existence for twenty-five years, published by the house of Hachette, one of the most respected firms in the book trade, and edited by M. Barrau, widely and deservedly known for his services in the cause of education. This paper, intended for circulation amongst the country schoolmasters, was written in a most exemplary and efficient manner. To political polemics it made no pretensions, contenting itself with a condensed summary of the most important news of the day; but it contained articles of merit on such matters of literary and general instruction as might be advantageous to its class of readers. The worth of its contributions met with adequate acknowledgment, so that its circulation extended almost to every school in the country. But the mere fact that a paper enjoying so much consideration, and so widely spread amongst a class that might influence local opinions, should appear without a manifest badge of its dependence on Government, was enough to give umbrage. The Minister of Instruction accordingly caused the *Gazette des Instituteurs* to be started, which, aided by a State subvention, was offered at the nominal price of five francs a year; and the Inspectors of Schools received Ministerial instructions to exert their utmost influence to induce their subordinates, the masters, to take it. Now this *Gazette des Instituteurs* is a most meagre, trifling, and fulsome publication. Of news it contains little beyond extracts from the *Court Circular*, but—and this is the significant fact of its publication—it teems with articles inculcating doctrines of absolute government, by clumsy eulogies of Cæsarism as incarnate in the dynasty of Bonaparte. The most interesting part of this transaction is what now follows. Unable to compete against a rival assisted by such extraordinary help, the house of Hachette closed the issue of its paper on the 1st of January, 1858, prefixing to the last number* a clear explanation of the causes of this stoppage. "During the twenty-five years that the *Manuel Général* has been in existence, it has never failed," it is stated, "to obtain in its

* "*Manuel Gén. de l'Instruction Primaire*," 26th Dec. 1857.

favour the most honourable testimonies. Amongst these there is one which we are glad to be able to quote. The present Minister of Public Instruction, in a letter to us of the 16th of January of this year, was pleased to declare that he appreciated our services, and that, if called upon to decide between us and a publication placed under his patronage, the instructors were, and should always be, entirely (*absolument*) free in their choice. Confident in this approbation, and the sympathy of the instructing body, we were preparing to commence our twenty-sixth year, when unexpected tidings modified our resolution. A political weekly journal, destined for instruction, is about to appear, not only under the auspices of the Supreme Board of Public Instruction, but, as it appears, under its high directors. In the advertisement of this publication (and the Minister declares his entire adhesion to this advertisement), the responsible editor speaks in the name of the government. . . . Although its price, hardly covering the cost of stamps and postage, seems to preclude all competition, we would not even have recoiled from the sacrifice of lowering our price to the same level. But it has appeared to us that in establishing this publication, or, at least, in allowing it to be offered in its name, the supreme Board of Public Instruction itself desires to exercise on the members of primary instruction that influence which attaches to the exposition of political facts and the discussion of questions of social economy. . . . To-day the continuation of the *Manuel Général* as a political journal might appear a sort of contest with authority. Such a contest is far from our wish. On the other hand, our well-known affection for our readers does not allow us, for reasons which they will appreciate, to put them under the necessity of choosing between the administration and ourselves. We therefore resign to it those means of influence which it considers fitting to assume, although, in our opinion, a voice completely independent is more authoritative for rendering acceptable even the best of doctrines." The firm now issued a monthly magazine, treating exclusively of matters connected with education, agriculture, and science. In spite of an apparently overwhelming competition, of the straitened means and humble dependence of French schoolmasters, and of their consequent subjection to official influence, the inauspicious matter of the Government organ and attachment to old associations have contributed to secure for this magazine a circulation of from 10,000 to 12,000 subscribers, which, unless checked by arbitrary prohibitions, will insure its existence.

These are the public and sanctioned measures avowedly employed by Government as its legal prerogative; but there is yet a clandestine exercise of authority that never is allowed to be known to the public, because, being comprised within no possible

stretch of any legal attribute, it is simply a coercion by unmitigated threat. It consists in a message to the editors of newspapers from the Minister of the Interior, forbidding any notification of this or that event. At first sight it is apparent how so arbitrary and unlimited a power must lead to abuse; but examples alone can afford a conviction of the absurd, corrupt, and personal purposes to which this monstrous authority is continually applied by irresponsible functionaries. That, for instance, as was the case, the papers should have been warned, on the meeting of the Congress of Paris, not to insert any article which might tend to excite public expectation as to its results, or at the deaths of Beranger and Manin should have been forbidden to publish the hour of their funerals, may find a natural exculpation in the circumstances of the Government. But this interference is often had recourse to on occasions when its secrecy alone saves the Government from crushing ridicule, and for purposes which have not even the excuse of being those of the State. For a while some Paris journals contrived to subject Government measures to a smarting criticism, by quietly establishing their contradiction with sentiments expressed in the "*Mémorial de Ste. Helene*" and the writings of Louis Napoleon. A ministerial prohibition to *quote either the one or the other*, procured relief from this inconvenient annoyance. At St. Denis an Imperial establishment has been founded, and put under the direct patronage of the Empress, for the maintenance of poor orphan daughters of members of the Legion of Honour; that order having been endowed with distinctions which are plainly dictated with a view to converting its members into a chivalrous body-guard of the Empire. Some time ago one of the ladies at St. Denis forgot herself so far as to elope with a young man, when actually an order was communicated to the journals, forbidding mention of this occurrence, which might cast discredit on an Imperial establishment. And this monstrous dictation is brought into action by Government agents for their own benefit; for when very lately a similar incident happened between the son of a high functionary and a popular actress of the Théâtre Français, whom he carried off, to the knowledge of all Paris, the father prevented notice of this event in the papers by a stringent injunction. These orders being illegal, they are generally communicated verbally; but as the responsible editor is not always to be found at the moment, they are at times left in writing. Formerly the French papers used to publish the price of grain in the different markets throughout the country, together with the calculation of the consequent average price of bread. This appeared objectionable to Government, as likely to create dissatisfaction; for having, during the period of scarcity, forced the bakers to sell bread in

Paris at a price below remuneration, in years of plenty and cheapness it was obliged to indemnify the trade by consenting to a proportionate overcharge. In consequence, the following order was transmitted to the papers, which we give in the original text:—"Les journaux ne devront pas donner soit implicitement, soit indirectement la différence entre le prix réel du pain et le prix auquel par suite de la compensation il doit être payé. (Communiqué par le Ministre de l'Intérieur, Sept., 1856.)" Amongst the speculative enterprises connected with public works adopted by the Government as a feverish stimulant to industry, is a project of improvement for Marseilles, entailing the reconstruction of a great part of the town. M. Mirés, one of those financial potentates who have risen to wealth and eminence by shrewd speculation, formed a scheme for the accomplishment of this undertaking which met with Ministerial approval, and obtained for him the concession of this project. But shortly afterwards a quarrel ensued between the Government and M. Mirés. What its origin may have been has nothing to do with the matter in hand. Mirés, possessed of his grant, proved intractable on some demand, and then the Government stooped to direct all its influence for the purpose of foiling and ruining his speculation in the money-market. Mirés is the proprietor of the "*Journal des Chemins de Fer*," in which he of course advertised his prospectus of an undertaking sanctioned with Government authority; but the latter, not satisfied with already counteracting his efforts on the Stock Exchange, actually interdicted the publication in other papers of a commercial enterprise in which a man had embarked his money by its encouragement, and which now it tried to ruin merely for the sake of wreaking vengeance on an uncompliant dealer. The prohibition sent to the papers ran thus:—"Interdiction *formelle* de reproduire l'article publié par le '*Journal des Chemins de Fer*,' Nro. du 22 Mai, page 112, intitulé Société de la Vieille Ville de Marseille." Such unscrupulous coercion has at least accomplished outward uniformity. With a ready axe suspended over them, in the hands of an executioner but too happy to have an occasion to let it fall, every paper is in hourly agony of extinction, until craven-heartedness has so possessed their proprietors, that a mere passing criticism on the architecture of an Imperial building was lately considered too audacious for publication; and the *Journal des Débats* could not even summon courage to pay a tribute of regard to the memory of the Duchess of Orleans.

Next to the periodical press in importance comes that extensive literature which once flooded France. To keep this under control, and especially to prevent the dissemination in the country of objectionable publications, the Government has likewise provided

itself with efficient weapons. First, the book firms, like all trades, depend on Government authority, by the very fact that no dealer can establish himself without a patent from Government, which is revocable. The book-trade in France is differently organized from that of England, the principal business in the way of sale being transacted by inferior dealers or hawkers (*colporteurs*), who keep stalls, and dispose of all new works supplied to them by the publishers at reduced prices. This class of dealers is therefore the one which the Government has subjected to control. The sale of a book on the premises of its publisher is still allowable, subject only to such prosecution for libel, immorality, treason, or misdemeanor as may be called for by any particular work; but no hawker can offer *any copy* of any work not previously submitted to the Ministry of the Interior, and there furnished with a stamp bearing the following inscription:—"Sureté Générale. Ministère de l'Intérieur." One instance will suffice to show the stringent considerations on which the grant of this stamp depends. An excellent, and, in fact, the first good and complete edition of St. Simon's "Memoirs" has just left the press. This standard writer, both in a literary and an historical sense, is remarkable for the caustic pungency of his descriptions of the last part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and on this account tends to propagate irreverence for one of the most glorious epochs of French history, and consequently to instil views likely to foster disaffection; therefore the permission has been withheld for the sale in the country of this classical text-book.

Journalism and literature are, however, results, not primary causes. This repression in its success is no greater than the lopping off branches, that sprout again immediately, as long as their seed is not crushed. Unfortunately a long prevailing system of exclusive government has deprived the French people of those elements of gradual and practical training in business which are the true means for acquiring habits of self-government; consequently the one well of French inspiration has been speculation, encouraged by a developed system of education which, if on the one hand it had fostered errors obstructive of immediate success in reform, had nevertheless been the sole sanctuary for the palladium which alone could preserve the spirit of the people's intellect from succumbing to the dead uniformity imposed upon the polity. Therefore the existing system of education was regarded by those who cherished progress as the one living and national institution interwoven with the very existence of the State to a degree that might baffle even reckless aggression, and as capable of imparting a more and more healthy and consistent direction to public opinion. Against this system of education, therefore, as the nursery of all those sentiments of independence which irresistibly tend to

towards free government, are irreconcilable with Imperialism, the latter has erected its batteries; but as in the nineteenth century even the most reckless despotism is obliged to make some concession to prevailing civilization, and cannot venture on avowing ignorance to be on principle necessary to its existence, so its attacks have not been made with the publicity of a sweeping measure. The Government has, on the contrary, avoided as much as possible, organic changes capable of exciting public attention, but bit by bit, school by school, as opportunity offered, it has exercised the stealthy and noiseless influence of paramount authority to introduce radical changes in the system and character of instructors, with the view of transforming the mind of the nation. This capital fact in the administrative tendency of the second Empire—the quintessence and epitome of its secret intentions—has naturally been unremarked in foreign countries, its circumstances, as just pointed out, escaping all but the closest observation. The short account we can here give will afford the reader a general notion of the system of French education as it was, and as it is modified by the present Government, but it is unavoidably deficient in statistical data, which would be of great importance for verifying beyond contradiction the extent of change; for statistics are not favoured by those who rely on secrecy as their chief means of success.

Education in France is divided into three grades,—primary, secondary, and superior instruction. The first grade is subdivided into three degrees (*dégrés*), each represented by separate schools. The first, existing formerly in most hamlets, affords instruction in writing and reading, arithmetic, geography, some notions of French and sacred history, and a little practical geometry. The second degree, consisting in schools of average-sized villages, merely affords the same instruction carried in each branch to more proficiency; but the third degree, existing in towns of any consequence, is worthy of attention, as providing a sound practical education that can turn out young men fit to enter on any of the usual walks of industrious life. In addition to the elements enumerated in the first degree, its teaching comprises the whole of French history, and geometry—algebra, in connexion with the latter—natural history, and the elements of drawing and music. Two establishments of this category in Paris, the *Ecole Turgot* and *Chaptal*, have attained considerable eminence; and it was a favourite object with the most enlightened men in France, while they had any influence on Government, to encourage the spread of similar institutions, by them regarded as the best nursery for sound popular education. These primary schools in their different degrees fall under two heads,—commercial and private (*libre*). The former have a master named by

the municipality on the recommendation of a superior dignitary of the educational establishment, entitled Rector of Academy. The masters thus appointed are functionaries entirely dependent on authority, and their salaries are miserably small, with few exceptions not exceeding 50*l.*, while they often are less. The latter are of course managed by their owners, who, however, are always subject to the supervision of an inspector, resident in the capital of each Department. But this is the least of the fetters laid on private instruction. No individual can open an establishment of the sort without having first handed in to the proper authorities a certificate that he has passed the examination incumbent on schoolmasters, and given notice in due form of his desire to open a school in a given locality. It then rests entirely with the authorities whether they will grant a permission, which they can withdraw whenever they may think fit, without assigning any other reason than the general one of consideration for public interests and morals. Now, against both these kinds of establishments the Government has been waging an unrelaxing and destructive warfare. Determined on eliminating from general instruction every element which can tend to nourish feelings of independence, and on inculcating subserviency, it has proceeded at once to remove what was objectionable and to substitute something according to its taste. The first was easy enough with its excessive authority. Wherever a schoolmaster was supposed to be animated with independent sentiments, there irresponsible power at once broke the objectionable functionary. But what was infinitely worse, this summary vengeance on a generally harmless individual was often accompanied by the closing of the school, to the deprivation of the community. Against this charge of systematically attempting to restrict and lower the educational condition of the people, the Government organs have repeatedly protested. Of course no official documents have been published which might afford a comparison between the number of *commercial* and *private* primary schools in 1848 and 1858, but we can vouch for the fact that an underhand crusade has been relentlessly carried on against them wherever a plea could be found; and we believe that, after making allowance for schools established in the room of those suppressed, in spite of official contradiction, we are within the mark when we estimate the blank left at from 400 to 500 schools. Now the new establishments are totally different in their nature from those they are meant to replace. The Government, conscious that destruction can only bring about a void that absolutely necessitates being filled up with something, has sought an alliance with the clergy as its best auxiliary for this purpose. We shall hereafter touch on the general position lately assigned to this body; but

its connexion with primary education at present is of a kind obliging us to notice it here. The congregation of the Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne, solely devoted to popular education, is the ecclesiastical corporation chosen by the Government as its agent on this occasion. This brotherhood, indefatigable, zealous, and most efficiently equipped both in education and money, is rapidly extending its establishments under favour of Government support. Not only does one of its houses take the place of the suppressed commercial school, but the brethren, by their funds and the economical habits of their monastic organization, are able to give the same education at half the price of an establishment which must pay masters who live upon their salaries. And this competition has been attended by the result that many communities, already struggling under difficulties, have relieved themselves, with assent of Government, from further burdens by handing their school over to the brethren, who willingly took on themselves its entire expense. Thus an attempt is now going on to spread noiselessly a network of ecclesiastical education for the lower classes over France, in the room of that secular one which was producing admirable results. The *private* institutions are naturally still more exposed to destruction, there being nothing whatever to ward from them a judgment against which there is no appeal. The coalition between Government and the Catholic clergy has especially involved a stern persecution against Protestantism, which, in its limited community, has continued to manifest in France all the fervour of Huguenot devotion, and has shown great activity in the cause of education. Such institutions have been visited with peremptory interdictions, on the score of public welfare; and we subjoin one of them to show their manner.* The reader should remark the words we place in italics.

“THE ACADEMIC COUNCIL OF THE VAR.

“Seeing that the Sieur Guilbot in coming to La Gaude for the purpose of opening there a private Protestant school, in a ‘commune’ where there was not one person *being a Protestant by origin, born and recognised as such*, has introduced such a leaven of discord that the ‘commune’ has since been constantly agitated and divided;

“Seeing that the closing of this school is demanded on all sides, and *especially by all the magistrates invested with the right of taking care of order and public morals* as the only and necessary means of re-establishing calm and quiet in the ‘commune’;

“Considering it both necessary and *advisable to interpret and*

* It will be found in the excellent work of M. J. Simon, “La Liberté de Conscience,” p. 180.

apply in this sense the right of opposition to be exercised *in behalf of public morals* ;

"The accused being present, the Council judges, without appeal, by Art. 28 of the law of 15th March, 1850, and unanimously decides—

"I. The opposing injunction to be kept in force.

"II. The afore-mentioned to be immediately and for ever closed (13th January, 1851)."

As the witnesses specially appealed to in this decree are Government functionaries, so the tribunal emitting it is likewise a Government creation, being named year by year by the Minister of Instruction, and composed almost exclusively of salaried magistrates, with the bishops of the district, under the presidency of a functionary called the Rector, who is the administrative chief of the second grade of instruction. This, by far the most important portion of the educational system, because comprising an instruction obligatory on all who wish to enter a profession, and a discipline so comprehensive as to extend over all those years in which character receives its impression, has of late been radically modified. While primary instruction is confined to elementary and practical education, secondary instruction is distinguished by its completeness, enforcing a scientific proficiency in the matters taught in the inferior grade with practical succinctness, with a thorough course of Latin and Greek, English or German—the choice between these two languages resting with the student, rhetoric, philosophy, French literature, mathematics, and the elements of natural sciences, thus affording a perfect classical and literary education, along with the rudiments of science. The establishments bestowing it are the *Lycées*, formerly royal colleges, the communal colleges, and private institutions. With reference to them, France has been mapped out for the purpose of educational supervision into a number of districts called *Académies*, presided over by a dignitary called Rector, just as for administrative purposes it has been divided into Departments presided by the *Prefet*. The term academy does not, therefore, express an educational foundation, but merely the collective existence of the lycées, colleges, and private institutions within the jurisdiction of a Rector,—a singular use of the term, which has often led to error on the part of persons insufficiently acquainted with France. The lycées are all entirely supported by Government, and their teachers consequently functionaries in the strict sense of the word ; but many of the communal colleges are on a mixed footing, the commune supplying the homestead or a subvention to some individual, who then takes in boarders on his own account. No one can open a private institution without a certificate of his having taken the degrees of Bachelor and Licentiate

of Letters, passing a special examination, and afterwards depositing for approval with the Secretary of the Academy a prospectus of his intended classes, which, though they may be extended, must strictly comprise the studies indicated by Government, together with a *plan of the interior arrangement of his house*. This last provision is eminently characteristic how deeply French mind has contracted the habit of subjecting every trifle to the uniform decision of supreme authority; for it is not a recent encroachment, but existed under Louis Philippe. At the age of eleven the pupils enter these schools in the eighth and lowest form; and before the recent modifications, afterwards to be mentioned, they all proceeded systematically through the whole course of training, advancing year by year a form until they reached the second, from which they entered in the following year, the eighteenth of their age, the highest of the ordinary forms, which is called the one of rhetoric. After the completion of this prescribed course, a supplementary, though obligatory, class of another year affords special instruction in philosophy, without neglecting the subjects of former study; and beyond this an extra class again of a year exists for those who seek to master the depths of mathematics. Thus a pupil, who goes through the entire course of study, cannot finish it before the end of his twentieth year, nor can he be entitled to compete for that degree of Bachelor of Letters, formerly an indispensable condition for admission in a profession, and the supposed natural termination of secondary instruction, unless he has persevered through the class of philosophy. In France there are two kinds of Bachelorships of Letters and of Sciences, but the latter, of a special nature, was formerly dependent upon the former; in fact, no *degree* or *diploma* whatever could be obtained by any one who had not previously received that distinction. For it the candidate was required to have made his studies in an establishment *subject to Government inspection*,* technically called *établissement universitaire*, an exception being only made for instruction under the parental roof with an authorized professor, the fact being testified by the father and the *maire* of the locality; nor could any one be admitted to the examination who had not attended the classes of rhetoric and philosophy, each during a whole year. The examination was proportionate in its strictness to the severity of the studies exacted. It comprised Latin, Greek, the modern language chosen by the scholar, rhetoric, philosophy, general history, arithmetic, the first four books of geometry, algebra, and the elements of physics and chemistry. In England, where the

* This proviso, which will seem useless to the reader, will be understood when we come to the ecclesiastical seminaries.

organization of our system exposes even the humblest individual to the enlarging influence of general interests, by directly bringing home and assigning to him in his private capacity some share in the management of the community, much reasoning has been spent on proving the futility of loading the young mind with theoretic and classical matter affirmed to be of no practical use in after-life. In France, on the contrary, whose constitution affords no such element to refreshen and recruit the maturity of its citizens, where a man pursuing a profession must subside into a functionary, or confine himself to some specific calling, as of medicine or the law, a strong infusion into the early mind of those large principles and liberal tastes whose richest and purest fountain-heads reside in ancient philosophy and classical literature, has been considered the only inspiration capable of counteracting the narrowing and stagnating influence of later life. The best thinkers in France, therefore, prize this secondary instruction as the ark of their country's intellectual salvation, providing each youth on his start in life with a stock of principles which alone can prevent his vigour from expiring under the leaden atmosphere of official subserviency, or at the least from dwindling into mere specific aptitude. The Government, alive to the fact that here lies the stronghold of the country's intelligence and spirit, has consequently been indefatigable in prostrating it. In 1848 men who understood liberty to mean freedom, abolished the necessity of authorization for the foundation of a private school, and the restriction excluding pupils of other establishments than those called "universitaires" from the degree of Bachelor. The first of these alterations was soon revoked, but the second is still maintained. The object of Louis Napoleon being to break the spirit of independence and self-respect supposed to animate the members of the teaching body, and to reduce their influential position in the country, his Government, in 1849, precipitately gave its support to a proposal of Montalembert, who was perfectly correct in believing that it would only serve the interests of the clergy. France, which till then had been divided into twenty-seven academies, was henceforth to have one in each Department. In this measure the Government was blind enough merely to perceive the opportunity it offered for inflicting degradation on the existing Rectors and educational officers, without observing that it would defeat ends equally dear to itself. Louis Napoleon's object was not centred in the humiliation of a troublesome set of men, but in compelling education and enlightenment to figure with all the pomp and weight attached to their natural representatives in loyal attendance upon his government. But as soon as the Rector was reduced to a jurisdiction limited by the Department, presiding often over only a few unimportant

establishments, receiving a salary diminished in proportion to his reduction in authority, he at once fell from a dignitary into a second-rate functionary, utterly incapable of reflecting upon Government any tinsel of consideration. While the official representative of instruction was thus lowered, an ally of the Government was assuming a position which gave umbrage. As the Rector sank the bishop rose, in the first instance patronized with indiscreet favour, then supported by ample means, and finally disposing of a zealous cohort of assistants. What the Imperial Government, however, cannot abide is any power acquiring a consistency of its own. It sought the clergy merely as its minister, and its jealousy was at once awakened at its possible emancipation. Therefore, in 1852, a new law was issued annulling the one just enacted, though masking the acknowledgment of a mistake by decreeing sixteen academies instead of the twenty-two originally existing. The Rectors, from their humble conditions, were then lifted to the very pinnacle of official splendour; their salaries raised from 15,000 to 25,000 francs, and the power entrusted to their faithful keeping extended to a pitch which would enable Government to control every independent opposition.

The great innovation has, however, been in the system of instruction itself. Here the Government aimed at eliminating as much as possible those matters which, like philosophy, history, and general literature, imbue the mind with general ideas. According to its designs it would wish to break up the mind of the country into isolated qualities, each developed by itself without the connexion or combination essential to efficient progress; and as human mind must and will find occupation, the Government anxiously tries to direct it exclusively towards physical and natural sciences, with a view of diverting attention from studies likely to nourish an interest in moral and political questions. The Bachelorship of Letters has, therefore, ceased to be an obligatory degree; pupils arriving at the fourth class of secondary instruction, where the study of the Humanities attains proportions requisite for a classical education, are exempt from continuing the other courses on declaring their intention to devote themselves to natural science. This measure, known as the *Bifurcation*, is deprecated by the most enlightened and experienced men as a murderous blow at the intellectual advancement of the country. Government invents a legal plea for boys to shirk training, at an age when labour is hateful, and the mind not yet fit to assume responsibility, in the name of a right of free choice, a right wantonly disregarded on every other occasion. It is the unanimous opinion of those most conversant with the subject, that the effect of this regulation has already been very great, and that its results

will therefore be most baneful. At all times medical and scientific pursuits have been largely followed in France, and the influence of authority being naturally exerted in promotion of Government views, the abandonment of the Humanities is at present very extensive. Not content with this, the Government has furthermore curtailed and hampered the instruction given to those who study for the Bachelorship of Letters. Under the Restoration, history, then little favoured, had no professor of its own, but was taught by the one of Humanity. Under Louis Philippe this inadequate arrangement ceased, and history became the object of special research, productive of a distinguished school of writers. The Imperial Government has begun to revert to the system of the Bourbons. In schools possessing only *one* professor of history, he has as yet been left untouched; but where there are several, their numbers have been reduced, and in the inferior classes, the Professor of Humanities, *generally without* increasing the amount of his lessons, has had this subject assigned to him in addition. The name of philosophy is prohibited as identified with revolutionary tendencies, and the class allotted to its study has been christened with the Middle Age appellation of logic, while its instruction has been circumscribed within very narrow limits. Greek is here excluded, so that its philosophy is barely sketched at second-hand, while as an obstacle in the way of lively progress, Latin is rendered obligatory for themes and disputations by a Government which on all other occasions professes itself hostile to classical encumbrance. In the examination for Bachelorship, analogous modifications have been made, the questions of history and philosophy being much reduced in number and importance, and the strictest censorship is vigilantly exercised on the professors of these two suspicious branches of knowledge. A little while ago the following occurrence took place; the truth of which we can vouch for. The professors of history were summoned by the heads of their respective establishments, and were instructed by them to give a Catholic education (*catholiquement enseigner*), to inculcate the religious and political principles of the "*grand siècle*" of Louis XIV., and to abstain from quoting the modern school of historians, *above all* Augustin Thierry and Mignet. The puerility of such means for coercing the spirit of the age into retrogression may excite a smile, but they are worthy of mention as convincing confirmation of the real intentions which dictated the radical modifications above indicated.

The third grade, or superior education, comprises the Faculties bestowing the higher honours. They are five in number, Letters, Sciences, Theology, Jurisprudence, and Medicine, and as the metropolitan seat of the three first is in the building of the Sorbonne, this name has often been misapplied as expressing an university

in our sense of the word. These faculties are scattered over France, nor does any one town, except Paris, possess them all. The salaries of the professors average 5000 francs, which are increased by examination fees from 6000 to 8000 francs in provincial seats of learning, and from 10,000 to 15,000 francs in Paris. The Government has pursued here the same aims as in the inferior grades; everywhere it has pared down and cut off something in the list of matters originally taught. One signal instance will suffice. On M. Jules Simon refusing to take the oath imposed after the 2nd December, and resigning his Professorship of the History of Ancient Philosophy in the Sorbonne, this most important chair was never filled up in an establishment which stands as the highest representative of learning, a philological professorship being founded as an equivalent for its suppression. These three grades of instruction considered collectively form what is technically called the University of France, which, however, comprises still some other establishments for special purposes, of which only the *Ecole Normale* need arrest our attention. It is intended as a nursery for professors, and should consequently, according to the design of its founders, be endowed with every means of ample instruction. Its pupils, admissible only with a certificate of Bachelorship and after a competitive examination, leave the establishment at the end of three years, with no other privilege than the distinction naturally attaching to a youth who has shown his capacities. The pupil, if desirous of entering on the profession of instructors, has to compete on equal footing with every other candidate; but the excellence of this school is so widely appreciated, that many youths frequent it merely for the benefit of its education. To extend the advantages derived from this foundation, and secure an efficient class of masters for the lower grade, primary normal schools began to be founded under Louis Philippe, and their propagation was formerly regarded as an object of paramount importance. The Imperial Government, on the contrary, shows no favour to either. At the *Ecole Normale* in Paris, the avowedly intended nursery for the country's teachers, philosophy has been virtually prohibited; its special chair was suppressed on Jules Simon's resignation, and the Professor of the History of Philosophy now charged with its instruction, only devotes to his doubled matter the three hours a-week formerly assigned to his original subject. As for the country *Ecoles Normales*, instead of encouraging their increase, the Government decidedly inclines to their diminution, so that eight and even ten Departments together now often do not possess one. At the head of this exclusive but thoroughly dependent educational establishment there figures a supreme Council, presided over by the Minister of Instruction, and appointed year by year, but it is

as destitute of independence as the dignitary himself set at its head by the pleasure of the Emperor.

In addition to these nurseries for education, France possesses two learned institutions of an exceptional character and free constitution which have endowed them with singular importance. These are the *College de France*, and the *Institut*; the former a place of training, the latter intended to be a senate of sages. Founded by Francis I., the College de France is a privileged establishment, not considered within the University; and its halls were long eminent not only as a school for youth, but as the scene of the best efforts of French thought. There were first communicated to the world, in the shape of lectures, those brilliant and erudite productions which have made famous the names of Guizot, Michelet, Cousin, Quinet, &c., &c., and which, published in a collected form, have become the literary glories of contemporary France, and text-books with students throughout Europe. Under such circumstances this college attained a proud and illustrious eminence, in the acknowledgment of the country, and the dignity thus attached to its professors in their private capacities was paid homage to in the special privileges accorded to their rank. The head of the college, entitled its administrator, was formerly elected by the professors, who themselves were indeed appointed by the Minister of Instruction, but subject to a choice from two names presented to him on a vacancy, the one by the vote of the professors themselves, and the second by that of the Institut. The college had likewise the right of appointing substitutes in the place of those professors who might be unable to perform their duty. This illustrious institution, the abode of a free and eager spirit of inquiry, and fortified in its independence by such full rights, was naturally not to be endured by Government, which, accordingly, has violated its ancient constitution by the same means with which it violated that of the country—arbitrary force. On M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire resigning the administratorship, the Government deprived the professors of their right of election, and named of itself M. Stanislas Julien. The old form of having two candidates presented to the Minister is still kept up as a farce, for the latter, besides assuming the privilege of suggesting the names he wishes to have presented, is moreover exempt in the last instance from any restriction on his choice. Lastly, the college has been deprived of the power of nominating temporary substitutes. The late Minister of Instruction, M. Fortoul, in order to get rid of all annoyance from the probable presentation of objectionable candidates on the part of the bodies empowered to do so, appointed men to fill the chairs of the college as delegates (*chargés des cours*), without the title of professors. One of the first steps taken by his successor, M.

Rowland, the present Minister of Instruction, in his eager desire to signalize his accession to office, was to announce the cessation for the future of these illegal appointments. A very few weeks later M. Rowland became anxious to promote to the professorship of Latin Poetry a young man in favour of whose elevation he felt it would be impossible to hope for the suffrages either of the College or the Institut, and he was so loth to inaugurate his career by an open disregard of their deliberate recommendation, that he actually preferred giving the lie to his own recent official edict, and had recourse to his predecessor's discarded subterfuge. Since then, M. Rowland has on two other occasions made sport of his solemn declaration, by renewing these infractions of right merely for the purpose of avoiding the certainty of having candidates proposed for the chairs of Hebrew and Sanscrit, who, though eminently qualified, were objectionable to Government, the one as a scapegoat of the clergy, and the other as an extutor of the Count de Paris.

The Institut de France, grown out of the academy founded by Richelieu, is, by its position and privileges, the only institution of the kind in Europe, being, in fact, recognised by the State as the accredited independent representative body of learning and intellect. As such, it is completely emancipated by its constitution from sovereign jurisdiction, being endowed with the right of self-election, and was formerly acknowledged one of the integral elements of the State, for the charter of 1830 expressly included the Institut among the bodies whence were to be drawn the members of the Chamber of Peers. It is self-evident how hateful must be to the Imperial Government an honoured institution of this kind, which, impressed with a lively pride of its own dignity as secured by privileges against foreign interference, keeps visibly reminding the people how that worship of intellectual merit, of which it affects to be a sacred college, was practically cherished by its forefathers. But even imperial resolution sometimes thinks fit to take public opinion into account, and has hitherto desisted from openly violating the right of the Institut, contenting itself with a professed contempt for its members, who are the continual subjects of mean slights, and from the fact of their distinction exposed as a rule to disfavour. Thus, within the last few months, M. Rowland has subjected the Professors at the Museum of Natural History, all of them members of the Institut, and amongst the most distinguished ornaments of science, to the inspection of young and obscure men who took their degrees in provincial foundations, and whose ignorance on the occasion of this inspection became manifest by scandalous blunders, which have raised a laugh throughout Europe. At the same time, an attempt is going on to create an institution dependent on

Government, called the Comité Historique, which, it is hoped, may supersede the Institut in its leading position. Presided over by the Minister of Instruction, who likewise appoints the members, amongst whom are included those of the Institut who manifest an accommodating disposition, this body is to direct and inspect all the scientific and literary societies in the country, even those of an entirely private and local character, which receive no sort of assistance from the State.*

At the opening meeting of the Comité Historique, M. Rowland lately addressed its members in a speech which undisguisedly indicated the object of its establishment, and was distinguished by a tissue of malicious, sarcastic, and unbecoming insinuations, levelled at the Institut as a worn-out and worthless body.

It cannot appear strange that a Government which aims at indoctrinating sentiments of submissive resignation into a nation, with the view of arrogating to itself all the excessive prerogatives of ancient royalty, should have sought an alliance with the Catholic clergy, by its constitution, seemingly identified with monarchy, and by its doctrines, the natural champions of passive obedience. One startling objection certainly suggested itself against such a coalition, in that fundamental axiom of the State's emancipation from ecclesiastical interference, consecrated in those principles of 1789 which the Empire ostentatiously professed to be its guiding light, but which it never troubles itself about but to pervert. This objection, however, was at once removed by the reflection that Napoleon I., from the moment he began to erect for himself a sovereign authority, considered the establishment of a splendid hierarchy one of its indispensable appertainments, at once to reflect respect on the throne and to inspire awe into the people. The circumstances of Napoleon III.'s position were, besides, of a kind which imposed on him the necessity of an ecclesiastical alliance. His Empire being avowedly intended for the purpose of regenerating the nation's social condition, its tendencies had to be propagated in the fashion of doctrine. Now, from the moment a divorce was proclaimed from the great principles of intellectual progress and freedom, no materials for this requisite doctrine were forthcoming, except in ideas identified with ecclesiastical action, and which it baffled invention to preserve in efficiency when shorn of their natural and clerical connexion. Therefore the Imperial Government adopted the clergy,

* The ninety-first article of the Penal Code subjects every society to the supervision of Government. "*Nulle association de plus de vingt personnes, dont le but sera de se réunir tous les jours ou à certains jours marqués pour s'occuper d'objets religieux, littéraires, politiques, ou autres ne pourra se former qu'avec l'agrément du gouvernement, et sous les conditions qu'il plaira à l'autorité publique d'imposer à la société.*"

and lavished favours on it, in the hope of weaning it from sentiments of professional caste, and of bribing it by self-interest into a hearty and steadfast attachment. Bishops received honours which endowed them with the highest political importance in their sees; cardinals were *ex officio* made members of the Senate, while ten millions of confiscated Orleans property devoted to a pension-fund, formed the bait to catch the inferior members. But the expectation of possibly converting the Roman Catholic clergy of the present day into a body animated by a national sentiment, or any political devotion, except to the Papacy, is a chimera only to be entertained by blindness. Gallicanism, which was a growth possible in a Church knit to the State by immense landed possessions, and an ancient, dignified, and tranquil eminence in an ancient and mighty monarchy, has died under the sting of the abolition of mortmain and the irruption of liberal opinion. The Catholic clergy is no longer French, it is entirely Roman, from the conviction that its dangers can alone be warded off by compact combination of its members. Napoleon I. lived far too near that epoch of revolutionary convulsion which has caused this stern infusion of professional feeling to be able to gather its probable force; but Napoleon III. has no excuse for misconception. Year by year these views, which, when originally emitted by M. de Maistre, were only accepted by a batch of fervent devotees, have gained ground in the clergy, until now they are considered and inculcated as indispensable to orthodoxy. Under Louis Philippe much care was taken to promote men of moderate and tolerant views to bishoprics; yet, with hardly an exception, all of them at present figure amongst the champions of Ultramontanism. It is felt that a battle for existence is going on with a rising evil spirit; and to husband forces, erect engines, and wage war against it, is the one object unflinchingly pursued by the clergy, indifferent to all else, and recoiling from no manœuvre which can further this purpose. The welfare of governments has no interest for a priesthood, which regards ruins and foundations merely in so far as they may be stepping-stones for its onward course, without even an expression of gratitude for assistance to those fallen from power.

On the 24th of February, 1848, when Louis Philippe could hardly have left the Tuileries, the Archbishop of Paris directed his clergy to chant "*Domine salvum fac populum,*" while the *Univers* called the Revolution of 1848 a notification of Divine Providence; and if the second Empire should fall by a sudden visitation, the French clergy will certainly not endanger a hold on the power it now so emulously strives to attain, by chivalrous sense of attachment to the benefactor who, while in the plenitude of might, is the object of fulsome adulation. There is that in the

essence of Ultramontanism which, though stooping to disguise, is incompatible with honest acquiescence in any kind of secular supremacy; and already the vaunted strength of Imperialism, which deemed itself equal to dragging ecclesiastical authority after it as a satellite, finds itself obliged to purchase this indispensable alliance by immunities that virtually are converting it into a hewer of wood and drawer of water for the hierarchy. Two remarkable instances of such concessions are the following. In France, prosecution is vested in the State, as represented by the Procureur-Imperial attached to each Court of Justice; and a special instruction has been addressed to all the courts, commanding them to entertain no charge which may expose members of the clergy as guilty of a breach of morals. Louis Philippe's Government commenced the publication of a valuable series of national records. This is still continued; but the editors, who are chosen by the Minister, have received warning not to make any observations condemnatory of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It cannot be denied that the zeal and assiduity of the clergy have been attended with a visible success, and that many men, and even localities, formerly known for their free opinions, appear now to be under ecclesiastical influence. Still its nature is of a hothouse growth, which we doubt to be able to resist the struggles of trial, just as the elaborate authority of the Jesuits has often crumbled at the first blow, when seeming to have reached a pinnacle above danger. Of all emissaries of Ultramontanism, the French priesthood undoubtedly affords the most efficient; for, drilled into guarded regularity of conduct by being continually exposed to attack, they have besides acquired, by active intercourse with the enemy, an experience in his tactics, of which they make use for the purpose of encompassing and discomfiting him with his own weapons, before he is aware that apparent friends are foes in disguise. Under Louis Philippe the clergy was terribly fettered in educational propagandism, by the exclusion from Bachelorship of youths taught in establishments not subject to secular inspection. As the clergy never consented to admit this supervision, their seminaries were thus merely nurseries for priests, or receptacles for scions of Legitimist families, who, as a matter of principle, scorned to serve an usurper. When, therefore, Louis Napoleon reimposed the obligation of previous sanction for the establishment of a private institution, but maintained the extension of Bachelorship to pupils from all foundations, he enacted a measure which was the consummation of ecclesiastical longings, the first provision being, in the hands of a friend, an overwhelming engine of destruction against rivals, and the second a ladder which scaled the citadel of the State. The clergy lost no time in

applying it to this purpose; and the Jesuits were singled out as the most expert for accomplishing a conquest over secular secondary instruction like to that which was being achieved over primary by the Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne. Jesuit colleges have consequently arisen in multitudes since 1849. Metz, Poitiers, Nantes, Amiens, Lyons, possess such; and it is no exaggeration to say that, at the present day, there is hardly one town of consequence in France where such an establishment is not either already flourishing or in course of foundation. But the Western and Southern Departments are the most favourable soil for Jesuit ascendancy. In these colleges all professors must be members of the order. It has happened—and such a case is known to us, accompanied with crying hardship—that, in the absence of a fitting Jesuit, a lay instructor might be appointed; but no sooner was a member of the order found to take his chair, than the occupant was dismissed without the least regard to his services. The education afforded is most elaborate, and embraces even preparation for the studies of such special schools as those of St. Cyr and the Ecole Polytechnique, with the view of retaining the guidance of youth as long as possible. The same means of wealth and cheapness which enable the Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne to wage a crushing competition against secular primary schools, are equally at the disposal of the Jesuits, so that numberless communal colleges have been handed over to them, while private institutions are exposed to every sort of persecution, especially when they happen to be under the management of a priest at once suspected of Gallican latitudinarianism and not affiliated to an Ultramontane fraternity. Thus, there was at Metz an excellent institution belonging to the Abbé Braun, a worthy and pious old ecclesiastic, sincerely attached to his faith and duties, but whose views partook of the more moderate fashion of the former generation. This institution being in the enjoyment of much consideration, became an eyesore and annoyance to the Jesuits, who were engaged in raising a foundation of their own in the town. Abbé Braun was accordingly besieged with requests and offers of all kinds to induce him to close his school, until he was virtually forced, by the bishop's coercion, into selling it to the Jesuits. One practical effect of the powerful competition carried on by the confraternity is, that secondary instruction is in a fair way of being restricted to Jesuit colleges and the lycées, communal and private institutions being bought or driven out of the field. If, therefore, the increase of late in the pupils at the lycées should be quoted as a proof that French education is not lapsing into ecclesiastical hands, the argument is a specious fallacy, because, in proportion as the lycées become the only places of secular instruction, those parents who are not willing to

hand their children over to the guardianship of Jesuits, have no choice but to place them there; and thus a monopoly necessarily exists in favour of these government foundations.

The attention of a government solely animated with principles of tutelage could not but be specially directed towards perfecting for the head of the State means of thorough and instantaneous control over provincial authorities. It has long been recognised that the readiness to accept an excessive control of this sort as a necessary attribute of government is manifested in the provisions of the most liberal French constitution, and is at once the deepest furrow left in the national character by an overgrown executive of long standing, and the greatest obstacle in the way of freedom. The necessity of loosening the administrative fetters which chain the whole of France to a dependence on central authority, has therefore become enrolled among the primary conditions for its possible regeneration. Erred against continually in practice, under the influence of contracted habits, this principle is, nevertheless, recognised by all liberal parties as the cardinal and essential element necessary for the achievement of the Revolution of 1789, which is viewed by the nation as its Bill of Rights, and is adopted by Imperialism as its pretended code. Under such circumstances, as decentralization could not be excluded from its professions, though irreconcilable with its nature, the Government adroitly converted it into a cover for shifting the exercise of this control from the hands of those who had been entrusted with it as the natural agents of parliamentary institution, into the hands of others better suited to represent an irresponsible executive. Under Louis Philippe, the Minister of the Interior, representing in principle the opinion of a parliamentary majority by his presence in a constitutional cabinet, had the gift of *all* administrative appointments, even down to the smallest post-master and tax-gatherer. The *prefets* of departments were therefore nothing more than mere subordinates, unable to make a decision of any kind without reference to the Minister, and of whom nothing more was expected than the exactitude of official routine in carrying out superior instructions. Next to them in rank were the *sous-prefets*, presiding over the *arrondissement* formed of an assemblage of "*communes*," which were managed by a municipal council and *maire*, elected from amongst the members of the council. The Government had also the right of dissolving these councils. Now, the first thing Louis Napoleon did was to exercise this last power with such unscrupulous wantonness, that near six thousand municipal councils have been dissolved—a large proportion of which have never been replaced by fresh elections—merely because their choice for *maire* fell upon men not inclined to abet his ambitious intrigues; and the selection of this officer

now rests with Government, without any restriction as to his eligibility. His next measure was to convert the préfets into so many Imperial vicars, by arming them with almost unlimited powers of appointment and executive authority, formerly belonging to the Minister—a measure thoroughly in accordance with the Imperial polity, but which was proclaimed, with audacious falsehood, as a step towards decentralization. The ministers, who are now reduced to mere clerks and accountants, constitute a body that can bring to bear no influence which might reflect consideration on their master, or induce him to have regard for them. Their sphere of existence is strictly limited to elaborate, according to official fashion in the drudgery of the closet, the suggestions he may throw out. The préfets, on the contrary, stand before their departments the representatives of the Empire; and as it is one of its most cherished objects to create an official hierarchy inseparably bound to its author by self-interest, which, by dazzling munificence, may awe the lower classes and make public opinion incline itself before majesty, no measure was more natural than to surround the préfets with the pomp of viceroyalty, and to arm them with the thunderbolts of unlimited authority. The very existence of the greater part of the community depends on the good-will of the préfet, whose sanction is required for the establishment of any place of business. Whenever he thinks fit, he can forthwith close any wineshop, café, or inn, as a place of dangerous resort, while a shopkeeper who may be obnoxious is exposed to ruinous persecution in a thousand ways. Thus, the police have a right to inspect public ways called "*voirie*," which is a ready handle for monstrous abuse. A blind protruding an inch too far into the street, a bale of goods taken in from the footway a few minutes after the hour assigned, and fifty other similar trifles, constitute transgressions against official regulations that can render the unfortunate trader amenable to fines, and even the loss of his livelihood. Any one who has experience of the irresistible influence attaching, even in our open elections, to those whose position would enable them, if they liked, to modify the condition of the voters, will comprehend how such prerogatives must helplessly subject all constituencies, except those of the very largest towns, to the préfet's dictation. Even without the perpetration of frauds on the ballot-box, it is evident that universal suffrage itself is but a vain pretence under circumstances of such wholesale coercion. Yet the Government has seen reason to consider the means at its disposal to be insufficient, and has modified the exercise of the franchise accorded by its constitution partly by underhand encroachments and partly by direct legislation. Of the first kind were the scandalous means employed to prevent the announcement of independent candidates, amounting

in many instances to the destruction, by order of the *prefet*, of election addresses and voting cards, while it was assumed as a right of sovereign authority to propose to the electors the men they were to choose. When, in spite of these practices, the Government found itself disappointed of success in some of the principal towns in the country, it caused a law to be passed vitiating the essence of the ballot, which by its secrecy is intended to supply the elector with an organ for the expression of his inmost desires. A recent decree precludes an elector from recording his vote in favour of a person who has not previously signified to the *Procureur Imperial* his intention of offering himself as candidate,—a provision whose import can be gathered at a glance: a man who chooses to become an independent candidate must be prepared to be a target for persecution.

Such being the principles that move Imperial Government, Louis Napoleon has actively exerted himself to acquire for them acknowledgment by carrying them out practically into those fields of life which affect the most general interests, and to whose occupation and transformation he accordingly looks as affording the truest means for entangling the nation at large into an indissoluble alliance with his government. He has tried to accomplish this object by a regular invasion on the part of the State upon the territory of private commerce, to which he has been impelled by three motives: the all-devouring appetite involved by the exigencies of a Government whose nature fears everything not subject to its inspection; the supreme value set by his mind on the influence exercised by material interests on mankind; and the desire of palming off Imperialism as practically solving those questions of labour and prosperity which, under the name of Socialism, had become a feature in modern politics.

Rendered conversant during his stay in England with our doctrines of free-trade, and their successful application in practice, Louis Napoleon believed, at the time of his advent to power, that they could furnish him with the means of accomplishing the revolution in French industry which he desired. Nor is there a country in the world which would be more benefited by their introduction, for from the earliest times the richness of France has been repressed by fiscal provisions, inherited, along with other unfortunate official traditions, as legacies from Roman civilization. Its commercial legislation thus became a code of unjust prohibition and whimsical protection, ensuring the profit of a few at the cost of the many, and supplying the State at a ruinous price with the frippery of apparent self-sufficiency. By the Constitution of 1852, the Executive had absolute authority without consulting the legislative bodies in all matters of customs and excise; and Louis Napoleon at once began to manifest his intention of

removing the restrictions which everywhere impeded consumption. But no sooner had he taken the first steps in this direction than he was met by a clamorous opposition on the part of those engaged in trades enjoying the advantage of protection. Foremost amongst them were the ironmasters; and such was the frenzy animating these protectionists in defence of their personal interests, that they dared to address language to Government which conveyed a seditious menace. In presence of this opposition, Louis Napoleon stopped short in his proceedings, then abandoned them, and at last plunged into a completely opposite direction. As it was indispensable for the success of Imperialism that it should captivate public opinion with the same rapidity as that with which it had been jerked into existence on the bayonets of the soldiery, the slow and painful travail of free trade could not answer its purpose, because necessarily attended, in the first instance, with much distress by the depression of trades which, under the fostering favour of the previous system, had grown into the chief means of general employment. But there was also another consideration which induced Louis Napoleon thoroughly to renounce his original inclinations. He had hurried into free trade without comprehending from principle the incongruity between its unshackled disposition and the strict discipline of Imperialism. The incompatibility of their natures never struck him until he had already engaged in the task of founding free trade, and had become suddenly alarmed at finding himself, like the magician's pupil, evoking a spirit which it was impossible for him to compel into humble subjection. From this moment, therefore, he turned short upon his steps, and precipitately embraced in their fulness the projects suggested to him by stock-jobbers for giving an impulse to French industry. These projects are nothing more than the reconstruction of Law's famous system of commercial enterprise. Stock-companies, or at bottom one stock-company—for eventually the *Credit Mobilier* is intended to swallow up everything—established with the co-operation and even participation of the State, are to be reservoirs absorbing all the spare capital of the country by tempting offers of immense profits from gigantic undertakings, rendered specious through the privileges and protection accorded by Government; while, on the other hand, the latter, by connexion with the management of these companies, would obtain the means of controlling the impulses of enterprise, of acting directly upon the market, and of acquiring for itself much credit by partnership in associations commanding immense funds, and engaged in dealings of an extent to affect universal interests. The state of things to which these views accordingly tend as their ideal, would be the establishment of an Universal National Company, under

the patronage and presidency of the State, its capital necessarily the whole money in the country, except that lodged in the Funds, because all other openings for investments would be closed by its crushing competition. The State would thus be virtually entrusted with the administration of the nation's private property, and in a manner so placed as to be able to apportion the share each individual is to take in general industry. The combination involved in this scheme is in principle quite as sound as that involved in every partnership, provided it be skilfully applied; and its immense proportions bringing to bear proportionate means, naturally resulted in an immediate impulse to furious speculation. Projected by stock-jobbers for their own purposes, they carried on their operations with a regard to nothing but their private emoluments, while Louis Napoleon had not the sagacity to discriminate between enterprise and gambling, so that the sanction of his authority acted as a premium to delusion. Thus an institution, which might have been a permanent and powerful lever, has been overstrained by wanton and ignorant hands to the injury of all, and the Government has been obliged to come with arbitrary decrees to the rescue of an association identified in its credit with itself. It has actively exerted its influence to induce good solvent companies to merge themselves in the *Crédit Mobilier*, which has accordingly swallowed up the Omnibus Company, the Gas Companies, the Hackney-Coach Company, and many others. At the same time, under pretext of impeding a speculative mania, but in reality to deprive the small capitalist of any other investment than Government stock—subscriptions of even ten francs having been accepted for the last loans—no company with a capital above 200,000 francs is allowed to emit shares of less amount than 200 francs. While these contrivances have been devised for securing the allegiance of the poorer classes by making them fund-holders, the jealousy of Government has made it take precautions against its allies in getting up the *Crédit Mobilier*, the great financiers of the Stock Exchange. The Bank of France, a State institution, has had its capital increased, and received the exclusive privilege of exemption from the legal interest of five per cent. on its loans. It will thus be seen that what Louis Napoleon aims at in his commercial policy, is to centralize the whole operation of the general industry of the nation in one company, so organized as to be subject to Government action, and to become a State institution for purposes of commerce, similar to what the Bank is for the money-market, while, by the arbitrary prohibition of private investments for small sums, he intends forcibly to constitute himself the obligatory treasurer for the floating cash of the country.

In connexion with these measures, it is impossible not to con-

sider the immense public works undertaken in Paris ; for, though planned mainly with the view of facilitating means for the suppression of future risings, they have been attended with consequences entailing administrative measures highly characteristic of Louis Napoleon's government. Alive to the salient fact, how the centralizing tendencies of French intellect have endowed Paris with such a moral preponderance, that its decision commands the acquiescence of the nation, Louis Napoleon has set himself at once to enthrall the capital by strategic precautions, and to win its attachment by lavish bounties, which last have been so clumsily conceived as to fail entirely of effect. For the purpose of carrying great military roads from one extremity of the city to the other, secured by the erection of enormous fortresses, under the name of barracks, in various central positions, and communicating with each other by subterranean passages, no less than about two hundred and fifty streets have been demolished in the most thickly populated quarters. The immediate consequence of such wholesale and precipitate demolition was to turn adrift, without homes, almost the whole class of labouring workmen. The distress thus produced, and heightened by an immediate rise in rent, and the dearness of provisions during several years, became so great that the Emperor, rendered alive to the consequences of his rash proceedings, ordered the construction of large lodging-houses, where the workmen were to be housed at a very moderate rate. But it was found that no discomfort could persuade them to purchase relief at the price of living in what they justly considered to be barracks, where they would be exposed to the daily inspection of arbitrary police-officers. The *cités ouvrières*, on which the Emperor prided himself with much self-complacency, have therefore failed in their object, and in his alarm at a destitution which might goad men to dangerous outbreaks, he offered a bounty to householders who would run up garrets on their houses fit to lodge the workmen ; in other words, he saw himself forced, with offers of money, to entreat the assistance of private individuals for the mitigation of the consequences of his own inconsiderate acts. As yet this has been insufficient for the case. The workmen, driven by dearness without the walls of Paris, have every day to undergo, in addition to their work, the extraordinary fatigues of a journey to and from their homes ; and what is very remarkable, many great employers express an opinion that this has been productive of a notable falling off in their spirit. Forced to leave his bed some hours earlier, the artisan arrives, tired and worn by a long walk, at his work, and is obliged at the end of a hard day's labour again to toil his way back to his distant home, so that the complaint is becoming loud how the Paris workman, formerly remarkable for aptitude and quick taste, is dwindling into listlessness and apathy.

The next point to which Government turned its attention was the securing an abundant and cheap supply of food, from a belief that want alone could make a population engage actively in revolt. Former French administrations had, in seasons of extraordinary distress, advanced sums of money to cheapen bread; but what had been with them an extraordinary measure, was in 1853 converted into a permanent principle. A baker's fund was instituted, its capital being provided by a contribution exacted from every baker as a security for his solvency, and regulated by the amount of his business. In seasons of dear prices bakers in Paris are to receive advances of money from this fund, to enable them to sell the common loaf for sixteen sous, the means of repaying these loans being afforded by the privilege of an overcharge in years of plenty. A moment's consideration will show the delusive hollowness of this pretended contrivance for supplying the trade with means, since the bulk of the fund which is to make loans is nothing more than the money constituting each baker's capital, which, thrown into a heap, under the denomination of a fund, is now drawn upon, as if it would not, anyhow, in the ordinary course of trade, be drawn upon in times of difficulty. It is evident, therefore, that if high prices should continue for any length of time, the trade, being forced to sell bread at a price below remuneration, could find no support from this fund unless the State came to its further assistance; for, at the end of some months, the private capital of the bakers would be necessarily exhausted, and Paris would have to be supplied with bread at the expense of the nation. This has accordingly already happened, although for the present under the specious disguise of loans and scrip. A short time after the commencement of operations by this baker's fund, an Imperial decree sanctioned its contracting a loan of 24,000,000 francs, and its emitting bonds to the amount of another 12,000,000 francs; and if we are to judge by their present market value as an indication of the prosperous state of the fund, its condition must be indeed far from flourishing, and in a likely way soon to tax afresh the resources of its patron. With regard to the sale of other articles of food, Government has been prodigal of regulations which generally proved so thoroughly injudicious as to necessitate speedy revocation, until its legislation on these points has become a roll of contradictory enactments. The butchers of Paris constituted a corporation possessed of vested rights, and were generally believed guilty of usurious combinations. The Government, glad to destroy an independent body and to gain popularity, deprived them of their rights *without giving them any indemnity*. Amongst the most wanted public works undertaken in Paris was the erection of enormous market halls near the Church of St. Eustache,

which were to be the only place of sale in Paris for articles of food of every kind. It was affirmed that this restriction would prove a boon to the townspeople, by facilitating a strict control by the police on the quality of the articles offered for sale, and by affording advantages to the buyer from having all the marts united on the same spot; while the rent of the stalls was to indemnify the municipality of Paris for its immense expenditure in all quarters. But the practical results were unfortunately quite the contrary; meat, fish, vegetables, fruit, in short, every article of consumption, brought to the halls at an early hour of the morning, before the housekeepers of Paris could get there, was sold at a fixed moment by auction to men who became retail dealers, so that instead of providing the people with cheaper food, it forced them to obtain what they wanted at second-hand, and at increased prices. The fruiterers even succeeded in making good a protest against the right of Government to oblige them to sell only at the halls such choice provisions as they had drawn from abroad, like Algerine produce, &c., &c., and the Cour de Cassation has given judgment in their favour. The Government at last was convinced of its blunder, and how, instead of removing, it had virtually intensified the inconveniences of monopoly by absurd regulations. The consequence has been, that with regard to the principal article of food, it has made acknowledgment of its mistake by abrogating all restrictions, and setting the butcher's trade completely free. These instances are sufficient to show the restless inquisition which has been going on, accompanied by the grossest administrative incompetence. There is not an institution of the most trifling kind which has not been subjected to repeated remodelling—and even so ridiculously small a matter as the scale for cab fares has within the last twelvemonths tasked the genius of supreme authority with three abortive attempts at a satisfactory solution.

Meanwhile, undeniable results are being rapidly achieved by an unceasing and paramount impulse to lavish expenditure in the guise of gaping deficits. At the cost of upwards of 12,000,000 francs a year spent in interest by the town of Paris, Imperialism has already purchased "*panem et Circenses*," with which it vainly flattered itself to be able to drug disaffection; and now the municipality is again forced to have recourse to a loan of 90,000,000. In addition, the Legislative Assembly has come to the rescue of its embarrassments, by voting a grant of 50,000,000; thus taxing the country at large for the improvement of the capital, while the Department of the Seine has an additional debt of its own. In justification of these lavish disbursements, Government advances a most original argument, laying it down as a principle that, being intended for improvements to be left as legacies for the enjoyment of posterity,

the latter, which has no voice in their adoption, is to be charged with the payment. Under the stimulant of such authoritative instigation to even ruinous outlay, provided it procures momentary ease by employing numbers of hands, the municipalities throughout the country have been plunged into wasteful expenditure by their servile administrators. The loans contracted alone by the *small rural communes* in the last few years are put at 100,000,000 francs; while all the large towns have been coerced by their *prefets* into immense undertakings, involving proportionate engagements. It is no exaggeration if we estimate three-fifths of the votes of the Legislative Assembly to be sanctions for local loans. As to the result produced on the state of the national finances by the action of so lavish a Government, it is enough to say that since 1848, France has added 112,000,000*l.* to her funded debt, while the floating one amounts to 38,000,000*l.* To mask the truth of this startling state of things, financial statements are yearly issued of the most involved and fallacious kind. Having at its arbitrary disposal the money in the savings banks throughout the country, and the Military Dotation Fund, as well as unlimited authority for the emission of Treasury Bonds, the application of funds voted for one purpose to any other which may seem more desirable, and the opening of supplementary credits, the Government presents every session the draft of a budget balanced in receipt and expenditure to a nicety, but which results every year to a certainty in a deficit met by these illegitimate resources, and then put by in the unobtrusive pigeon-hole of the Floating Debt, until excess necessitates acknowledgment in a fresh loan. How thoroughly untrustworthy and unprincipled the assurances of the French Government are in its budgets has lately been rendered apparent by involuntary admissions made by the senatorial commission on Finance, and the contradictions between which and the Minister's statements have been ably pointed out by the Paris correspondent of the *Times* on the 16th and 24th May, 1858, to which we refer the reader for ampler details. We can only insist here on the glaring perversion of truths brought home to authority for the evident purpose of designedly misleading the public. Thus while the *Moniteur* says, "That since and including 1855 the deficits of the budgets have ceased to augment," the commission on the budget of 1859 declares that "every one of the accounts of receipts and expenditure since 1854 would have been balanced, as in previous years, by a deficit, without the help of loans contracted on the occasion of the war." The minister calculates the budget of 1859 as producing an excess of receipts of near 4,000,000*l.*, while the commission distinctly states "it to exhibit an excess of expenses of 1,880,000*l.*" Amongst the items of French budgets, a sinking fund has taken a prominent place ;

and the minister takes credit for allotting this year 1,600,000*l.* to it. Now, this fund turns out to be a fiction, avowed by the report of the commissioners "to have been factitiously augmented during ten years to the amount of 4,947,450*l.*, and only represented by non-dividend paying stock, created successively by the Treasury, to be deposited to the credit of the sinking fund." The operation which is to enable the minister to reduce the floating debt, and to supply him with an affirmed surplus in 1859, is explained by the commission to be carried out "by means of successive repayments of funds lent by the Bank, and Army Dotation Fund, in exchange for Government stock, *which will proportionately increase the national debt*"—an operation illustrated by this commentary of the *Times*' correspondent. "What would be said of a man who should balance his receipts and expenditure in such a manner, and who reasoned thus:—I have been spending more than my income for the last ten years, and since that time I have gone on increasing my debts, instead of paying them off by instalments, as I had agreed to do. Had I set aside these instalments to accumulate, I should be in possession of 50,000*l.* I have not got the money now, although I once had it, so I will hand over to my creditors promises to pay for 20,000*l.*, and I shall then have a surplus of 30,000*l.* to carry on operations." That the embarrassments thus entailed on France by reckless extravagance and mad speculation will result in a ruin, reducing her for the future to the condition of an exhausted country, is far from our opinion, but we believe firmly that they are of a kind inevitably to lead to one of those crashes which demolish all those who are involved in their occurrence. Now this is the case with the French Government, which has so identified itself with the commercial quackery at present raging through the country, that out of self-defence it is obliged to strain every effort for warding off a collapse, which at least must be attended with scathing injury, if not with destruction to itself. Therefore it ventured to attack private property, when instructing the prefects to enforce the sale of trust-lands, for the purpose of procuring, at an usurious sacrifice of honest credit, a momentary benefit, by raising the value of the funds in which their proceeds were to be invested. And, for the same reason, public opinion fears that the present depression of the market will be unscrupulously turned to account by Government to buy up the railways, in virtue of a clause giving it the right to do so at any time, on payment of an indemnity to the shareholders calculated on the market value of their shares during the three preceding years.

Now, as the ignorant enthusiasm of the rural population proved the corner-stone for the groundwork of the Empire, so the army is the pier on which reposes its fabric. The constitution of the French army is eminently national, and intended to substitute

for soldiers, by profession and caste, citizens contributing in active service their share of duty towards the defence of the country. To this military force Bonapartism appealed with an insinuating address, even more irresistible than that which fascinated the imagination of the peasantry. It seduced allegiance from law in the guise of a call to duty towards a national chief. It spoke to the legitimate pride of a body entertaining a necessary veneration for the hero of its own greatness, and thus hurried the unreflecting habits of military nature, under the idea of performing its duty, into conduct which, for the first time, has invested the French soldier with the appearance of a mercenary ready to assist an adventurer against the nation. But as Louis Napoleon came to have a better insight into the obstacles which were sternly impeding his project of conducting within the guarded channel of Imperialism the volume of national feeling, he became aware that his military means would be inadequate for the permanent coercion rendered incumbent by those circumstances. It was necessary to vitiate, by a strong infusion of mercenary troops, the national element in the army, which sooner or later must be affected by a decided public feeling. The first Empire possessed a body of troops whose renown was as wide-spread as its own, in the Imperial Guard. A decree of the 20th December, 1855, re-established it, to the strength of 35,000 men, with seventy-two pieces of artillery. But between this Guard and the former one there was a wide difference. The one had been constituted, as it were, imperceptibly, and by virtue of its acknowledged service on the field of battle; its distinction was its undisputed valour. But the new Guard, created by a premeditated exercise of prerogative, was constituted for the purpose of a pretorian cohort, whose fidelity was to be secured by the bribe of privileges. Its ranks were to be filled by voluntary enlistment, in contradistinction to the Line—recruited by general conscription,—and its pay is on a much higher scale. The consequence of this innovation has been a deep irritation amongst the soldiers of the Line. The French soldier, thoroughly democratic in his habits, is offended in his feelings by this aristocratic institution within his profession, and insulted in his dignity by a body manifestly intended by suspicious authority as a check on himself. The ill-will thus generated extends to officers as well as men, and, in fact, no one is believed to have been more vehemently opposed to the re-establishment of the Guard than the late Marshal St. Arnaud, so that the Emperor was induced, during his life-time, to postpone its execution. It is not probable that the enmity between the Line and Guard will be the immediate cause of civil dissension; the spirit of military discipline is yet too strong in the French army to allow it to become the

spontaneous champion of tumult; but if a day should come when the Government and the nation are engaged in sanguinary conflict, then the Line is more likely to fraternize with the latter than the former. Indeed, we can vouch for the fact that discontent has reached officers of the highest grades and in the highest posts; and many persons consider the creation of the Guard to be an event fraught with the same ultimate detriment to the Empire as that which the Garde Royale caused to the monarchy of the Bourbons. The next measure of the Government reveals undisguisedly its desires. Conscripts, unwilling to serve, are now no longer allowed to procure their own substitutes, but have to pay a fixed sum to Government, which itself finds the proper men. Now these are all *old soldiers*, who are tempted to re-engage themselves through large bounties, furnished by the sums exacted from those who are not prepared to serve. The object is to create a soldiery entirely separated by its traditions from the rest of the population, and thus willing instruments in the hands of superior command. Therefore, while formerly exemption from service was with difficulty accorded, it is now granted forthwith to all ready to pay the sum demanded by Government; and as a means of increasing the number of recusants, the *whole* annual contingent is now, for the first time, called out at once. Thus large funds are put at the disposal of Government, which does not use them in enlisting the whole number originally called out in paper, but in bestowing extraordinary bounties on its pet pretorians.

To lower the intellectual vigour of the nation, by breaking up the volume of its thought, and diverting its flow into isolated and scanty rills, of such slender current as to be easily kept within bounds,—to exhibit to the world how the waywardness of mind will yield beneath the compression of a stern resolution,—these are the tasks set itself by Imperialism. The state of society it aims to inaugurate in Europe is the one existing in China, in which man may retain for ages a traditional skill of hand, but where dexterity is essentially unprogressive, contented with its attainments, and indisposed to further results. To propagate these views in the guise of a doctrine capable of grappling with the principles of modern ideas, Imperialism has been forced to seek assistance from the clergy—an assistance not to be purchased without injury to that impression of its own supreme authority, which has been, and must be, its chief strength, while for purposes of practical execution its instruments are found in the soldiery, and the most of dependent functionaries incapable of a disobedience entailing poverty. Under the influence of undoubting conviction, not only in the efficiency of his views for selfish purposes, but in their excellence on principle and their popularity, Louis Napoleon went on in his course till the end of last

year without encountering any incident capable of disturbing his confidence. Then occurred all at once events which forced on his unwilling mind evidence of the gaping gulf which had, in fact, been growing between himself and the people, while he fancied himself successfully accomplishing a fusion. The elections of Paris and other principal towns were a determined and outspoken protest against his Government, on the part of the most intelligent part of the community, while the murderous attempt of the 14th of January, accompanied with information carefully concealed from the public, revealed the appalling lengths to which disaffection had reached. On that day Louis Napoleon was brought suddenly, for the first time, face to face with a view of the state of the country, and for this reason the 14th of January is an epoch in his career. He now knew the truth, and had an opportunity of showing his fitness for government by modifying the system of his errors. Instead of doing so he intensified them. Unable to relax in his attachment to the Empire, and nothing but the Empire, experience, instead of inflicting wisdom, only stung him to violence in his former course. Up to the 14th of January he thought himself a demagogue, conciliating popular applause with arbitrary power, but on that day he assumed the character of a despot, with coercion for a principle, and the scourge for his safeguard. In the halls of office the shuffling glide of obsequious and apostate gownsmen made room for the imperious tread of booted and spurred dragoons. Then Draconic decrees were ushered forth day after day; at the goodwill of the Minister of Interior, every person was declared amenable to fines, imprisonment for five years, and even transportation, who was said to have spoken what might be unfavourable to the "*Government of the Emperor*." All persons implicated in the events of May and June, 1848, June, 1849, and December, 1851, were, by that fact, amenable at any moment to transportation, even although having already undergone punishment. Any one guilty of propagating the circulation of incorrect news was forthwith subject to heavy penalties. There was no security for individual liberty under any circumstances in a country ruled by such laws, and the cases of infamous outrage which occurred are of a nature transcending belief. It is a fact which we can vouch for, from our knowledge of such a case, that, for the purpose of striking terror, instructions reached the prefets from the Ministry of Interior, commanding them to furnish so many "*democrats*" for transportation, and the most wanton violation of right was habitually put in practice, under the pretext of punishing seditious language and the dissemination of false news. At this conjuncture of time, also, the Imperial Government, after having failed in extorting the assent of even its servile "*Conseil d'Etat*,"

had recourse to a ministerial missive to the *prefets*, directing them to urge a spoliation of trust property, which, by forcibly obliging the investment of five hundred millions of francs in its stock, would assist its impaired credit. The errors committed by Governments of a complicated constitution, and therefore subject to divers influences, break down the administration guilty of them, but do not necessarily injure a system capable of refreshing elements. But the Imperial Government is debarred from any resources of the kind; it purchases its excessive amount of power by incurring a proportionate weight of responsibility, and, being essentially personal in its nature, it can count on no pledge for efficiency except confidence in its judgment and wisdom. Confidence is, however, like a blade, irresistible in its perfection, but spoilt by a bruise, and the more liable to be notched the more its fineness is elaborated. Once deceived in an individual, confidence with regard to him never regains the solid essence of trust. Now this is precisely what has happened in the case of the Emperor, whose want of cool determination and judgment in sudden emergencies have been rendered manifest. In the system of the Empire, no sort of influence is in existence which might be supposed to control the impulses of supreme authority, arrogating to itself alone all merit, and so likewise alone suffering all blame. Nor can it contribute to cure mistrust in its wisdom, that, after commission, it makes some acknowledgment of error by a show of retreat, but, on the contrary, must add to general suspicion the conviction that no dependence whatever can be placed on any consistency in its resolutions. At any moment fresh complications of an equally delicate nature may arise, for whose skilful treatment the Imperial Government offers no additional pledge than the one so signally falsified on the last occasion; so that, in point of fact, its chances of triumphing over adverse elements now depend upon the material force on which it may count, under all circumstances, for steady coercion.

No one who contemplates this situation of France can prevent his mind from wandering to speculations on a future, which must be fraught with immense consequences. Now that the question is stripped of false appearances, since the 14th of January, the permanent continuance of Imperialism resolves itself plainly into the establishment of undisguised military rule and the triumph of brute force. Is this a result really to be achieved in France? Can the military element supply those springs of action which, on certain occasions, are indispensable to every government? And what are the consequences inevitably entailed by the successful subjection of a country to such military sway? The greatest advocate for this form of government that has ever existed, by his own acts convicted his cherished system to be des-

titute of those principles of elasticity which alone can enable a State to surmount extraordinary trials. When returning from Elba, Napoleon daringly sought to recover power by offering his proven captainship as a rallying-point for national disaffection against a government imposed by foreign conquest; he loudly disclaimed any intention of re-establishing the Empire in its former discipline. He was conscious how the weight of its own associations could never prove a lever stirring popular feeling, so that the uncompromising autocrat of yore condescended to appeal publicly to constitutional principles during the Hundred Days. The permanence of military despotism therefore depends upon its being so safely secured within its own precincts as to defy aggression, for, broken in upon, it can reckon on no voluntary assistance in behalf of its exclusive tyranny. At the same time, by a law of nature, the health of all institutions dies out unless kept in vigour by refreshing itself in the elements constituting its existence. Now, war is the element of soldiers, and it is impossible that so gigantic an army as the French can permanently continue on the present footing, without either receiving legitimate employment in foreign service, or violently satisfying its desire for activity by civil dissension. With regard to the former alternative, it is true that Louis Napoleon has distinctly expressed, and also manifested, disinclination to wanton aggression on his neighbours; but it must be borne in mind that the contingency considered in this case would slowly present itself as a consequence gradually deduced and imperatively entailed, although not originally entertained, and that whenever it does present itself it will do so as a necessity for saving the Empire from certain intestine destruction—a consideration that will outweigh all others with Louis Napoleon. Besides, it should not escape remark how his stern persecution of freedom in France has already modified his relations with foreign States, by driving him to hunt it down in the sanctuaries afforded on their territories. The bare shadow of liberty is felt by him a menace to his existence and an incentive to his subjects' feelings, so that, in self-defence, he feels an impulse, if he only had the power, to try and expunge its very trace from the world.

There are, however, many people who, under the impression of his early moderation, persist in considering Louis Napoleon, by his prudence, incapable of a war which must be attended with so many risks to himself. These persons reason without an insight into the man or the circumstances. First, Louis Napoleon is endowed with audacity in behalf of his conviction; Strasburg and Boulogne are sufficient indications of what he dares to do rather than forego the pursuit of his ideas. Secondly, the war to which he would recur would be none which he could well avoid; it would

be a war rendered necessary for giving employment to a huge army, without which he could not maintain himself, and which, without war, would sink into a dangerous condition ; but this war must be of a nature to enlist popular sympathies, and to achieve material advantages capable of indemnifying France for the effort. As for the second alternative, of the army becoming eventually animated with a spirit of wanton turbulence if maintained in indolence at its present overgrown proportions and monstrous political position, it is one of the most certain lessons taught us by history. If France, therefore, is to escape a fate as degrading and ruinous as subjection to a foreign sway, its salvation can only be expected from counteracting influences residing in the people, which may be sufficiently strong to revive its political prostration. Such an influence seems to us to be the strong national instinct which possesses the French, and eminently distinguishes them. In a country animated by such a feeling, an army recruited from the people cannot acquire and maintain a dictatorial spirit of its own. It may be misled into errors, and intensify them for a season, to the detriment of the nation, by putting at their service the vigour of military organization, but as long as no mercenary element has vitiated its constitution, the French army, alive, like the rest of the community, to really national sentiments, cannot be permanently separated from the people in any vital point.

A still more counteracting influence appears to us the vitality manifested by the French people in their spontaneous efforts towards regeneration, renewed during fifty years with unabated boldness of design after repeated failure. The revolution of 1848 partook in nothing of the commotions instigated by personal ambition, which are the inevitable appurtenances of a State sinking into decay. A great political blunder in the manner of its execution, it nevertheless sprang from genuine popular feeling, and its very mistakes in attempting the practical introduction of Socialism are evidence of the presence of a principle and an idea. Now, a people susceptible of being powerfully stirred by an idea, may be led away into grievous delusions and wild excesses, but it cannot be dead. It was a delusion of this kind which acquired for Louis Napoleon his throne. The people conspiring from mistake, against itself, was a party to its own subjection. But since then a change has come over the nation. The peasantry has been disappointed in its unreasonable expectations, while the middle classes are galled by irritating restraints. At the same time, the intelligence of the country has skilfully employed the means left it by the Imperial Constitution for a demonstration which again brings it prominently before the public, and vindicates its claim to be the leader of opinion. This last circum-

stance is of especial importance amongst a people prone to yield to impressions, and to adopt thoroughly the chiefs of the hour. The elections in Paris and other leading towns have once more endowed the more enlightened classes of the community with a political footing which will react on the public at large. Another very important fact contributes to give strength to the opposition. In 1848, the monarchical tendencies of France had no other candidate but Louis Napoleon, whereas now the Count de Paris, by birth the representative of parliamentary government, and in his conduct free from participation in those negotiations with the elder Bourbons which have done the Orleans family so much harm, is grown to manhood. Against these adverse elements Imperialism opposes a possession of authority necessarily attended, under all circumstances, with much influence, and backed by a gigantic army which, though not free from seeds of disaffection, will yet not, for some time to come, actively turn its strength against established government. Let these advantages be granted to the fullest extent, and they still do not amount to more than means which entirely depend for efficient application on personal direction. They contain no principle within them capable of furnishing the executive with a steady motive power of its own. The condition of such a government is, therefore, that of an army hopelessly shut up in a desperate position: by the discipline and guidance of a vigilant and skilful commander it staves off the evil day of surrender, until accident, depriving it of its chief, causes resistance against aggression to cease of itself. This we believe will be the case with the present Empire. Sterile in institutions, and harsh in its dealings, it can evoke neither a principle nor a reminiscence capable of affording support in the day of appeal to national sentiment.

After professing a hypocritical devotion to the great doctrines of 1789, Imperialism has steadily employed its excessive power, won from the credulity of the people, for the sole purpose of so wasting the national strength by fostering political vice of old standing as to bring on that state of exhaustion alone compatible with permanent despotism. Its triumph would be the terrible success of material force over mind—a success only possible in the long run if the latter loses heart. The stately and seemingly so frowning fabric, which had been the feat of Cromwell's proud genius, crumbled, however, at the first breath of popular feeling, as soon as death had deprived it of its prop in him. There are already abundant indications that mind in France has not become a deserter of its own cause. Public opinion has of late been unmistakably manifested, and the thinking part of the community is arriving at the stern conviction that decentralization alone can secure the enjoyment of

the principles of 1789, which are the well-spring of national aspirations. As misconception, therefore, led to the Empire, from a delusion that it might ensure their fulfilment, so contrary experience is naturally resulting in a general disappointment, which, it seems difficult to doubt, must entail upon its establishment ultimate and certain failure.

ART. II.—INDIAN HEROES.

1. *The Homeward Mail from June, 1857, to September, 1858.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
2. *Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow.* By L. E. R. Rees, one of the surviving Defenders. London: Longman & Co. 1858.
3. *Journal of the Siege of Lucknow.* By Capt. R. P. Anderson, 25th N.I. London: W. Thacker & Co. 1858.
4. *Day by Day at Lucknow.* By Mrs. Case, widow of Colonel Case, 32nd Regiment. London: Bentley. 1858.
5. *The Crisis in the Punjaub.* By Frederic H. Cooper, Esq., B.C.S. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.
6. *Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoys during the Mutiny.* By Colonel George Bouchier, C.B. Bengal Horse Artillery. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.
7. *The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi.* By the Rev. J. E. W. Rotton. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

THE complaint of Sir Bedivere is the doleful burden of latter-day prophecy. The "true old-times are dead,"—never more to return. The age of chivalry is past, and to the noble knight there is no longer the noble chance. There is no faith upon earth, for the fear of God has fled with the soul of art and the spirit of adventure. To this dreary, well-abused world there remain only steam-engines, cotton-looms, and electric telegraphs. We work no longer as we once worked—we fight no more as we once fought. All is barren, cold, mechanical. We breed no more heroes, or if we do, we do not discover them and set them over us, abiding in the dead level of representative institutions. We are content to plod through a base, mean, and soulless existence, owing nothing to faith, and having no room for heroism.

Yet, in the march of time and progress of civilization—phrases which have been so mercilessly derided, but to which, nevertheless, the world will continue to attach a certain definite meaning—there is surely evidence enough to show that the one thing incorruptible and immortal is the spirit of faith—that it abides with us, under all conditions and modes of life—that it has not perished with helm and hauberk, with Crusader and Cavalier, with Puritan and Covenanter—that it endures perennially, and will endure, *εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων*, so long as man has need of it. The hero has even in these days his appointed function, and it is a notable thing to remark, that wherever there is the heroic work to be done, there is the hero to do it. Nor is the Nineteenth Century, with all its spirit of commerce, its lust of gain, and love of forms, without that spring of faith in the heart of it, without which all civilization would be rottenness, and the world a *Malebolge* pool of hideous despair. Notoriously, there is no lack of heroism, of romance, or chivalry, in this age of ours. We cannot paint like Fra Angelico, or build like William of Wykeham; but we are not lost to all faith, or beyond hope. The holy Grail is yet ours to seek. The blood of ARTHUR and LANCELOT, of RICHARD and of OLIVER, of SYDNEY and RALEIGH, has not so thickened in our veins, as that British chivalry is all a thing of the past. Something the children of this age too have done, not without the purest glow of chivalry. Heroes in every walk of life have we, living and active among us, as great and as glorious as any that are of the past—brave and true men in word and deed. Martyrs to faith and duty we have, than whom no better ever bore lance in rest for the right. A LIVINGSTONE, treading on foot, all lonely, the mysterious interior of an unknown continent—a MACLURE, cleaving his way through storms and ice to solve a scientific problem—a BROOKE, carrying peace and order into the heart of savagery,—these are heroes enough to redeem any age; their enterprises may match all feudalism in chivalry, nor are they less chivalrous for being useful.

Heroes of war as well as of peace have we, worthy of the best days of English manhood—of the God-fearing, hardy age of ELIZABETH—or of the sterner Puritanism in its highest development. How few of the blessings of peace we have made for ourselves a curse, has been demonstrated plainly enough to the world in these latter days. Nor has our ordeal been easy. Within these half-dozen years, this country has begun and concluded two wars as great and terrible as ever tried the nerve of any nation. In each instance, our manhood has been put to the severest proof. In each instance the country has called for all that the brain of man could devise, and the arm

of man perform. And it must be admitted we have come honourably out of the trial. If we have degenerated, our degeneracy has not been made visible. If we have fallen one whit from our ancient valour, fortitude, or fidelity, there has been no outward sign of our decadence. In the Crimea, it is true, our triumphs were mostly negative, but only because of a vicious organization; not the effect of national degeneracy, but of oligarchic assumption. Though we lost an army through the incapacity of our rulers, our soldiers lost no honour. At Alma and at Inkermann, they proved as at Agincourt and Cressy, "those limbs were made in England." All that manhood could do—all that British manhood had ever done, was done, honestly and faithfully. Where we failed, it was from no lack of any manly quality, but from causes which in all ages have spoilt the results of genius and valour. And even through all our Crimean blunders was seen a generous devotion which never belonged to a race in any stage of decadence. Having foolishly undertaken a double share of the siege work, our army never flinched from it, but died, starved and frozen, where it stood. At Balaklava, the blunder of the immortal Six Hundred was such a blunder as no other soldiers ever made, and is of all blunders the most heroic. And throughout that terrible winter of 1854, whatever other parts of our military character we lost, assuredly we lost nothing on the score of courage or resolution. The lesson, indeed, which we learnt in the Crimea, was the very reverse of that which our philosophical croakers had been trying to teach us; for our failure was precisely on the side of mechanical genius, and not at all in consequence of moral or physical deficiencies. We were betrayed by the very power in which we trusted, and driven at last to rely upon that native "pluck," now as ever, the last and only sure resource of Englishmen.

But it is in India, during the past twelve months, that our manhood has been put to the severest test, and our ever-living heroism most nobly vindicated. India, for a hundred years the grandest theatre of British enterprise—the glory of modern British genius and valour—has now borne a final testimony to the greatness of our race. The mutiny of the Bengal Sepoys—that source of death and misery to many of our unfortunate countrymen—has been to Englishmen the occasion of their greatest triumph. And perhaps the triumph is worth all its heavy cost, not only in preparing the way for the better government of India, but in proving to the world our capacity of retaining that government. It has confirmed

the opinion of our supremacy, and established our title of conquerors. The mystery of our rule has been proved to consist in that moral and physical superiority which has enabled a few scattered handfuls of Englishmen, spread over a vast alien territory, separated by many long miles from home, and surrounded by every kind of danger from brutality, treachery, and fanaticism, to meet and overcome, all unprepared as they were, the utmost efforts of a hundred and twenty thousand disciplined soldiers, fighting desperately for dominion. It was a contest by far the most unequal ever seen in this world. The enterprises of Cortez and Pizarro were safe and easy compared to it. At its commencement, every circumstance of fortune, season, and position, was against our countrymen. They were attacked at all possible advantage. The British armed force in the country was smaller in proportion to the native army than it had ever been—sixteen thousand British only holding the entire territory between Rangoon and Peshawur. The number of our troops in India was actually less in 1857 than in 1835, though in that interval we had acquired the Punjaub, Scinde, Oude, Pegu, Nagpore, and Berar—provinces peopled by the most warlike and turbulent races of India—and had increased the native army by more than a hundred thousand men. With entire trust in these Sepoys, the Government gave up the capital city of India to a mock emperor, guarding it, for his sake, with native troops only; and keeping but six hundred English soldiers to garrison a kingdom of eight millions of people, who had just lost their independence, and were afflicted with a chronic prejudice against all government.

The seasons conspired with the Sepoys and the Government for the destruction of the English. The struggle began just before the height of that terrible hot season which the mutineers knew to be their best friend against the British soldiers. It raged under the fierce sun of an Indian summer, when simple exposure was almost death to the native of Europe. Thus suddenly assailed, under every unfavourable condition for resistance—soully betrayed at every point by those for whose faith they had pledged life and honour—hunted from village to village by the hounds of slaughter, and abandoned to every strait of fortune, every peril and privation—yet have our countrymen emerged victorious from the contest—yet have they maintained their old supremacy, visiting with a terrible vengeance those fiendish traitors who had steeped their hands in the blood of women and children.

The heart which is unmoved by the tale of this Indian mutiny is dead to every generous impulse. The nation which does not acknowledge the devotion and fidelity displayed by its soldiers in all this dreadful struggle is unworthy to be served by heroes. Our history, the "ages of faith" included, contains no higher examples of heroism. The principal achievements of the war will hereafter be numbered among the chief treasures of glory possessed by the British nation. The capture of Delhi—the turning-point of the mutiny—was a wondrous feat of arms, effected by less than four thousand Englishmen against an army of thirty thousand men, strongly entrenched, in possession of an inexhaustible arsenal, and well provided with everything necessary to defy assault. Yet fortune, numbers, position, and season notwithstanding, Delhi became ours ere a single soldier from England had reached India. The skill with which the operations were conducted is no less remarkable than the intrepidity displayed by all arms of the service.

The siege and relief of Lucknow exhibit, if possible, in still higher colours, the high qualities of soldiership which abide in the English army. Considering under what circumstances the garrison of Lucknow was suddenly called upon to defend itself against all the armed force of the kingdom of Oude, it is little less than miraculous that it should have been preserved from destruction. The scene of this memorable defence was no fortress, strong by nature and art—no walled city, even like Saragossa and Londonderry, manned by its own inhabitants—but a range of fragile buildings, encircled by such entrenchments as could hastily be thrown up in a few days, surrounded at all points by an enemy in the heart of a hostile population. The garrison consisted of a portion of one British regiment, with some hundred and fifty loyal natives, and a motley gathering of civilians; against whom was arrayed a vast armed host of not less than sixty thousand men, mostly of our own training, inspired by a bloody fanaticism which lent them for the occasion an unnatural courage. For three long and fearful months, before the arrival of Havelock, did our devoted countrymen maintain their hold, in hourly peril of death—exposed night and day to incessant assaults—with twenty-five guns of large calibre playing on their frail defences, some actually within fifty yards of their position—under a constant shower of bullets from ten thousand loopholes—with mines exploding every day beneath their feet—with privation and disease within, and no certain hope of relief from any quarter. It is too little to say that

the defence of Lucknow is without a parallel in history. The pen of General Inglis has recorded, in touching and manful terms, a tale such as the world has never yet heard. Not old Saguntum, nor modern Saragossa, can for a moment compare with this leaguer of ours. No body of Englishmen were ever exposed to greater peril, or bore their part with greater heroism.

Two pictures of what was done and endured at Lucknow may be extracted from the recently published evidence of eye-witnesses. Here is a description of one of the most desperate assaults sustained by the garrison, taken from the work of Captain Anderson:—

“After these had been knocked over, the leaders tried to urge on their men. Again and again they made the attempt, but back they had to go by a steady fire. Their chiefs came to the front, and shouted out, ‘Come on, come on,—the place is ours,—it is *taken*.’ And the Sepoys would then rush forward, then hesitate, and finally get under cover of the stockade, and keep up a fearful fire. Some hundreds of them got under the Cawnpore Battery, but found the hand-grenades rather disagreeable, and had to bolt rather sharp. Poor Major Banks came up, and cheered us during the hottest fire, and we were glad to see him. Our shells now began to fall amongst the enemy, and this still further roused their indignation; you could hear additional *yells*, and horrid imprecations on the heads of all CHRISTIANS. No less than three times were we assaulted by enormous odds against us, and each attack was, thank God, successfully repulsed. There we were, a little body, probably not eighty men in all (*i. e.*, Cawnpore Battery—our post, and Captain Gernon’s) opposed to several thousands of merciless, bloodthirsty fanatics. We well knew what we had to expect if we were defeated; and, therefore, each individual fought, as it were, for his very life; each loophole displayed a steady flash of musketry, as defeat would have been certain death to every soul in the garrison. Had the outposts fallen, they were in such immense numbers that we could never have turned the enemy out, and *then* not a man, woman, or child would have been spared. It was, indeed, a most anxious time, and the more so, as we did not know how matters were progressing at other points. We dreaded that the others might have been even further pressed than we were. At intervals I heard the cry of ‘More men this way,’ and off would rush two or three (all we could possibly spare) here and there; and then the same cry was repeated in an opposite direction, and then the men had to rush to support their comrades who were more hotly pressed, and so on: as the pressure became greater at particular places, men rushed to those spots to give assistance. During this trying time even the poor wounded men ran out of the hospitals, and those who had wounds in the legs threw away their crutches, and deliberately *knelt* down, and fired as fast as they could out of the loopholes; others, who could do little else, loaded the

muskets whilst the able-bodied soldiers fired; and in this odd manner these brave men of Her Majesty's 32nd upheld the honour of their nation, and strained every nerve to repel the furious attacks of the enemy."

Mr. Rees, a civilian, who found himself unexpectedly shut up with the garrison, and who doubtless fought with as much ardour and vigour as he writes, thus describes the daily life within the Residency:—

"As for death it stares one constantly in the face. Not daily, not hourly, but minute after minute, second after second, my life, and every other's, is in jeopardy. Balls fall at our feet, and we continue the conversation without a remark; bullets graze our very hair, and we never speak of them. Narrow escapes are so very common that even women and children cease to notice them. They are the rule, not the exception. At one time a bullet passed through my hat; at another I escaped being shot dead by one of the enemy's best riflemen, by an unfortunate soldier passing unexpectedly before me, and receiving the wound through the temples instead; at another I moved off from a place where in less than the twinkling of an eye afterwards a musket-ball stuck in the wall. At another, again, I was covered with dust and pieces of brick by a round-shot that struck the wall not two inches away from me; at another, again, a shell burst a couple of yards away from me, killing an old woman, and wounding a native boy and a native cook, one dangerously, the other slightly; at another, again—but no; I must stop, for I could never exhaust the catalogue of hair-breadth escapes which every man in the garrison can speak of as well as myself. The wonder is not that we lose so many men, but that so few of us are hit amidst the constant dangers we are exposed to."

But, in the striking words of General Inglis—

"If further proof were wanting of the desperate nature of the struggle which we have, under God's blessing, so long and successfully waged, I would point to the roofless and ruined houses, to the crumbled walls, to the exploded mines, to the open breaches, to the shattered and disabled guns and defences, and, lastly, to the long and melancholy list of the brave and devoted officers and men who have fallen. These silent witnesses bear sad and solemn testimony to the way in which this feeble position has been defended."

In truth, no deed of heroism was ever more clearly made out: the simple fact stands, that for more than three months the garrison defied the whole armed population of Oude.

The minor episodes of the war, attended by whatever fortune, bear equal testimony to the heroic spirit of our countrymen. In a hundred isolated stations, the tale of heroism is repeated with various success. Wherever a handful of Englishmen were gathered together under some leader not altogether effete or imbecile, it defied almost any adverse conjuncture of numbers, position, or season. Of numbers, indeed, there was no

account, for the prayer of King Henry at Agincourt seemed to have been granted to our countrymen in this time of mortal peril, and a sense of reckoning was taken from them. At Benares, at Agra, at Peshawur, at Sangor, at Necmuh—at every point, in fact, where a dozen Englishmen had time to prepare for defence, there England was present to assert her supremacy over the wretched traitors who dared to dispute her dominion. Even at Cawnpore, the scene of our greatest disaster, nothing was left undone by the hapless garrison which could serve men in a strait so fearful. For what could a hundred men do behind a brick wall, without shelter from the Indian sun, against some forty times their number of fanatics raging for blood? In all the bitterness of that bloody tragedy there is no shame for Englishmen, but only honour—such honour as is due to the unfortunate brave.

Of the heroes who have made the last chapter of Indian history an epic, there are some who, standing out conspicuously among their fellows, like the champions of the Iliad, have performed such parts as single them out for particular honour by their country. Of these, alas! the greatest are already beyond human recompence. Martyrs to duty, they have sealed their work of faith by their life-blood. HENRY LAWRENCE, HAVELOCK, NICHOLSON, and NEILL—are in their graves. This is the heaviest trial which England has to endure—the grievous cost at which India has been preserved. Yet the memory of their heroism survives as a lasting heritage for their country. Not in vain have they lived whose deaths are mourned in every English household—through all the lands which own fealty to England—as a domestic even more than a national calamity.

On the proud roll of Indian hero-martyrs, the first place belongs of right to the name of HENRY LAWRENCE. The full worth of his career is perhaps not so well known in England as it should be; but in India, by common consent, Henry Lawrence had been the foremost man of the public service, since Lord Dalhousie's happy choice made him ruler of the Punjab. Sir Henry Lawrence is indeed the glory of our late Indian history, as Clive is of the earlier,—the difference between the characters of the two men illustrating the change which a hundred years have made in the spirit of Indian statesmanship. The rude rough age of battle and conquest found its apt representative in the daring and reckless genius of the older hero; while in the later is typified all that purer and kinder spirit in which we interpret our present duties towards the subject people of India. And it is the highest merit of Sir Henry Lawrence that he was the first to comprehend and to carry out that milder and more genial policy in our conquered provinces,

which is henceforth the basis of all solid government in India. For such a duty never was man more happily fitted. To deep wisdom and rare sagacity, he united that sweetness of nature which is the invariable attribute of the true hero. A man never breathed of a purer soul and loftier purpose. Earnest, simple, and tender, withal manly and self-contained, his fine nature was admirably calculated to win love and trust, to arouse the enthusiasm of every generous and noble heart, and to overcome even those wild spirits entrusted to his dominion.

Called, almost by acclamation, to the administration of the Punjaub when yet a simple Captain of Artillery, notably did Henry Lawrence justify an appointment so irregular, according to all official precedent. And in estimating the extraordinary results of that administration, let us remember what kind of people it was over whom he was set as absolute governor. A more arduous governorship was never undertaken. The country which, in 1847, had become ours by unquestioned right of conquest, presented certain difficulties so peculiar to the Indian government, that the timid mind of Lord Hardinge might well have been scared at the prospect of annexation. The home of the most turbulent and warlike race of India, the Punjaub had from time immemorial been the battle-ground of Affghan and Hindoo. It was the cockpit of Hindostan, in a greater sense than Belgium is of Europe. Either by foreign invasion or internal dissension, war and rapine had been, since Alexander, the normal condition of the country of the Five Rivers. Over it host on host of desolating armies had swept in their course eastward and southward. Tartar and Turk had made it their highway for centuries. Conquered again and again by successive hordes of invaders, it became at length an appanage of the Mogul empire. Then disputed fiercely, during another era of its troublous history, between the monarchs of Delhi and Cabul, it subsided into an Affghan province under Ahmed Shah, the great Dooranee. In all this time a power was slowly rising in the country, destined ere long to put down both Hindoo and Moslem. In the fifteenth century had been born a new religion out of Hindooism. NANUK, its prophet and founder, who holds the same place in the older faith that WAHAB does to Mahommedanism, came to teach that all men were equal in the sight of God—that distinctions of caste were not a principle of faith—that differences of religion did not debar men from a common charity. A singular tolerance and love of peace marked the teaching of the new prophet, but little in accordance with the character of the times, and, as it afterwards proved, with the spirit of his race. Under persecution, these Quakers of Hindooism were not long in unfolding

their true genius. Under their tenth high-priest, the Gooroo GOVIND, the Seikhs were formed into a military confederacy, and carried on an incessant desultory warfare with the Mahomedan emperors. Every follower of the sect was bound to dedicate himself to arms, to wear a beard, and to carry steel always about his person. The Khalsa, or "The State," as the new confederacy termed itself, taking advantage of the dissensions between Moslem and Hindoo, gradually acquired entire possession of the country between the Sutlej and the Indus. Its form of government at this early period was a federation of chieftains, each independent of others, who met together at intervals to provide for the common safety, and furnished each his armed contingent for the public service. This sort of constitution, well suited to dangers from without, was little calculated to endure the perils of internal discord; and accordingly it was not long before the genius of Runjeet Singh rose paramount in the Khalsa. One by one the Sirdars fell under the dominion of this remarkable man, until he was left absolute master of the Punjaub, and the acknowledged secular and religious head of the Seikh confederacy.

The territory possessed by Runjeet Singh, which after the events of 1847 fell to the Indian government, extended six hundred miles from east to west, and at least nine hundred from north to south. The population within its boundaries consisted of a heterogeneous mixture of Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Seikhs proper. These latter formed but a minority of the people, including only the army and the chiefs, with their immediate followers. The great mass of the Punjaub peasantry is still divided into almost equal proportions of Hindoo and Mahomedan, and has been little affected by the religion of their military rulers. The character, habits, and pursuits of the Punjabees generally presented difficulties the most formidable to a foreign conqueror, especially to conquerors so exceptional among Asiatics as the British. The Seikhs, by themselves, formed a large, fierce, and turbulent body,—every man born to horse and spear, and trained to arms from his cradle. They were the first entire and united sect of religionists in India which had ever come under British sway, and the first who ever fought with us on anything like equal terms. They might reasonably be expected to offer the most energetic resistance to our occupation. The army of Runjeet Singh, numerous, devoted, and well-appointed, was rather a national militia than the mercenary force which we usually had to encounter in India. Its defeat and dispersion let loose over the country a horde of trained and warlike savages, animated by every passion which could drive hereditary plunderers to

despair, and little likely to accept the logical consequences of defeat. To them, defeat meant not only the loss of bread, but the disgrace of their religion. It was the boast of the Khalsa never to be beaten. The ordinary salutation of its warriors was, *Wa Gooroo-jee ka Khalsa !** They believed themselves destined to conquer the whole of India, and with one foot already in Hindostan,—almost within sight of the treasures of Delhi,—they had been driven back by the armies of the British,—aided, to their greater mortification, by the Hindoo Sepoys, the peculiar objects of their contempt and hatred. The desperate nature of the battles on the Sutleje in 1845-6—the most obstinate ever fought by natives in India—and the vigorous resistance repeated under Shere Singh, in the years following, serve to show in what unkindly temper the Seikhs finally submitted to the British dominion.

In proportion to the difficulty of the work must be our admiration for the manner in which Sir Henry Lawrence dealt with this rugged people, and like another Odysseus,

Through soft degrees,
Subdued them to the peaceful and the good."

The only other parallel instance of administrative genius is that of Sir Charles Napier in Scinde. The career of either hero is a striking example of what may be done by the mere force of individual character in the government of a barbarous people. Of the two, perhaps Lawrence was the more successful ruler, by virtue of his gentler and more self-sustained temperament. Certainly, among the marvels achieved by Englishmen in India, there is nothing equal to the pacification of the Punjaub. The genius of our country for dominion was never more strikingly demonstrated. The history of the Punjaub proves by how just a title we hold the place of the ancient Romans as the true *Domini rerum*. The wisdom and beneficence of our rule were never more clearly vindicated than by the present condition and conduct of the Seikhs. All this is due to Henry Lawrence. It was his genius which conceived and carried through that system to which we owe the preservation of India. The work which he undertook in the Punjaub was nothing short of an absolute re-construction of the state. In five short years he had done it. He had brought order out of chaos—law out of anarchy—peace out of war. He had broken up the feudal system, and established a direct relation between the government and people. He had dissolved the power of the great Sardars. He had disbanded

* Victory to the Sikhs of Gooroo.

a vast Prætorian army, and disarmed a whole population. He had made Lahore as safe to the Englishman as Calcutta. And all this he had done without any recourse to violence, and with scarcely a murmur on the part of the conquered people. Even the chiefs, who saw themselves deprived of almost sovereign power, accepted quietly, almost without exception, the new condition of things. As for the mass of the people, they had abundant reason to be satisfied with a change which, for the first time, gave them security for life and property, and all that immense practical good which, let the critics of our Indian dominion say what they will, invariably attends the presence of the British constable in any part of the world.

The effect of Sir Henry Lawrence's policy (in which he was ably seconded by his colleagues, his equally famous brother, and Mr. Mansel), has been a thorough revolution in the social state of the Punjab. The old soldiers of Runjeet Singh have either taken service with us, or have been absorbed in the body of the peaceful population. The majority of them have returned to agriculture. "The staunch foot-soldier," says the Second Punjab Report, "has become the steady cultivator, and the brave officer is now the sturdy village elder. The great chiefs, if deprived of the principal portion of their authority, have been confirmed in all their just possessions, and their younger scions display a great ambition for civil employment under the British Government, for which, by an excellent educational system, they are being rapidly qualified." In regard to the tenure of land, the most important, perhaps, of all the questions between sovereign and people in India, the measures adopted by Sir Henry Lawrence are a model for all future Indian government, and admirably illustrate his rare sagacity and judgment. The transfer of the lands usurped by the great Sardars was so made as scarcely to draw a complaint even from the dispossessed holders. The resumption of estates was made to bear as lightly as possible on the existing proprietors. Every respect was paid to old-established rights and local customs. The private Jagheerdars—an exceptional class who hold by special tenure for eminent military service—were left in full possession; and fresh grants liberally made to those who had done similar service for us. Life pensions were granted to others whom the rigorous justice of the British collectors could not recognise, and every possible means adopted to render the change of government as little harsh to the upper classes as was consistent with the interests of the general community. The land-tax was reduced by one-fourth, yet the total revenue, even in the second year of the annexation, had reached the full amount ever realized by Runjeet Singh.

"In short," (to quote once more from the Second Punjab Report,) "while the remnants of the aristocracy are passing from the scene, not with precipitate ruin, but in a gradual and mitigated decline, on the other hand, the hardy yeoman, the strong-handed peasant, the thrifty trader, the enterprising capitalist, are rising up in robust prosperity to be the durable and reliable bulwark of the power which protects and befriends them. Among all classes (the reign of anarchy and arbitrary exaction being over), there is a greater regard for vested rights, for ancestral property, for established principle. There is also an improved social morality; many barbarous customs are being moderated, and the position of the female sex is being secured and respected. Among all classes there is a thirst for knowledge and an admiration for practical science."

As to material results, giving evidence of the wisdom and energy of our rule, it is sufficient to quote the numerous useful public works which were begun and carried through under the Lawrence administration.*

We have dwelt thus at length upon the civil administration of the Punjab under Sir Henry Lawrence, not only as exhibiting in the most signal manner the resources of his genius, but for its important bearing upon the present and future condition of India. For it is not too much to say that upon the foundation laid by Henry Lawrence in the Punjab rested the whole fabric of our empire during the late mutiny. Throughout the late disasters the Punjab has been our ark of safety and our rallying-point. Its population, tamed and tutored by its late chief, are at present our most faithful and devoted allies. Without the Punjab and the Seikhs, where would now have been British India? Who shall say how yet more terrible would have been the loss and the suffering to England had the Punjab not been quiet and the Seikhs loyal? How many Englishmen would have returned to tell the tale of the Sepoy mutiny? To Henry Lawrence, therefore, as the founder of the

* The great Barce Doal canal, connecting the Ravee with the Sutleje, is in itself one of the most important works ever undertaken, and for grandeur and solidity may vie with any similar undertaking in Europe. Extending over four hundred and seventy miles of country, in the driest seasons it affords the means of navigation and irrigation to all the valuable territory which it waters, and which is mainly dependent on it for its means of wealth and industry. Such a work alone is a sufficient refutation of the charge so often made against the British in India, of neglecting the development of the country. Besides this and other smaller works of irrigation, which have changed the whole feature of the country, making what were sandy deserts fruitful corn-fields, there was presented to Government by the Punjab Board, in 1853, the following remarkable summary of its labours in road-making:—"1349 miles of road have been cleared and constructed; 853 miles are under plan; 2487 miles have been traced; and 5272 miles surveyed,—all of which cross and branch roads."

Punjaub government—as he who first turned the hearts of its martial races—who in himself afforded them so noble an exemplar of the just and good Englishman—is due the eternal gratitude of his country—of all who value the national good name, and recognise the high mission which, by so many evident signs and tokens, has called our race to India.

The secret of Sir Henry Lawrence's success in the Punjaub lay as much in his personal character as in his rare administrative genius. The ineffable, indefinable influence of a large heart and honest purpose breathed over all his works. His very presence was a charm and a power. None who came within the circle of that eager and lofty enthusiasm could resist its fascination. With Europeans and natives alike he was the object of such homage as is rarely paid to a ruler so absolute, stern, and vigorous. By his own officers he was looked up to with a love and veneration in these days rarely inspired by high officialism. By the natives, keenly susceptible as are all Asiatics to the influence of personal character, he was adored as few Europeans have been in India. What the memory of TOD is in Rajasthan, what MACPHERSON was to the Khoonds, OUTRAM to the Bheels, NAPIER to the Beloochees, that and more was HENRY LAWRENCE to the fierce and haughty Seikhs. How deep and strong is this feeling—how lasting the power of one good earnest man over the hearts of the most barbarous race—is witnessed by the recent history of the Punjaub, and by the important part played by the Seikhs in the recovery of the British dominion. Who in the days of Ferozeshuhur and Sobraon would have ventured to predict that in a dozen years the British flag would have been borne by Seikhs into Delhi and Lucknow? And to whom is the marvel due but to Sir Henry Lawrence?

The latter days of the hero's life were worthy of his Punjaub career. Perhaps none of our officers were so perilously situated at the commencement of the mutiny. Appointed too late to the administration of Oude, when already suffering from a mortal complaint, the fruit of his past devotion to the public service, he had barely assumed the reins of power ere the revolt had burst out. The mischief had already been done, and it was too late to arrest the progress of events. The task before Sir Henry Lawrence was hopeless from the beginning, yet he did not shrink from it. The time had gone by for reconciling the nobility of Oude to our sway. The summary and ill-judged policy of Lawrence's predecessor, in the settlement of the lands, had alienated all the great *talookdars*, and inspired general discontent and misgiving. Sir Henry Lawrence had always protested against the absolute dispossession

of the great landholders, whom custom and long tenure, if not right, had given a sort of title ; and there can be no doubt now that to the adoption of a policy contrary to the Punjaub precedent, rather than to any national feeling on the score of the annexation, is to be attributed the present rebellion in Oude,—from the beginning, something more than a military revolt. And in estimating the danger of Sir Henry Lawrence's position, it is to be remembered that he alone, of all the British officials, had to contend with a disaffected people as well as a mutinous soldiery. To do this, he had a total European force of *nine hundred men* ! Upon his success or failure there hinged the vital interests of the empire. The province of Oude is the heart of India. Had it been lost to us as completely as was Rohilcund or Delhi, there would have been no safety for the Europeans outside the walls of Fort William. The whole rebel horde would have poured into our home provinces, overpowered the feeble garrisons on the way, and annihilated the small British bands under Havelock and Neill. That such were not the results is due to the vigour and foresight with which Sir Henry Lawrence met the revolt at its birth, and to the heroic endurance of the Lucknow garrison, of which he was the head and soul. From the first overt act of mutiny on the 3rd of May, 1857, to the time of his death, there was nothing left undone by Sir Henry Lawrence which it was in the power of mortal man to do, to stem the tide of revolt and to maintain the British authority. And never did the genius of the soldier-statesman rise higher than when the walls of the Lucknow Residency contained all that was left of the British name in Oude. From first to last, we have the grateful testimony of the whole garrison that he did his duty in a manner equal to his reputation. To his foresight it was due that the garrison was provided with stores and ammunition, and to his military skill, that the defences were concentrated within the Residency itself, to the abandonment of all the minor posts. He has been blamed, indeed, for the disaster at Chinhutt, but most unjustly and ungenerously. On every account it was desirable that the British should not retire into their defences until the very last moment, and so long as the slightest prospect remained of holding their ground in the field. Nor could the base treachery of the native artillerymen—which was the cause of our ill-success on that fatal day—have been foreseen at that early stage of the mutiny. Of Sir Henry Lawrence's own behaviour when, after superhuman deeds of heroism, that small handful of British was forced to retire before an army of nearly twenty times its strength, we have this affecting testimony from the pen of Mr. Rees :—

"Sir Henry Lawrence was seen in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from one part of it to another, amidst a terrific fire of grape, round shot, and musketry, which made us lose men at every step. When near the Kokrail bridge, he wrung his hands in the greatest agony of mind, and, forgetful of himself, thought only of his poor soldiers. 'My God! my God!' he was heard to say, 'and I brought them to this!'"

Of his conduct during the siege every witness, even Mr. Gubins, speaks with fervent and grateful admiration. Up to the time of his death he was the animating spirit, the good genius, of the garrison. Ever watchful, prompt, and indefatigable, he never spared himself aught of the common duty and the common danger. Every man fought knowing that the eye of his chief was upon him. His cheerful devotion infected even the meanest soldier of that small band. A characteristic trait of tenderness (misplaced perhaps on such an occasion,) is recorded of him during the siege. He would not fire upon the mosques and palaces. "Spare the holy places," was his order. To the last, his great heart was full of noble and generous thoughts. Dying the death of a soldier, he left a place hardly to be supplied—a name which is henceforth an immemorial treasure to his country.

One legacy, by his will, he has left to England, which it should be ours to cherish and preserve in the munificent spirit of the hero. During life, the peculiar objects of his noble generosity were the children of the British soldiers; with his last words he has bequeathed these to the care of his country. During a career so busy and troublous, they had never ceased to occupy his great and unselfish heart. To the foundation and endowment of schools for soldiers' children in the hills, he had, for many years, given up annually 1,000*l.* from his own income—an income derived solely from official appointments. And Kussowlie and Mount Aboo still stand—the noblest monuments to the hero's memory. The country which he has served so well has done little in recognition of his worth and genius; but the British army in India will long bless the name of HENRY LAWRENCE.

Second only to his brother in genius, and even more eminent in connexion with the Indian mutiny, stands the name of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE. More fortunate than the soldier, the civilian has survived to render the full service of his talents to his country, and to witness the final triumphs of her arms. From the first outbreak at Meerut to the recent victory at Gwalior, Sir John Lawrence has played, of all, the most conspicuous part in the suppression of the revolt. Without him, indeed, as the successor of his brother and inheritor of the Punjab policy, it

may without extravagance be said that the issue of the Indian mutiny would have been something quite other than it is. To him individually is due the salvation of India. Of a genius sterner than that of his brother—less exalted and heroical—in strength of will even greater—to him all eyes were turned as the man of all our race best able to maintain the cause of England in India; and nobly has he fulfilled that duty. Had he faltered but for a single day, as many brave men did then falter, the Punjaub would have been lost, and with it our Indian empire. But while the Supreme Government, resting on official forms, was dallying with a danger which it had neither the fortitude to avow nor the vigour to encounter, in the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub there was a man of spirit and nerve equal to all that terrible emergency.

On the first tidings of the outbreak, all India looked to see how the Punjaub would endure the peril. The fate of that province might justly excite the liveliest anxieties. By its position, it was the key-stone of India. It had been but newly annexed, and was scarcely yet incorporated with the empire. It was peopled by a fierce and ambitious soldier-race, who had much to move them against their conquerors. It contained the largest garrison of sepoy troops in all India—some of the strongest fortresses and best furnished arsenals. With intense anxiety did every Englishman look, mail after mail, for news from the Punjaub. And when the Punjaub stood firm, every one knew that our disasters were not irretrievable. Then was shown how great and wise was the policy of the brothers LAWRENCE. Bravely did the Northern province, under the steady pilotage of John Lawrence, weather the storm. By the exercise of an iron will, a rare sagacity, unerring foresight, and imperturbable coolness, every rising symptom of disaffection was crushed in the bud, and the Punjaub brought safely through the general wreck. The genius of British dominion was fairly aroused. The handful of Englishmen charged with the care of weighty destinies showed, in that momentous hour, how under a true leader of men they could act—with what valour, devotion, and unity. The measures of the Chief Commissioner, taken in utter scorn of precedents, to ensure the public safety, were admirably seconded by the able band of officers, pupils of Sir Henry Lawrence, who had theretofore made the Punjaub proverbial for excellent administration. Forewarned by the electric telegraph, every officer was ready at his post to prevent the spreading of the disaffection; and there was exhibited less of that unfortunate confidence in the sepoys, even after patent instances of their deadly treachery, which was so fatal to us in other parts of the country. The

native regiments, though far outnumbering the British, were speedily rendered powerless for mischief. In the perilous work of disarmament, vigour and audacity served us in place of numbers, and certainly achieved results the most incredible. At Meean Meer (the garrison of Lahore), a sepoy force of 3000 men was disarmed and held in check by not more than 500 British soldiers. At Peshawur the odds were four to one against us, yet no resistance was attempted. The sepoys were paralysed by a vigour and promptitude to which they were utter strangers. No false tenderness was allowed to prejudice the interests of the public safety. The state of every native regiment was known to the omniscient, ubiquitous, almost omnipotent Chief Commissioner, and all were reckoned traitors who had not given active proof of loyalty. From his centre at Lahore, Sir John Lawrence directed every movement. The electric telegraph carried his ordinances to every corner of the province; and his will, stern and indomitable, was everywhere the guiding influence.

What sort of policy it was (a policy justified only by circumstances) which commanded such notable issues is explained to us by one of its subordinate executors, Mr. Francois Cooper:—

“There was no pause. Treason and sedition were dogged into the very privacy of the harem, and up to the sacred sanctuaries of mosques and shrines. Learned moulvies were seized in the midst of a crowd of fanatic worshippers, and men of distinction and note were “wanted” at dead of night. Like sleuth-hounds, the district police, on the first scent of treason, and egged on by the certainty of reward, fastened on the track, and left it not until the astonished intriguer was grounded in his lair. As with the detectives of Vidocq, there were spies in the market-place, at the festival, in the places of worship, in the jails, in the hospitals, in the regimental bazaars, among the casual knot of gossipers on the bridge, among the bathers at the tanks, among the village circle round the well, under the big tree, among the pettifogging hangers-on of the courts, among the stone-breakers of the highways, among the dusty travellers at the serais. No man’s tongue was his own property. Asiatic chicane was paralysed before the newly-aroused volition of the Anglo-Saxon.”

The results are before the world. Not only was the Punjaub preserved from contamination, and the sepoy regiments within it either rendered powerless or altogether annihilated, but the most material and timely succour was lent to the British arms in the centre of the revolt. It may fairly be said, indeed, that Sir John Lawrence was the captor of Delhi, no less than the saviour of the Punjaub. Without him, not only could we never have taken that city, but we could not have maintained

ourselves at any post between the Sutleje and Benares. The British prestige in the North-Western provinces would have been utterly destroyed. From Calcutta there was no help. Not a man or a gun ever reached the army before Delhi from the capital, while Sir John Lawrence was pouring battalion after battalion, and battery after battery into the leaguer camp. From first to last, not less than fifty-seven thousand new levies alone had the Chief Commissioner sent into the provinces up to June last. Nobly indeed has he earned the title of "organizer of victory." The Punjaub troops have been throughout the campaign the main strength of the British army,—the Punjaub officers its most active leaders. When the generals before Delhi despaired of success and spoke of retreating, it was Lawrence who vehemently urged the continuance of the siege,—Lawrence, who by his succours carried it through to a successful issue. Nor is the capture of Delhi the only exploit due to the Punjaub troops. Throughout the unequal struggle, the Seikhs, organized by Lawrence, have been our truest allies, and every battle-field bears witness to their prowess and loyalty. Lucknow itself was first effectually relieved by Punjaub troops, and it was a Seikh regiment which entered the Secundrabagh, shoulder to shoulder with the Highlanders. History has exhibited no more striking spectacle than two such races uniting to re-invest the dominion in the stronger. The triumphs of the Seikhs are those of the brothers Lawrence,—of HENRY, who first tamed and turned the hearts of the race, and of JOHN, who has thoroughly completed his work.

The distinguished service of which Sir John Lawrence is the greatest ornament has in the late struggle produced other members who have worthily upheld its reputation. BARTLE FRERE, of Scinde, is a name only less illustrious than that of his brother Chief Commissioner. Vigorously repressing the first symptoms of disorder, he has kept his province free from tumult, and has thus been enabled to lend material aid, in troops and stores, to the armies of India. In position and natural capabilities, Scinde is only second to the Punjaub among the Indian provinces. It is inhabited by a race not less haughty and warlike, in whose subjugation it exhibits no less a happy instance of wise and beneficent government. For the valley of the Indus, under its present ruler, a bright future is in store to justify its conquest, somewhat harsh and summary.

Among the less conspicuous names of those who, not being soldiers, have by their firmness, judgment, or valour, helped to sustain the cause of their country, the most worthy of note are ROBERT MONTGOMERY, the able second of Sir John Lawrence in the Punjaub,—HEREWALD WAKE, of Arrah,—MONEY, of

Gya,—CHARLES GUBBINS, of Benares,—TUCKER, of Futtchpore,—WILSON, of Moradabad,—PALMER, of Bijnore,—all of the Bengal Civil Service, who have done excellent service in their several districts. The defence of the house at Arrah, with some fifteen Europeans and fifty Seikhs, against an insurgent army with artillery, is one of the most memorable episodes of the war. The rescue of the treasure from Gya by Mr. Money was no less chivalrous an exploit. The devoted death of the amiable and accomplished Tucker—an heroic self-sacrifice such as ancient Greece or Rome can show no nobler—is one of the most execrable deeds which have blackened the rebel cause in this wretched mutiny; while there is no more brilliant feat of arms recorded on our side than that of the Assistant-Magistrate of Bijnore (George Palmer), who, being almost isolated at his post; raised a body of horse, defeated a host of mutineers, and maintained himself successfully in the most dangerous district of Rohilcund. The act of Mr. Cracroft Wilson, in rescuing, almost single-handed, a party of European officers, ladies and children, the survivors of the Bareilly massacre, deserves also not to be passed over. In the class of the “uncovenanted” civil servants, we have Mr. Cavenagh, who at infinite peril carried a despatch from the Lucknow garrison to Sir Colin Campbell’s camp, through the whole host of the rebel army. But of all, none did better service than a simple, independent gentleman, one of the proscribed “interloper” class,—an indigo-planter, by name Venables, who, by his skill and daring as a partisan leader, made himself the terror of the disaffected in Behar and Benares. Among the amateur soldiers, also, it would be unjust not to make honourable mention of the Bengal Volunteer Cavalry, composed entirely of private gentlemen, whose services were of infinite value during Havelock and Outram’s campaigns, it being for a long time the only cavalry attached to the force.

If we have given the first place to the civilians, it is not surely because our soldiers have less notably performed their duty. Never, indeed, had we more reason to be proud of our army. Henceforth let us hear no more of the time-worn, always false theory, which suggests that England is no military nation. Clearly far otherwise has it been proved by these Indian campaigns. No military nation ever had such a task before it, or did it half as well. Where are the signs of our deficiency? In the space of little more than a year, under every sort of disadvantage, we have crushed the most formidable revolt ever yet raised against a dominant race. During that time we have exhibited every sample of military skill—every kind of the highest and best soldiership. The names of

HAVELOCK—NICHOLSON—NEILL—are our protest against the theory of degeneracy. Those earliest martyrs of the mutiny are also the greatest of its heroes. Our race has produced no better warriors. Of the career of HAVELOCK, he for whom the ships in far Bosten Bay hung their colours at half mast, what Briton is not proud? Even now, after the lapse of months which stirring events and great deeds have made an age, the name of HAVELOCK carries a thrill of emotion wherever the English language is spoken, or the common sentiment of Anglo-Saxon nationality is cherished. Time was when all England hung on the deeds of the brave soldier—in that ever-memorable avenging march from Cawnpore to Lucknow. In our darkest night, he was the one bright star. With what intensity of emotion did we follow his conquering steps! With what fervent joy and thankfulness did we listen to the tale of his wondrous triumphs, and watch his constant onward progress to the goal of his final triumph! No such good news, for a long time, had reached England as the report of the relief of Lucknow by Havelock—none which produced a more profound and universal sense of exultation.

The character of HAVELOCK belongs rather to the Puritan times than to the present. Seldom in these days do we see so much of earnest religious conviction united to high military zeal. A more simple-minded, upright, God-fearing soldier there was not among Cromwell's Ironsides, or the host of Gustavus Adolphus. This is the true characteristic of the hero,—his pure, faithful, single-hearted devotion. His religion with him was no outward virtue, but a deep, living, all-pervading principle, which was rooted in his very being, and tinged his whole character. He was one no more ashamed of praying than of fighting; but would sing psalms before all the army with as much courage as he would lead it to victory. Unlike other preaching colonels, of whom this mutiny has borne report, he detracted nothing from his military duties to the credit of his piety. Therein he showed himself the true pietist—the true soldier. The army contained none more resolute or steadfast, though many better strategists. And by a happy accident there was allotted to him just such a duty as his soul loved. It was a time of sore trial for British India. The rebels were in the first flush of success. Regiment after regiment had fallen away from our standard. The British authority seemed to have dissolved all over the North-West. In the Lower provinces there were not more than some two thousand British soldiers to uphold our dominion. There was a general panic in Calcutta. It was then that Havelock was called to the command of the troops proceeding northward.

The extraordinary series of efforts by which he retrieved our fortunes, beat back the torrent of revolt, wrought quick vengeance upon the fiend of Bithoor, and finally, after nine victories gained against armies numbering from ten to twenty thousand men, he succeeded in fighting his way, in spite of every obstacle, to the Lucknow Residency, and in averting its hourly imminent fall, is a portion of the history of this mutiny most familiar to the British public. In all this astonishing enterprise, pursued under the burning sun of an Indian summer, the great merit of Havelock is this, that, with unflinching tenacity of purpose, he stuck to his one chief object—the relief of Lucknow. From the task which he set before himself at starting he never turned aside. Onward, with iron steadfastness, he urged it through all hazards; onward, through rain, sun, and fever; onward, through countless hosts of a desperate enemy, with the motto—"Remember Cawnpore—Remember the ladies!" No knight of romance strove more earnestly for the Holy Grail—no crusader more stubbornly pursued his sacred pilgrimage.

The material results of Havelock's march were of incalculable value. Besides re-occupying a large portion of the revolted country, and trampling underfoot the newly-organized power of the Nana Sahib, he diverted the attention of the vast army of Oude from the beleaguered garrison in the Residency, and prevented it from undertaking new enterprises southwards. He afforded time for the British reinforcements to arrive and collect in his rear, and kept off the insurrection from our Home provinces. The moral effect of his victories is scarcely to be exaggerated. To the Europeans they were an assurance of empire—even of life: to the natives a palpable confutation of all the prophecies. The Company's raj could not be ended when here was this frail old man, with his handful of Englishmen, shamefully beating the insurgents at the very outset of their reign, and with every odds in their favour. The *ikbul* of Havelock was better than that of the Nana. The Briton was still the master of the Hindoo. This was the real victory achieved by our hero. Toiling painfully and obscurely for nearly half a century of the best years of his life, the work came at last to him which he was to do. He did it, and died. He lived to see the crowning of his noble purpose, but not to receive the full meed of his country's approbation. The brave spirit had worked out its puny tenement, and sped to the God of its faithful service. Since the death of NELSON and of MOORE, never death of any man has excited in England such wide and deep sorrow—a sorrow almost domestic in every English home.

Yet our grief should be less for the old man who died when his work was done than for the young who perished in the full bloom and pride of soldiership. To die in the full accomplishment of a life's duty is no hard lot. Let us weep not for HAVELOCK, but for NICHOLSON and NEILL, and the younger heroes, taken away in the prime of life and at the threshold of fame. Of all the victims of this inexorable mutiny, which has taken our bravest and best, there is none whose fate demands more of our sympathy than JOHN NICHOLSON, the favourite pupil of HENRY LAWRENCE. Had he survived the storming of Delhi, there was none of all our Indian soldiers for whom greater honours and a brighter career were in store. Of all the Punjaub officers, this was the pattern and exemplar—this, by general consent, the foremost, the boldest, the best. With his gifts of mind and person, it is no wonder that he was deified by the wild tribes of the frontier whom he tamed to civilization.* His vast stature, his awful port, and majestic presence might well justify his title of "Lion of the Punjaub." A General of Brigade at thirty-five, there was not a murmur at his unprecedented rise, even among the officers of an army jealously watchful of their principle of promotion by seniority. And admirably did his career justify the promise of his name. Selected to command a moveable column for the maintenance of order in the Southern and Eastern Punjaub, no corps in the British army was afterwards so distinguished. The first service of Nicholson was a most valuable one—the disarming of the native regiments at Phillour, and the preserving of the only arsenal in Upper India which could supply the army before Delhi. His next was the pursuit and absolute annihilation of the Sealkote mutineers—a work done with characteristic thoroughness, which spread terror among the unfaithful. Arriving at Delhi, his presence was a tower of strength in the camp. At Nujuffghur, a victory which hastened the fate of the Delhi garrison, the young Brigadier displayed all the coolness and skill of an experienced general. The final assault was mainly, we believe, undertaken on his urgent entreaties. One of the first within the walls, he fell in the very moment of the victory to which he had by his personal efforts so materially contributed—dying in the cause, and in the manner, in all ages and by all men, ever esteemed the happiest—

* Literally deified, according to Colonel Herbert Edwardes. A brotherhood of Fuequeers in Huzara abandoned all other forms of religion, and took to the worship of "Nykkul Seyn." John Nicholson became their "Gooroo." The Nykkul-Seynees still exist on the frontier,—a puzzle to future religious historians.

“ Like a warrior overthrown ;
Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song in his ears.”

The name of NEILL, another hero taken from us in the prime of manhood, derives its main glory from the campaign in which he bore the second part to the illustrious Havelock. The career of this ardent soldier was all too brief for his country, if not for fame. Known before the rebellion for his love of his profession, his devotion to his men, and for every soldierly virtue, the colonel of the famous Madras Fusiliers had the honour of being the first who inflicted a decisive check upon the mutineers. Nowhere during the insurrection was the peril greater and the issue more momentous than at Benares, on the fourth of June, 1857. Here Neill, who had arrived but the night before in hot haste from the south, with barely two hundred and fifty English soldiers, defeated and dispersed three regiments of Native infantry and one of cavalry—a deed which terrified the fanatic population of the largest city of India into that state of abject submission which it preserved throughout the mutiny. From Benares to Cawnpore, the march of Neill was as the track of England's avenging angel. His subsequent service with Havelock, and his glorious death at Lucknow, are among the proud and mournful memories of this terrible war.

Of the other heroes of the mutiny, living and dead, the roll is too long to permit us to do more than catalogue the most illustrious, with their principal achievements. Nor can we hope, in so doing, to do perfect justice between those whom fame has celebrated and those still wanting the *votes sacer*. In war, the highest deeds are not always to be known. Oblivion is the lot of the better part of heroism. In the din and smoke of battle many a deed of daring passes away with the life of the performer, or is done before no witness but the mute heaven. Such fame as the *Gazette* can bestow is but a poor criterion of merit ; yet we cannot err greatly in taking their popular acceptance as sufficient warrant for certain names. Among these, to begin in order, is the Fabius of our army, Sir ARCHDALE WILSON, —a cautious, steady, calculating soldier, specially great in his own branch of the artillery. Of him it has been said that “he was born to take Delhi, and did take it,”—a sufficient achievement for a general so unambitious. A general equally gifted with prudence and judgment, but of higher mark and larger experience, is Lord CLYDE, erst Sir Colin Campbell,—the final reliever of Lucknow,—the victor in many a hard-fought field,—a proved worthy pupil of the school of NAPIER. His distinguishing merit is, his care for the lives of his soldiers—his

fault, an over-fondness for large armies and the regular operations of war. But too much praise he cannot have for his masterly withdrawal of the Lucknow garrison, before the face of the whole insurgent army, and his subsequent capture of the capital. Sir JAMES OUTRAM, by recent good service, has effaced some old prejudices from his name. There was a stain upon his scutcheon for certain matters in relation to Sir Charles Napier, which has been fairly wiped away by his generous conduct to Havelock, and his behaviour at the Alumbagh. Of the other generals who have held independent command in the Indian war, without question the most successful is Sir HUGH ROSE, whom diplomacy has not spoiled for the more real trade of war. His campaign in Central India, from Sehore to Calpee, with the crowning mercy of Gwalior, has exhibited every kind of military excellence, and exercised a vast influence on the issue of the revolt. Most ably has he been seconded by his present successor, Sir ROBERT NAPIER, whose routing of the rebels at Morar will not soon be forgotten in the Mahratta country. GREATHED, for his flying march from Delhi to Lucknow; HOPE GRANT, for the well-fought victory of Nawalgunge; SEATON, PENNY, and LUGARD, among the rest, have earned honourable names. VINCENT EYRE, for his pursuit and defeat of Koor Sing,—one of the few leaders of military capacity of whom the rebels had to boast,—has added other laurels to those gained by that highly distinguished corps the Bengal Artillery, in this campaign and others in India. And if there is another name of which the artillery has to be proud it is that of TOMBS,—the Bayard of our host,—a man born with a marvellous talent for fighting and being in a fight. Sir JOHN INGLIS, in his defence of Lucknow, has proved himself an able, staunch, and accomplished officer, to whom are fairly due all the honours he has gained. And for services not active, but which contributed greatly to the general success of our arms, we should not forget our acknowledgments to SYDNEY COTTON and HERBERT EDWARDES, for their wise and vigorous conduct at Peshawur. Among our partisan leaders are some whom the world cannot match—HODSON (now, alas, no more!)—ORB, of the Nizam's Cavalry—KERR, of the Mahratta Horse—DALY and LUMSDEN, of the Guides, besides many more, of whom the greatest—JACOB—has not figured actively in the mutiny. Lastly, for special deeds of heroism, we have SALKELD and HOME, who blew up the Cashmere Gate—Serjeant JOHN SMITH and Corporal CARMICHAEL, who carried the powder-bags. The modern science of war, in its infinite demands upon the soldier, requires nothing which, in pure heroism, is equal to the act of carrying a powder-bag up to the gate of a fortified city in the face of day.

What was the valour at Thermopylæ compared to this? What, any service, the most desperate, of the knight encased in steel and armed at all points? Even a Balaclava charge, or the leading of a forlorn hope demands less of a man's courage, for they afford either the excitement of horseback or of hand-to-hand combat. No such spur has Private Smith, of the British army, who marches with a bag of powder on his shoulder up to a gate bristling with guns. Heaven help him, for it is only just short of going to certain death. Yet never in our army is there a want of men to do such deeds—ay, even private soldiers, upon the smallest encouragement ever presented to mortal heroism—a shilling a day and the far distant prospect of a serjeant's stripes.

These are our conscript brothers—called to the toil for us—for us gone to the death, and ever ready to go—these the humble and patient ministers of heroism, of which not for them the guerdons—not for them even the bare empty fame—

“In the glistening foil
Set off to the world.”

Our rank and file must be content to die, and have no names. Yet the country will know how to value their faith and service. The cause so blessed is not doomed to perish. “The working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally for ever, and cannot die.”



ART. III.—F. W. NEWMAN AND HIS EVANGELICAL CRITICS.

1. *Phases of Faith ; or, Passages from the History of my Creed.* By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. 4th edition. London: John Chapman. 1854.
2. *The Soul, its Sorrows and its Aspirations : an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the True Basis of Theology.* By F. W. Newman, &c. 5th edition. London: John Chapman. 1853.
3. *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy, from the Administration of Samuel to the Babylonish Captivity.* By F. W. Newman. 2nd edition. London: John Chapman. 1853.
4. *Theism, Doctrinal and Practical ; or, Didactic Religious Utterances.* By F. W. Newman. London: John Chapman. 1858.
5. *Catholic Union : Essays towards a Church of the Future as the Organization of Philanthropy.* By F. W. Newman. London: John Chapman. 1851.
6. *Lectures on Political Economy.* By F. W. Newman. London: John Chapman. 1851.
7. *Regal Rome : an Introduction to Roman History.* London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. 1852.
8. *The Odes of Horace, translated into Unrhymed Metres ; with Historical Introduction and Notes.* By F. W. Newman. London: Walton and Maberly.
9. *The Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into Unrhymed English Metre.* By F. W. Newman. London: Walton and Maberly. 1856.
10. *The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own Liege Subjects.* By F. W. Newman. London: John Chapman. 1853.

HOWEVER wanting in earnestness of conviction or loftiness of aim the unbelief of the last century may have been, it can scarcely be denied that the scepticism of this age is neither deficient in sublime aspiration nor serious research. It cannot be explained as the result of a mental conspiracy inaugurated by vanity and supported by ignorance. Its growth is not limited in time or place. It appears in the country, where men are isolated, and pursue their inquiries in solitary sadness, no less than in the

city, where mind prompts mind, and the scattered electricity of individual thought is condensed till it add one more to the number of those overhanging clouds which ever threaten but still postpone a terrible and fatal discharge. It appears among all classes of men, and in all orders and degrees of intellect. With the artist scepticism arises as a protest against doctrines which darken the moral beauty of his conception; with the man of science some new fact startles him into the conviction that the book of nature whose pages he is endeavouring to read contradicts the assertions of what he has been taught to regard as a still more authoritative volume; with the intellectual artisan his every-day experience perpetually suggests doubts as to the credibility of his forefathers' faith; with the retired student the best literature of the period iterates, either consciously or unconsciously, feebly or strongly, the impressions which his own meditation or accidental discovery may have originated. The conclusions to which this yet immature scepticism conducts are fortified by the concessions of orthodoxy and the admissions of its most able and excellent professors. Sometimes a High Churchman will deny the conclusiveness of Biblical authority, unsupported or uninterpreted by tradition, and an embryonic Unitarianism will avail itself of the avowal that if cogent proof be required,* the evidence for the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity contained in the New Testament is insufficient for its establishment. Sometimes a mystical and gentle-hearted Maurice denies the eternity of future punishment. Sometimes a truth-loving Arnold makes the bold declaration that the Book of Daniel is neither genuine nor authentic; or an Oxford Professor† affirms that the contradiction between the whole view opened out to us by geology and the narrative of the Creation in the Hebrew scripture is utterly irreconcilable; or a Cambridge clergyman,‡ of high scholastic repute, publishes a work in which the existence of a personal Evil Spirit is denied, and the history of the Fall regarded as a myth; or a Fellow and Tutor of Balliol§ instructs us that the Apostles were unable to distinguish between what is now called historical fact and truth of idea; or a clerical Professor of Hebrew|| suggests that the composition of Scripture is attributed to the Almighty, just as sowing and threshing are said to be taught by him; or an incumbent, in an influential manufacturing town,¶ complains of the palpable errors in the science, history, and morality of the Bible.

From time to time we hear of the withdrawal from the active ministry of the Church of men whose love of quiet, whose tem-

* "Oxford Tracts."
§ Jowett.

† Baden Powell.
|| Rowland Williams.

‡ Donaldson.
¶ Macnaught.

poral interests, whose personally happy and useful career were dependent on the retention of their professional position; men of varying ability, differing temperament, of dissimilar training and distinct intellectual character, yet all alike compelled by their love of truth, their hatred of falsehood, or the terrible rebukes of a conscience which will not be ultimately silenced, to break away from their pleasant retirement, their prosperous leisure, their peaceful home, to leave the old friends, the old spots, the old joys, and the old affections, for ever and ever. Surely every large-hearted and charitable adherent of the orthodox faith will be slow to impute their defection to wickedness of heart or feebleness of intellect. Some of the men to whom we allude have won for themselves a high literary reputation, or have attained in earlier life academical distinction; all of them have received a liberal education, and have at least as good a logical right and intellectual title to decide that a creed is not true, as their opponents have to decide that it is true. Among them are men who have shown that the work of destruction in which they engaged was not undertaken for the gratification of a vainglorious conceit, who have sought to conserve as well as destroy, to reconstruct as well as demolish. Regarding the ethical grandeur in man as eternal, his aspirations after holiness, justice, and love as the fairest elements of his nature, they have endeavoured to purify his old belief, to remove the hindrances to a higher and sincerer devotion, to show men how while abandoning, in the creed of the country, what "lives no longer in the faith of reason," they may still satisfy the old instinct after liberty, God, and immortality.

Among those on whom this honourable labour has been devolved by a sense of duty loftier than that which ecclesiastical morality usually proclaims, the distinguished writer whose principal works form the heading of this article holds a foremost place. The qualities which we have ascribed to a portion of the seceding party are, if we judge from Mr. Newman's writings, eminently characteristic of himself. Though we do not profess more than a general sympathy with either his negative or his positive views, we cannot read the record of his religious experience, or the statement of his theological and moral creed, and remain insensible to the sincerity of his convictions, his nobleness of purpose, or the tenderness and affectionateness of his nature—an affectionateness which perhaps sometimes borders on mystical exaggeration, but which never falls short of our type of human lovingness and devotion. With this feminine moral nature he appears to us to unite a sharp detective intellect, of a strictly mathematical order, quick to discover flaws in an opponent's reasoning, dexterous to press an advantage, skilful to avail himself of an adverse admis-

sion, and powerful to enforce on an antagonist the logical consequences of a partial surrender. An intense, deep rather than wide, intellect, that arranges rather than creates; that manages rather than directs; a burning concentration rather than a poetic expansiveness; a devout earnestness; a hatred of insincerity and falsehood; an irrepressible desire for the prevalence of religious faith; and an ardent indignation against all temporal and spiritual tyrannies, are among Mr. Newman's prevailing attributes. His scholastic attainments are also of a high rank; his familiarity with knowledge of a non-academical range, is considerable: his historical talent and critical acumen, his power of combining and interpreting the scattered materials which the past has bequeathed, and his general cultivation, indicate him as peculiarly qualified to explore the traditions of mankind in a reverent spirit, to discriminate accurately between what is entitled to our acceptance and admiration, and what deserves our rejection or contempt. It is our intention in the sequel of this paper to exhibit the religious and ethical philosophy of Mr. Newman, to characterize that ideal of holiness which he regards as a supreme and authoritative type, to trace the changes which his theological creed has undergone, to describe his spiritual development, and his final and mature belief. As we are neither disciples nor partisans of Mr. Newman's, we think it possible that we may be able to disarm the hostility of the more tolerant; to establish the reasonableness of his persuasion, and the purity and disinterestedness of his motives. We wish to show them that it is not only those who believe in the doctrines which, as they truly affirm, sages have vindicated and saints have died for; who love what is pure and noble, and of divine significance, but that those too who have been led by the growing knowledge, the higher moral evolution of the race, by the affirmative testimony of once unascertained truths, and the negative evidence of alleged but disproved facts, to renounce the tenets of their earlier faith, have done so from an ampler love, a loftier reverence, a profounder veracity. While, however, we select Mr. Newman as the most obvious and decisive type of the spiritual theist, we neither endorse all his opinions, assent to all his criticisms, nor advocate his system as ultimate, or his form of belief as obligatory. We shall indeed defend him against the aspersions of his mistaken and ungenerous opponents, we shall indeed show that he has been often misconstrued and sometimes consciously misrepresented; but it will be our studied aim to exhibit his teaching, not to advocate it, to establish the sincerity, charity, and loyalty of a man who has accepted the double duty of destruction and construction, and who, if he has failed in his enterprise, has at least undertaken it in an upright, manly, and conscientious spirit.

As the destructive process naturally precedes the reconstructive, we shall, in our examination of Mr. Newman's works, in one instance at least, disregard the order of publication, and commence our review with a notice of the "Phases of Faith," indicating the difficulties which the author encountered in his religious development, the reasons which necessitated an abandonment of the national creed, and impelled him to accept as a sacred duty the call of his intellect and his conscience, to remove the wavering superstructure which uninquiring enthusiasm, impulsive sentiment, and traditionary accretion had erected on the solid foundation of the instincts of natural piety, of justice, love, and human perfection, of faith in the Invisible, and aspiration after the Eternal.

A certain experience of religious life seems requisite if we would pass a wise and candid judgment on the different spiritual states of which it is made up. While the value of the purely intellectual part of any creed can be estimated by the application of purely logical principles, the worth of the spiritual part of it, of that part which is dependent on the affections, which inspires the action of the soul on itself, producing peace, joy, and lofty thought, in a thousand else unapprehended varieties and unexpressed combinations, can only be completely appreciated by those who have had the appropriate experience, who have known the particular phases of consciousness which are the subject of inquiry, and are thus entitled to pronounce on their reality and estimate their importance. This ability to judge of the pathology of the human soul in its religious evolution can only be attained by one who has previously experienced its affections himself. Thus, the adherent of the Evangelical school is unfitted to judge of the value of the High Church system till he has sympathized with the elements of real, or it may be only apparent, beauty or truth which it contains; and the adherent of the High Church school is equally disqualified from pronouncing on the worth of Evangelical convictions unless he has had actual insight into that mode of action and thought which in the eyes of its professors has elements of great beauty and vitality. It is true that in peculiarly gifted natures, a sympathetic imagination, and a rich and various emotional temperament may, in some degree, allow them to appreciate the Mediæval, the Puritan, the Anglican, or the Spiritualist systems, without that intimate personal experience; but in the large majority of men a practical initiation is certainly indispensable to a decisive conclusion.

These remarks will be found to apply in the present instance. Mr. Newman has successively passed through various phases of religious thought and sentiment. He has held, and ceased to hold, Evangelical or Puritan convictions; he has known and

renounced the religion of the letter; he has adopted and abandoned the creed of Calvin; he has relinquished the traditionary Christianity of Cranmer, Luther, and Augustine, in favour of a supposed primitive Christianity; and in all these mutations he has been actuated solely by the unbiassed dictates of his intelligence and conscience; all these mutations imply not inconsistency and fickleness, as alleged by his critics, but gradual, uniform, and uninterrupted progress.

The spiritual or sentimental aspect, however, is not the only one which we have to consider in our religious or ethical evolution. The intellectual advantages which a living experience affords are equally incontestable. The faith in which we are educated may be true, but as long as we assume its truth, we are not entitled to deny its fallibility. A man who has lovingly and reverently appropriated a creed or doctrine, who has reluctantly examined and tested its value, who has only after long hesitation admitted even its hypothetical questionability, who has exhausted every sound and honourable resource of criticism in order to evade its difficulties or escape the consequences of their avowal, who has only after careful inquiry and scrupulous analysis of alleged objections, yielded to their coercive authority; who has given free play to the magical influence of the thoughts, and feelings, and fancies which his whole previous life has tended to consecrate; and thus, through the force of an almost indissoluble association, has come to regard as facts what the clear eyes of cold impartial truth report for fictions; that man is peculiarly entitled to the most favourable judgment of his dogmatic antagonists, and has won the right, which compliance with the moral and logical conditions of free inquiry confers, to anticipate from unbiassed judges a generous estimate of his conduct and a just appreciation of his motives.

We proceed to a comprehensive survey of those phases of faith which Mr. Newman has described. His early religious life was marked, he tells us, by an unconditional acceptance of the entire contents of the Bible. At eleven years of age he first formed a habit of secret prayer. An Evangelical clergyman, who interested his affections, formally indoctrinated him in his own distinguishing tenets; and although the pupil has since learned to see the dark side of the school to which his master belonged, he is too truthful and too generous not to testify to the existence of its *bright* side. A tender conscience and a deep sense of duty characterized this period of Mr. Newman's youth. At Oxford, in his eighteenth year, he subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles; attracted by the spiritual and classical beauty which to him shone in them, and which induced him to regard them as a bulwark of the truth. The indication of a physical absurdity by a school-

fellow in one of these articles* was first repelled as an impiety; but scriptural citation itself seemed to justify his friend's view, and he began to think the compilers had exceeded their warrant. In this circumstance originated the disposition to criticise the articles of the Anglican Church. The first novel opinion which Mr. Newman thoroughly embraced was the so-called "Oriel heresy about Sunday." A fellow of that college had shown in a sermon preached before the University that Sunday had nothing to do with the Sabbath, nor the Sabbath with us. Examination convinced the inquirer that the tenet for which he had previously endured a sort of martyrdom was baseless. Mr. Davison's lectures on the Prophecies next enabled him to read the Epistles of St. Paul with fresh eyes, and exposed the untenableness of the Puritan's use of the Old Testament, the New Testament plainly confessing the imperfections of the elder dispensation. The inherent moral fitness of the sacrifice of Christ presented new difficulties to the student. The argument in the Epistle to the Hebrews implied a discoverable inadequacy in the sacrifices of the law, and an appreciable propriety in the sacrifice of Christ. The instructor to whom Mr. Newman had recourse acknowledged his inability to understand why the sacrifice of Christ any more than the Mosaic sacrifices should compensate for the punishment of our sins. When the period arrived for a second subscription to the articles Mr. Newman found himself embarrassed by the question of infant baptism. Unbiassed ecclesiastical historians, while approving of the practice, concede its inapostolicity, and it now began to break on him that he could not fulfil the dreams of his boyhood as a minister of the Church of England. Baptismal regeneration suggested a fresh difficulty. An Evangelical clergyman, to whom he deferred, informed him that he did not like the service, and did not approve of infant baptism; but that he submitted to both because he conceived it his duty to obey established authority. This may be regarded as the termination of the first period of Mr. Newman's religious life. He closes its history with the avowal that a study of the Apostolic Fathers greatly exalted his sense of the unapproachable greatness of the New Testament, a juvenile opinion subsequently modified and clearly shown to be modified in a later part of his work, but which has been improperly cited by his critics as a proof of his inconsistency and self-contradiction.

The second period of his spiritual experience is characterized partly by the great ascendancy exercised over him by one powerful individual mind, and partly by the vehement aspiration for the establishment of Christian fellowship in a purely Biblical Church.

* Article IV.

From the remarkable person to whom Mr. Newman refers, and whom he describes as a man of keen logical powers, warm sympathies, and solid judgment of character, thoughtful tenderness, and total self-abandonment, he learnt to be ashamed of political economy, moral philosophy, and science. The study of the New Testament at this time made it evident to him that the Apostles taught their converts to expect a near and sudden destruction of the earth by fire and the return of the Lord from heaven. Dr. Arnold went even further than Mr. Newman at this time, openly avowing that the Apostles not only taught the particular view to which Mr. Newman refers, but that they were under an entire misconception on the subject. Under the exhortations of the Irish clergyman, however, Mr. Newman accepted the apostolic doctrine. His boyish desire of becoming a teacher of Christianity to the heathen took stronger hold of him, and in 1830, with some Irish friends, he proceeded to Bagdad, pointedly disowning the assumption of the ministerial character, but hoping to make himself generally serviceable.

Convinced of the unapostolic character of the prevalent Protestantism, Mr. Newman was induced to read the New Testament, with a conscious and continuous effort, to ascertain, independently of received interpretation, the true doctrines of the Christian faith. In studying the narrative of St. John, the emphatic declaration of Christ, "My Father is greater than I," especially arrested his attention. The doctrine of the blessed Trinity, on which, says a divine of some authority in the English Church, all very inquisitive reasoning minds are liable to distressing and perplexing thoughts, was still held in reverence by the inquirer, as something vital to the soul, but unable to accept the advice which that divine tendered to Arnold, and to violate his conscience by the forcible suppression of objections, he boldly proceeded to the investigation of the topic, and without denying the divinity of the Son, he rejected the Athanasian interpretation of the mystery; believing with the old Church, that the Father alone was the Fountain of Deity ("The only true God" of the Evangelist), while the Godhead of the other two Persons was real, yet derived and subordinate. The Irish clergyman to whom he subsequently communicated his convictions, rebuked his pride of reason, and insisted on his admitting that in the two texts under discussion (John xvii. 3; 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6), the Father meant the Trinity. A demand which satisfied our inquirer that this vehement champion of the sufficiency of Scripture was wedded to an extra-scriptural creed of his own by which he tested the spiritual state of his brethren. Mr. Newman seems to have suffered deeply from the social persecution through which he was separated from men whom he had trustingly admired, and on whom he had most

counted for union. Barely tolerated by recent intimates, and deserted by old friends, with a heart ready to break, he bore the storm of distress that now passed over him with patient magnanimity, trusting that if to make for himself a heaven on earth out of the love of saints was denied him, he might yet find a truer heaven in God's love. Waiting till his mind had ripened into a clear consciousness of the duty to be pursued, he now sought refuge among men who had previously been total strangers to him, and in the possession of their good will and simple kindness, gained the time which he needed.

With the destruction of his ideal of a Spiritual Church, and the determination to adopt a course of inaction on all ecclesiastical questions, terminated the second period of Mr. Newman's experiences. At this time his reverence for the whole and indivisible Bible was over-ruling and complete. On the subject of Eternal Punishment alone new inquiries had just at this crisis been opening out; but it was not till the third period that this subject in common with that of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and other leading Christian dogmas, occupied much of his attention. A momentous mental revolution had prostrated Calvinism, and opened his heart to Unitarians and unbelievers in general. With unabated reverence for the moral and spiritual teaching of the New Testament, he now regarded the exertion of free moral thought as a necessity if not a duty. And thus ended his third phase of faith. The fourth period of his intellectual progress was distinguished by the renunciation of the religion of the letter. He had already begun to discern that it was impossible with perfect honesty to defend every tittle in the Bible. The genealogy with which the gospel of St. Matthew opens had long been a stumbling-block to divines, and he was dissatisfied with their interpretations. On comparing this passage with the corresponding passages in the Old Testament, he perceived that there ought to be eighteen generations, where Matthew has only given fourteen. It was a question of textual evidence; a question which belongs to a class of knowledge of which man has cognizance, and it became impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Evangelist was under a manifest mistake. Applying a similar criterion to other passages, he discovered endless discrepancies and perpetual uncertainties in the evangelical historians. Further inquiry showed him the existence in the Book of Genesis of two different accounts of the creation, distinguished by the appellations of Jehovah and Elohim given to the Divine Creator. A new stimulus was imparted to his mind by the expressed opinions of the late excellent Dr. Arnold. The geological difficulties of the Mosaic cosmogony, the physiological objections to the longevity of the Patriarchs, were then exciting attention. These questions Arnold treated as matters of indifference to religion, asserting the

legendary character of the Noachic deluge, and designating the history of Joseph as a beautiful poem. The inquirer was not unnaturally led to infer that if Arnold's view were correct, and all were not descended from Adam, the Pauline parallel, and its associated doctrines, were quite unauthorized by Old Testament attestation; that if, as Arnold avowed, and as many otherwise orthodox clergymen now avow, the world was not made in six days, the divine origin of the fourth commandment was indefensible; that if Noah's deluge was a myth, it was impossible to deny Peter's ignorance of the fact, or to meet the further objection presented by Christ's allusion to it. Though unable to accept these evident consequences of Dr. Arnold's important admissions, Mr. Newman rejected his Biblical theory, he was, nevertheless, directly encouraged by the union of mental vigour and Christian devoutness in the critic to institute a free inquiry into the character of the sacred writings. The result of this critical investigation was not only the persuasion that Dr. Arnold's view was generally correct, but that the canon of Scripture, however curtailed, had no claims to be received as the object of faith, as free from error, or as raised above moral criticism. Convinced that the Bible was made for man, and not man for the Bible, Mr. Newman still received Christ as a saviour from sin, a Teacher and Lord sent from heaven, and thus commenced the fifth period of his religious evolution. Further research now inevitably followed, and as inevitably led to more decisive results. The more he examined the more did he discover errors in the canon, errors in history, errors in chronology, errors in geography, physiology, and geology; till at length it became evident to him that the law of God's moral universe is that of progress; that it may be traced from old barbarism to the methodized idolatry of Egypt, the more flexible polytheism of Syria and Greece, the poetical pantheism of philosophers, and the moral monotheism of a few sages.

"So in Palestine and in the Bible we see first of all the image worship of Jacob's family, then the incipient elevation of Jehovah above all other Gods by Moses, the practical establishment of the worship of Jehovah alone by Samuel, the rise of spiritual sentiment under David and the Psalmists, the more magnificent views of Hezekiah's prophets, finally in the Babylonish captivity, the new tenderness assumed by the second Isaiah and the later Psalmists."

The restored nation, he adds, paralysed by ceremonialism, was recalled to more spiritual perceptions by the teachings of Jesus. Jesus desired a state of things in which all that worship God spiritually should have an acknowledged and conscious union. Paul exposed the emptiness of all external sanctification, and emancipated the world from Mosaic servitude. The Messianic claim perverting men's notions of right and wrong by the facti-

tious value accorded to a literary and historical proposition gave merit to credulity, excluded from the Christian Church in the first century all the most powerful and cultivated intellects, and rendered all improvement impossible until a reconciliation should be effected between Christianity and the cultivated reason which it slighted and insulted. But we are not, therefore (continues Mr. Newman), to blind ourselves to the spiritual and holy developments of historical Christianity, much less to revert to the old paganism or pantheism which it supplanted. The great doctrine on which practical religion depends is the sympathy of God with individual man: Among pagans this doctrine was so marred by the imperfect characters ascribed to the gods that the philosophers who undertook to regenerate the national religions regarded God as wholly destitute of affections, and adored him as mere and absolute intellect. But happily among the Hebrews the purity of God's character was vindicated, and with the growth of conscience in the highest minds of the nation, the ideal image of God shone brighter and brighter. The doctrine of his sympathy was never lost, and from the Jews passed into the Christian Churches. Religion, however, if historically developed among the Hebrews, is created by the inward instincts of the soul. For its perfection it requires the co-operation of critical and searching thought, and the spontaneous action of our higher affectional nature. Practical devoutness and free thought now stand apart in unnatural schism. But surely the age is ripe for something better; for a religion which shall combine the tenderness, humility, and disinterestedness that are the glory of the purest Christianity with that activity of intellect, untiring pursuit of truth, and strict adherence to impartial principle which the schools of modern science embody.

Such is a fair presentiment of the contents and spirit of a work which Mr. Newman has rightly characterized as egotistical in form but not in its purport or essence. In its simple narrative many a mind that is now dimly sounding its way through the perilous seas of unexplored thought will find a sad and touching picture of its own experiences; its familiar style and facile method of exposition render it eminently serviceable as a summary statement of the difficulties of faith and the nature and origin of modern unbelief. Writing throughout in a serious and religious spirit—a spirit which ought to disarm personal hostility and compel candid consideration—Mr. Newman, even in the later edition of this work, after the gross misapprehension and censurable misrepresentation of his critics, never deviates from the high moral tone which distinguishes all his utterances. As, however, it is difficult at all times to speak with reverence of what we have ceased to contemplate with reverence, we must be prepared occasionally to encounter a phrase of colloquial brevity

for which we might prefer to substitute a more courteous circumlocution. In his chapter on the Moral Perfection of Jesus, though unable to ratify what appears to be the final judgment of the author, we quite agree with him, as against the Unitarian sentimentalists, that majesty and sanctity are not inconsistent with many weaknesses, and that to erect into an absolute type of moral excellence a being to whom we impute the ordinary liabilities to human error, is an utterly paradoxical and unintelligible proceeding.

From the historic exhibition of Mr. Newman's experience of religious life and thought, we pass on to a comprehensive review of his theosophic philosophy. The two works in which Mr. Newman has formally stated his belief, and the grounds of that belief, are the *Essay on the Soul*, originally published nine years ago, and his recent treatise on *Doctrinal and Practical Theism*. Our view of the author's religious system, as collected from these works, will be presented under the several heads of—1. *Psychology*; 2. *Ethics*; and 3. *Dogma*.

1. By the *SOUL*, says Mr. Newman, we understand that side of human nature upon which we are in contact with the Infinite, and with God the Infinite Personality. The positive foundations of practical religion are not to be sought in the intellectual but in the spiritual nature of man. In the soul alone is it possible to know God. As there is a class of truths called moral truths, which are only discerned by the moral sense, so there is a class of truths called spiritual truths, which are discoverable only by their appropriate organ, the soul. As we have natural perceptive powers which acquaint us with the objects of the visible and material world, so have we spiritual perceptive powers which acquaint us with the forms and archetypes of the invisible and incorporeal world. As colour and weight are the correspondents of the visual and muscular sense, as right and wrong are the realities immediately related to the moral sense, so God, the perfect Intelligence, the perfect Love, is the object, the reality which is directly discernible by our spiritual sense. To acknowledge the unity of the human mind is, says Mr. Newman, no reason why we should not speak of its separate parts; for in thus recognising special faculties we do not disintegrate the mind. A careful analysis of the soul resolves it into the various rudimentary sentiments of awe, wonder, admiration, reverence, the sense of design, goodness, and wisdom. Out of these primitive phenomena are evolved the ideas of supernatural power, divine existence, infinite personality, God. The sentiment of awe is liable to perversion, but its pure and reasonable result on the soul is a pervading and active sense that we are lost in immensity and enveloped in mystery. This feeling of awe, softened by the sentiment of the sublime, and uniting with that of the marvellous,

becomes reverential wonder, which in its turn is transformed into admiration so soon as we discern the beauty which invests the infinite world. Thus the heart is prepared for love, and a regulated enthusiasm supplies a necessary counterpoise to the dominant principles of self-interest. Next we recognise the supremacy of order, and now the vague notion of a power, principle, or person, which the sentiment of awe originally suggested, acquires a definite character. Unchangeableness is seen to be the most striking attribute of this hitherto indeterminate unity; man's imaginations concerning the infinite now assume the coherent form of thought and speculation. His religion becomes self-conscious. Then, according to our author, a new sense is superadded—the sense of design, under whose action this composite sense of reverential awe, loving admiration, and unchangeable power is elevated into the recognition of a universal mind. Not to see a universal mind in nature argues, he thinks, a deficiency in the religious faculty analogous to that which exists in the æsthetic faculty in the case of a man absolutely insensible to beauty. Development of character or the contagion of sympathy, he admits, may one day impart religious insight, but in the meantime the defective nature remains isolated from the profounder influences of humanity. To the recognition of the personal unity of the universal mind is rapidly superadded the perception of its goodness. The possible perfectness of man's spirit must be but a faint shadow of the divine perfection. For to conceive of God as an intelligent existence, and to deny him a moral superiority to man, is absurd. Equally absurd is it to limit his attributes. We must then attribute to him boundlessness in every conceivable category, and therefore in affection. Indeed, design which implies moral ends leads legitimately back to desire, and we call Him benign for desiring the welfare of his creatures. Mr. Newman sees in physical pain no argument against the benevolence of the Deity. Susceptibility to pain is essential to all corporeal life and human capacity, for sorrow is equally necessary for our moral nature. The limitation to Divine Omnipotence lies not in matter, as Oriental philosophy taught, but in human will, whose hostility to the Divine Wisdom will ultimately be overpowered, and by whose voluntary self-surrender the final triumph of truth will after a protracted struggle be secured. Faith, however, abandoning all such speculations, falls back on the *a priori* certainty that he whose designs are visible in the structure and adaptation of the world, knew what he was designing, and has acted only for eventual good. Thus, briefly to sum up this great argument, religion has its outgoing in the affections of awe, wonder, and admiration, which suggest external power; while the perception of order, design, wisdom, and goodness proclaims a personal Deity. A totally new affection is then originated, the

ground of which is reverence towards the inscrutable Being whom we have discerned in the universe. The soul now stands in immediate relation with its Almighty Parent. In its recognition that the God of nature is the God of conscience, it becomes sensible that wrong-doing is not only offence against man, or crime, but offence against God, or sin. As shame is a moral suffering, excited by the eye of man, on the detection of crime, so remorse is the convulsion of the soul, as it consciously stands under the eye of God after the commission of sin. A struggle between the spiritual and unspiritual elements of human nature, to retain or to evade contact with supreme purity, terminates in the case of the faithful worshipper in an unreserved exposure of the heart to the eye of God. Self-despair joined to faith secures peace, and a new era of spiritual life commences. The sense of a personal relation to God, however, implies nothing exclusive. The adoring believer who learns that he is loved by God, learns simultaneously that all other men and creatures are also loved by him. The discovery that the soul loves and is loved in turn, produces sensible joy. The soul knows and understands that God is her God, dwelling with her more closely than any creature can. This loving union with God is the privilege of the regenerate—this is true religion.

Such we conceive to be a faithful outline of Mr. Newman's psychology, including its theosophic appendix.

2. Mr. Newman's ETHICAL SYSTEM has free-will for its basis. He combats the view which maintains that a sequential order is no less observable in human volitions than in physical phenomena. Instead of explaining, with the scientific philosopher, the apparent indeterminateness in the mental succession, by the excessive complexity of the operative energies; instead of regarding, with him, the sentiment of liberty as a natural consequence of the absence of all external coercion, he identifies the purely conditional freedom of doing what desire dictates with the arbitrary freedom of desiring or not desiring at pleasure. Accepting the internal sense of liberty without analysing it, the author holds that no other proof of its reality is needed than the instinctive belief in it. In his view, this belief is absolutely necessary to the moral sense. Without it right and wrong, contrition and approbation, are unmeaning words; without it, conscience is a vain self-torment, and "man and morals are matched in a wedding of falsehood."* Moral truth is developed by experience and reasoning, combined with the faculty peculiarly named moral. This faculty alone pronounces on the relative value of inward impulses, and alone decides that we ought to follow the higher and nobler. On the ground that interest and duty are not identical,

* "Th^{is} sm."

Mr. Newman rejects the doctrine that morality resolves itself into the pursuit of the greatest happiness for the greatest number; but concedes not only that a perfect state of the will does not suffice for right conduct, but that knowledge, experience, and other intellectual combinations are often requisite to determine questions of external morality. The chief good of man, he continues, is virtue. Virtue arises out of the force of man's nobler passions, but consists in the rightful harmony of all the impulses. The supreme virtue is justice. To arouse aspiration, the grandeur of virtue requires a lofty ideal; and to retain aspiration within the possibilities of nature, a wide reach of knowledge is important.* In entire accordance with this Stoical doctrine are Mr. Newman's ideas on pleasure. Pleasure, he says, results from the healthy exertion of a natural instinct or faculty; but to regard any pleasure as the end of an action is a mistake or a mischief, whether it be sought in munificence, gratitude, religious worship, the pursuit of knowledge, or even in self-sacrifice. Intellectual pleasure excels in permanence, and is rendered unselfish by calling out the desire to impart knowledge. Artistic pleasure refines, but is peculiarly liable to enervate; animal pleasure is as pure as all other pleasures, if it comes spontaneously, and in an act otherwise moral.† These are the principal ethical propositions which Mr. Newman affirms. They differ only in their statement from the moral views acceptable to society at large, or the majority of the more thoughtful minds in every community; and are practically, if not theoretically, in harmony with the teaching of those who would most demur to his speculative principles. The sequentialist, or necessarian, equally with the advocate of lawless and unconditional freedom, recognises the sanctity of duty, and the reality of moral obligation; and equally maintains the expediency of the encouragement of right, or discouragement of wrong, through reward and punishment; and that precisely *because* man is determined by motives. Equally does he insist on the establishment of an intermediate principle as a safeguard against the aberrations, which, in the hasty and impulsive decision that practical life demands, and the errors which a miscalculation of human interests involves, the legitimate—though too general and remote—prescription, which makes the foreseen consequence of an action the test of its moral value, undoubtedly fails to supply. If, however, we do not agree with Mr. Newman in rejecting the eudæmonistic principle as the criterion of moral action, we willingly concede that this is not the only difficulty in ethical speculation; that even when the social point of view is substituted for the personal, and an action is appre-

* "Theism."

† Ibid.

ciated by its tendency to promote not the individual, but collective interest in all the various applications of the word, to our intellectual and emotional nature, there will still remain the question of the genesis and character of the moral sanction. The value of an action to society may be estimated by observation of its effects; but the obligation of performance or omission can only arise out of the internal constitution of the human mind; can only be supplied, as we think, by its social or sympathetic instincts, evolved by actual contact with our fellow-men, sharpened into an active force by the sentiment of self-approval and self-accusation, and instructed and disciplined by intelligence. While, therefore, we entirely discard the ethical principles of the Intuitionists, we should in all probability be found in close agreement with Mr. Newman, in our general view of the grandeur of moral life, of the sanctity of the conscience, of the necessity of acknowledging other elements in the ethical type than those which the most enlightened self-interest or the most cosmoramic prudence can discern. Leaving the reader to follow our author in the application of his moral doctrine to social practice in the nation, the family, the individual, we proceed to the third division of our topic.

3. Mr. Newman's THEOLOGICAL DOGMAS. These dogmas have in some degree been anticipated in the first section, in which we exhibited the peculiar psychology of our author. The principal tenet of his Theistic creed is the necessity of belief in the sympathy of the Most High with his devoted servants, and his desire for their moral perfection; a tenet which has been distorted by his opponents into that of the Divine indifference to the good or bad conduct of men, because Mr. Newman has elsewhere spoken more generally of God's sympathy with humanity. Historically, this belief may be traced in the lives of the saints and prophets in the Old and New Testament; and the writings of men like *Æschylus* and *Cleanthes* attest, in our author's opinion, the growing conviction, even among the heathen, of the existence of a kindred intelligent heart-worship. The soul, he tells us, brings the believer into personal relations to the Infinite One; and as He forms designs, and possesses desires and affections, it is a sound inference that all his creatures, who have minds capable of discerning him, may both love and be loved by him. Human characters have often been distributed into two great classes which may be called masculine and feminine. In the masculine are stronger passions, deeper conscience, and more prominence of the idea of duty, high ambition to achieve right, warm, rich, and impetuous love. In the feminine are pure and gentle instincts: a heart that guides to duty and right through their natural attractiveness, a love which is tender, transparent,

and steady. The soul, in its approaches to perfection, becomes a woman; it learns to love being dependent. Mr. Newman seems to maintain the impressibility of the Divine Mind by human solicitations. In his view, thanksgiving, adoration, and even petition have the warrant of natural and innocent belief. He admits, in some sense, a special Providence: every man feels that life is ordained by heavenly wisdom; the thought of an All-seeing eye braces him against temptation, and God is loved as the impersonation of beauty, purity, kindness, and mercy. He thinks that the soul has intuitions of immortality: it aspires towards an expansion of individual life and faith, and while reverently acknowledging and using the past, sets its face towards the future. Our auguries of a celestial hereafter are to be trusted; but faith only prophesies eternal life to the pure and holy. Virtue is the highest end of existence, and God, we may well think, must cherish virtue as the most precious of products. The wise man, then, may foster the hope of immortality, even if he have not the assurance of it. On the other hand, the future of the wicked will not be one of everlasting and inconceivable torment; for, to suppose that God will punish the finite by infinitude, is not only to question his mercy, but to deny his justice.*

Such appears to us to be an accurate presentment of Mr. Newman's dogmatic theology, distributable into the three heads of—1. Faith in an infinite God, including belief in His sympathy and providential sovereignty. 2. Spiritual regeneration and progress, both in time and eternity. 3. The efficacy of prayer, and the duty of encouraging celestial hopes and transcendent aspirations. In a modified form, Mr. Newman appears to accept many of the doctrines of orthodox Christianity; among others, instantaneous conversion, prevenient grace, and final perseverance; and the earnest Methodist, or tolerant Evangelical, might be momentarily attracted by the external similarity of their respective views to listen to words so replete with kindly sentiment, genuine holiness, and touching beauty, shuddering, it may be, at his denials, but charitably hoping that he, too, might, through faith in God's love, be numbered with themselves among the redeemed children of their great heavenly Parent.

Colder and more philosophical minds will regard Mr. Newman's somewhat mystical creed, if not without intellectual dissatisfaction, yet, at least, without moral censure. Amongst the objections which minds of this order might adduce against it, the following would probably be found included:—The soul is defined to be that side of human nature by which we are in contact with the infinite and with God. In the analysis of the soul; the affections,

* "Theism."

which form its proper constituents, are acknowledged by Mr. Newman himself not to denote any fixed belief in a personal Deity, while the perceptions which *do* bring in a personal Deity, by his own avowal, belong to the intellect more than to the soul, which, unless we mistake his meaning, is tantamount to saying that they are not comprehended in the generic term soul. Thus, it appears that we are, after all, indebted, not to the emotional nature but to the hard logical intellect for our conviction that there is a personal God; and instead of having immediate intuition of His existence and of His attributes, and thus finding our faith in Him supported by the attestations of an infallible oracle, we are again thrown back on the questionable teaching of Grotius, and Paley, and the 'Bridgewater Treatises,' and are compelled to rest our belief on the evidences of design, with all the numerous difficulties which the argument presents from its incompleteness and frequent miscarriage, unremoved and undiminished. The Ideal of the reason must, we say, be infinite in perfection; to prove His existence, we have first recourse to logical methods and the evidences of natural theology. We thus establish, it is admitted, the existence of a Being of *indefinite* power, wisdom, and goodness, but certainly not of *infinite* power, wisdom, and goodness. Sensible of the limitations of the logical faculty, we hasten to reinvigorate our faith by the assurances of the transcendental organ of our nature, the soul. Mr. Newman has failed to show us the practicability of the operation; for the soul, which ought to give us specific information on supersensuous subjects, furnishes at most but the rudimentary notion of an indeterminate infinite, and makes no report of the existence of an infinite Personality. Indeed, Mr. Newman himself allows that infinity is a negative idea, and is only an attribute of those things which to *us* are infinite. Locke, one of the profoundest of psychological writers, came long ago to the same conclusion, though according an ironical permission to those who differed from him to enjoy their opinion in undisturbed self-confidence. "But yet, after all this, there being men who persuade themselves that they have clear, positive, comprehensive ideas of infinity, it is fit they enjoy their privilege, and I should be very glad to be better informed by their communication." In his latest and most important theological work, it might be further objected, Mr. Newman condemns every form of pantheism as the product of a dreamy poetry. His own theistic creed, beautiful as it is in the eyes of untaught imagination and undisciplined feeling, showing a sweet, tender-hearted, noble enthusiasm, lies equally open to the reproach of an unreasoning faith and romantic inspiration. However carefully he may fence his doctrine round, and secure it against the inroads of fanatical interpretation, the fact yet remains that he

regards certain states of consciousness as immediately generated by the operation of the Divine Spirit on the soul of man; while he suggests no test by which you are to distinguish between the action and reaction of the soul on itself and the action of its Father, Sanctifier, and Saviour.

A theist of Mr. Newman's type, fortified by intellectual culture and restrained by the limitations of a natural or acquired cautiousness, may be rescued from the perils of pantheism on the one hand, or the extravagances of fanaticism on the other, but can scarcely secure a satisfactory criterion by which he can discriminate the human element from the divine, or the tranquil and habitual action of a supernatural spirit from the unusual suggestions of our own higher nature in the serene moments of existence—the fair-weather season of our inward and outward life—when the happy combination of material and mental circumstance, of physical well-being and genial emotion, produce that sense of repose, that quiet joy, that untroubled faith which so nearly imitate the spiritual phenomena described in “The Soul” and “Theism.” Thus, it is impossible to exempt the stronger disciples of this psychological school of theology from the charge of mysticism; while its weaker adherents, unprotected by the counteracting influence of education against the gradual encroachments of an enthusiastic temperament, would be liable to misconstrue extraordinary emotion into celestial visitation—to attribute, with the Puritan of old, every vivid conception which was “borne in on his mind,” to a miraculous origin—to dignify the wayward impulses of ecstatic fancy, or exaggerated desire, with the title of a divine intimation, or an inspired command. In the temperate region, indeed, of theistic belief, the disciple might regulate the beat of the pulse, or subdue the fever of the blood; but in the tropical zone of impassioned religion, bewildered by the misleading phantasmagoria of a luxuriant imagination, the spiritual health would be impaired, the internal senses would cease to report accurately, and, amid misapprehended sights and unaccustomed sounds, the wearied retina of spiritual insight, and the overstimulated ear of theosophic faith, would inevitably be attended by their corresponding spectral illusions.

From our somewhat hypothetical animadversions on the infirmities and dangers inherent in the new Spiritual theology, we resume our summary notice of Mr. Newman's literary productions.

The most admirable of all the works which we owe to the various genius of this noble-hearted man, is, in our judgment, “The History of the Hebrew Monarchy.” In his exposition of sacred history the author employs those rules of interpretation which have already been applied by his eminent predecessors with signal and acknowledged success to secular history. In so

doing he has taken a perfectly natural and philosophical course, a course which no unprejudiced mind can regard with disfavour. They, under whose instruction the youth of England have been led to eliminate the miraculous from the histories of Greece and Rome, who have accepted the doctrine of natural uniformity and sequence, in their estimate of the records of a pagan past, and who have, in general, proclaimed as an article of their philosophic faith, the inherent credulity and superstitious tendency of the untutored mind, will find it difficult to explain the inconsistent surprise, or to justify the professional though sincere indignation with which they contemplate the extension of the same method to the interpretation of Jewish history. Is it permitted to them who assert that in secular inquiry we are never to postulate supernatural agency, or at the utmost are only to invoke miraculous causation for a solution of an historical problem when we have exhausted the entire aggregate of natural agents, to deny the validity of their own axiom in the case of an obscure people, whose ignorance of the laws of nature, whose absolute want of all scientific or philosophic culture, would necessarily produce an interpretation of the phenomena of life and the world analogous to that which emanated from the "fœtative" brain of the other nations of antiquity in the infancy or unripe manhood of the race? Is every extraordinary narrative to be rejected in the chronicles of Greece or the records of Rome, because it implies a violation of the Providential government of the universe, as revealed by modern science, and is no attempt to be made to discriminate between the historical and mythical elements in the annals of the Hebrew nation, when those annals are acknowledged to contain textual difficulties and contradictions, and to indicate the frequent interpolatory touch of subsequent explanatory criticism? Under the conviction that a method, so fruitful in results and so approved by authority, might be legitimately extended over the whole area of historic inquiry, Mr. Newman undertook to interpret and arrange the materials for his work which the sacred records of the Jewish people supply. In this process of free criticism theory and conjecture must be allowed to play their part; certainty can rarely be obtained; probability often; and in the absence of all determining data we must be content if the explanation offered of otherwise unattested and extraordinary transactions be plausible and self-consistent, reconcilable with extrinsic facts, and in harmony with the controlling hypothesis of the author. To demand that in the interpretation of Hebrew history or Hebrew mythology all shall come to the same critical results or philosophical conclusions, to require that there shall be no misconception of a statement, no exceptional inconsistency, no momentary self-oblivion, would, be as irrational as to require

that all the expositors of classical history shall be unanimous in their theories or infallible in their decisions. Our orthodox theologians are not agreed in their view of Christian doctrine, or in their explanation of Biblical difficulties. That Newman, and Ewald, and De Wette, are not always accordant, does not prove that an interpretation of Hebrew history, on the natural principle, is an inadmissible enterprise, nor warrant us in returning to the miraculous hypothesis any more than the discordances of Niebuhr, Michelet, or Lewis justify us in readopting the legendary histories of our schooldays, and proclaiming the supernatural origin of the Roman people, or the ascension of their mythical founder into the heaven of pagan belief.

To penetrate into the earlier period of Hebrew history forms no part of Mr. Newman's task. Accepting the historical existence of Moses, and the transmission of some rudimentary laws under his name, he describes the unsettled condition of the Jewish State; the absence of all corporate character in the Levitical caste; the want of any deep consciousness of unity in the tribes of Israel, who only began to coalesce into a single nation towards the close of the period of the Judges. Under the administration of Samuel, barbarian rule and predatory warfare slowly yielded to the supremacy of legal sway. To Samuel, says Mr. Newman, the origin of the courts of justice, and the schools of the prophets, are with reason referred. The tribes were then isolated, and the sanctuaries which they frequented were local, nor was it till after the natural development which took place in the reigns of Saul and David that Jerusalem became the capital of the country or the centre of a religion. The revolt of the ten tribes, and their erection into a separate kingdom, Mr. Newman attributes to the severe taxation which the extravagances of Solomon necessitated. The principal offence of Jeroboam, the usurping king, in our historian's judgment, was the encouragement of the anti-sacerdotal worship of Jehovah, not the introduction of an idolatrous worship. Under Jezebel, the impure rites of the Phœnician cultus were introduced into Judea, and then only did a real and vehement opposition on the part of the prophets against the throne begin in Israel. Prophetic invective was followed by sanguinary vengeance, and the family of Ahab was exterminated by Jehu. The funereal events which ensued are, Mr. Newman remarks, read with calm approbation, and this training of the mind has steeled all Europe to cruelty in the name of religion. His reviewer in the "*North British Review*"* severely rebukes our historian for his estimate of the series of atrocities which Elisha's message entailed on both kingdoms. We agree with Mr. Newman

that nothing in antiquity known to us approaches the Inquisition in conception or in consequence, as an organized, treacherous, cruel system of persecuting secret conscientious opinion. Without, however, attempting to measure the amount of Pagan atrocity with that of Jewish or Christian atrocity, we submit that there is a wide difference between cruelties openly countenanced and approved by public sentiment and massacres commanded in the name of the supreme Creator and Judge. Public opinion, though coercive, is rarely regarded as infallible, but a divine sanction of persecution or massacre, once given, is always liable to be construed as of permanent obligation, and thus points the dagger of the assassin, and hardens the heart of the devotee.

The sacerdotal spirit, according to Mr. Newman, was largely developed in several of the succeeding reigns; the Jehovistic worship was exclusively established, but the rites of Baal and Moloch continued to be celebrated in intervals of spiritual inaction. In the course of eighteen years, however, many silent changes took place; purely Levitical notions were imbibed with ardour by educated youths and pious persons, and outward circumstances again ripened for a religious revolution. At length this reform was effected. A volume entitled a Book of the Law was found in the house of Jehovah, when Josiah had attained his twenty-sixth year. Its contents were made known to the king, and an investigation was enjoined. The commissioners appointed, however, made no inquiry respecting the age or authorship of the book, and the prophetess whom they consulted volunteered no information on the subject. A majority of modern reasoners, says Mr. Newman, speak as if our Pentateuch had been in the hands of a reading public from time immemorial; others assume that Manasseh had persecuted and suppressed the sacred book. The offence, however, is nowhere charged on him, and if attempted must have drawn emphatic notice. Its actual commission, moreover, was impossible, if the book had been for so many centuries the law of the nation. Copies of it would have been preserved by the priests, or by private persons, or it would have been known to Egyptian colonies of Jews, and on Josiah's accession have reappeared in Judea. Nor is this all. For it is evident not only that it was lost, but that no one had missed it. No nation ever lost its sacred books, and forgot their existence, much less is that possible if they contain the practical code of civil and criminal law. The persevering and gross neglect of the plainest precepts of the Pentateuch; the continuance of the high places; the non-observance of the Sabbatical Institution, according to Jeremiah, for four hundred and ninety years; the disregard of the precept in Deuteronomy, that the kings should write out for themselves a copy of the law; the numerous anachronisms; the higher

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spirituality and peculiar phraseology of the Fifth Book, all, argues Mr. Newman, compel the inference that it was not a discovery but an invention. Mr. Newman's final judgment is that—

"The four first books of the Pentateuch are to be regarded as a growth, not as a composition. Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, did not now begin to exist, but now received their final shape, and their public recognition in that shape. That general agreement as to their history is not yet attained is no ground for doubting the broad fact, visible on very cursory examination, that they with Genesis are piecemeal works, made up out of pre-existing fragments, many of which are duplicate accounts of similar events or laws, and often mutually inconsistent."

Thus fortified, sacerdotal power gradually superseded prophetic influence. During the captivity the old Judaism was considerably modified by the action of Babylonian theology, as at a later period by that of Greek philosophy. After the restoration of a fraction of the exiles, sacerdotal principles acquired the ascendancy over the Jewish mind; the Levitical priesthood received universal homage; ritual observances were scrupulously respected; the expositors of the law became the most important profession; and Rabbiniſm took firm root even before prophecy was extinct. Such is a general sketch of Mr. Newman's treatment of Jewish history during its monarchical period. Of the later fortunes of the Hebrew people he gives us no account. The general moral that he deduces is, that of the two great elements—the prophetic and sacerdotal—the former was transplanted over all the world to impart a lasting glory to Jewish Monotheism; while the latter, which, when subservient to the free spirit of prophecy, had struck its roots into the national heart, and grown up as a constitutional pillar to the monarchy, dwindled, when unchecked by prophet or king, to a mere scrubby plant, whose fruit was dry and thorny learning. Mr. Newman associates the Jewish, in virtue of the prophetic afflatus which visited some of its nobler minds, in a providential mission with the two other leading nations of antiquity; and while he attributes to the Greeks the development of beauty and science, to the Romans jurisprudence and municipal rule, he regards the especial vocation of the Hebrews to have been the evolution of the fundamental idea of the holiness of God, and his sympathy with his chosen servants.

Having thus completed our survey of Mr. Newman's three characteristic works, we must now exchange this summary examination of his literary productions for a far less agreeable task—a review of the criticism which they have encountered, an estimate of its character, and an exposure of its animus. In our vindication of Mr. Newman, while admitting the range of his intellectual powers, and his sincerity of purpose, we have no in-

tention of asserting his freedom from error, or of upholding the invulnerability of his theological system. While we believe that his main arguments have not been refuted, we do not maintain that they are irrefutable: our present object is to show that Mr. Newman's negative position has not been affected by the manipulations of theological ingenuity; that his affirmative position, however assailable on the ground of its inherent weakness and self-contradiction, cannot be consistently attacked by men who, if they admit the authority of reason, must acknowledge with their opponents the cogency of the proofs derived from natural theology; or if they do not admit that authority, are not amenable to the laws of human logic, are not answerable by arguments derived from the resources of ordinary ratiocination, and are thus entitled to the sublime privilege of regarding themselves, and being regarded by their adversaries as irrefragable, since there is clearly no reasoning with men whose logic "is not of this world."

We shall begin with an examination of the analogical argument as originally presented by Butler, and now revived and expanded by the author of the "Eclipse of Faith," and its "Defence."

1. The object of the famous treatise we have now alluded to is not, it appears to us, to *prove* the truth of revelation, but to *confirm* it; not to establish its divine origin for those who do not receive it, but to vindicate its credibility for those who do. Consequently, while the believer may find in it an auxiliary to faith, the unbeliever is absolutely untouched by it. The cardinal principle of this argument is, that there is no greater difficulty in accepting the religion of revelation, than in accepting that of nature, on the ground that the phenomena of the external world are as much opposed to our moral intuitions as the reputed difficulties in Scripture. To our mind, this logical dilemma is, relatively to the unbeliever, altogether nugatory. To exhibit its futility, we have but to substitute the sacred books of other religionists for those of the Christian. That *because* objections, adduced in disproof of the infallibility of the Koran, the Shasters, or the Vedas may be paralleled by objections adduced in disproof of the Perfect or Divine Government of the external world, *therefore* these writings emanate from God, is an inference whose validity the orthodox logician would indignantly deny. Thus, while the argument from analogy may confirm conviction, it never can produce it.

2. Exception, also, may be taken to this argument on the further ground of a special insufficiency, irrelevancy, and disproportion. Admitting that nature has a didactic function, this function is assuredly not the only one which she discharges.

Existing for remote and un conjecturable ends, and not expressly created for an assignable purpose, Nature may well be supposed to present problematical aspects, explicable if we possessed an entire knowledge of transcendental teleology, but in the vast complexity of her unfathomable processes, partially or wholly involved in an irremovable obscurity. Thus Nature is not an immediate, but at best only an indirect instructor; the Bible, on the other hand, is an intended and express revelation. Its educational and preceptive function is its sole, its exclusive function; it professes to be a designed and miraculous explanation; it comes with the promise of enlightenment; it undertakes to disperse the existing darkness; and we have a right to demand from it that entire absence, or complete solution, of difficulties, that precision, lucidity, and accuracy which the immediate interposition of Deity, and the declared object of the book evidently suggest, as its appropriate and indispensable characteristics. For of what use, we may ask, is a revelation that does not reveal; or how do we escape the perplexities of a first enigma by the production of a second? If the deist be logically precluded from believing in a benevolent Deity, because the government of the world presents impediments to that belief, how can his assent be legitimately claimed for a revelation which, in addition to the ordinary weight of natural difficulties, imposes the extraordinary burthen of artificial perplexities? The author of the "Eclipse of Faith" admits that there *are* traces of divine power and wisdom in the world, but maintains that, for the full establishment of God's benevolence, an *external* revelation is necessary. It is not easy to understand this proposition; not easy to understand how, if we do not believe in God's love and justice, in spite of the difficulties in nature, we can attain a belief in them in virtue of the difficulties in revelation. If we are first convinced of the perfect holiness of God, by the indications of beneficial order in the universe, we are subsequently competent to examine whether an alleged record of his will bears the attesting signature and subscription of the God in whose perfect goodness and justice we believe. To judge if a book be written by God, you must first believe in God; to judge if a book be written by a good God, you must first believe in a good God. But to receive a revelation as from a God of love and righteousness, and yet refuse previously to acknowledge a God of love and righteousness, is a suicidal inconsistency. Either Mr. Newman's critic believes that a valid argument for the existence of divine perfection is supplied by natural theology, or he does not. If he *does*, he is a philosophical deist, and has no right to force the atheistic alternative on Mr. Newman. If he does *not*, then he accepts the Bible as a divine revelation on extra-ratiocinative grounds: on this assumption he is unques-

tionably at liberty to retort on Mr. Newman the difficulties of natural religion ; but he has at the same time rendered all controversy impossible, and all human reasoning superfluous ; *his logic is not of this world*. On no other hypothesis could his objections be effective, except in the mouth of an absolute sceptic or an avowed atheist.

3. Again : the question of analogy is treated by the author of the "Eclipse of Faith" as a numerical probability. To concede that the *probable* is a sufficient rule of conduct in this life, is, we are told, a virtual condemnation of the sceptical position. Christianity it is said, may be true, though the chances be only as one to a thousand. Now, the measure of the credibility of Christianity thus suggested by the orthodox divine, the unbeliever is willing to accept as a sufficiently correct statement of the fact. His reply would probably be to this effect :—If there were a thousand chances against the existence of an influential circumstance or vital interest, and but one chance for it, no prudent man would conceive himself justified in permanently postponing the ordinary business of life in order to avoid the consequences or secure the advantages of such a barely possible contingency. The faintest presumption of the truth,* almost no probability at all, might, perhaps, in the hypothetical case of a terrestrial immortality, induce external action as a mere coercive appeal to our terrors or our hopes, but never, as a prudential principle, could it generate habitual and enduring conviction, give rest to the intellect, or confidence to the heart, or security to life.

4. Of the irrelevancy and disproportionateness which characterize this argument, the following instance will suffice :—The existence of a system of temporal retribution confirms, it is said, the dogma of eternal punishment. Now, between finite error and finite punishment there is a proportion ; but between finite error and infinite punishment there is no proportion. Thus, in its present application, the argument, from analogy, fails precisely in that characteristic which gives analogy its strength, proportion. To estimate the exact amount of retribution due to individual offence may be a difficult calculation, but we may feel quite certain that, if there is any analogy between punishment in time and punishment in eternity, the penalty and the transgression must be commensurable quantities. The consequence of misconduct on earth may be permanent, without rendering life valueless ; and where it brings irremediable and intolerable misery, it brings also the sure specific for all human ills—death. However flagrant our crime, or severe our punishment, it ends. For years of wrong doing, human vengeance requires only years of suffer-

ing. Shall divine justice, though entreated by divine mercy, demand for the transient life of sin nothing less than an eternity of sorrow; for finite and natural error, infinite and supernatural torture?

5. Next we note the evasive and *unpunctual* character of the argument. Analogy, indeed, may be admitted to have a legitimate function where it cancels objections to one system by paralleling them with objections in another, provided the confronted difficulties are of the same kind: provided they are in either case vague, general, and inaccessible to human interpretation, *metaphysical*. But where a difficulty is, on the one hand, an inexplicable phenomenon, a natural atrocity or immorality, and on the other a plain, comprehensible, measurable fact, a question amenable to critical discussion, the analogical method seems to us inapplicable and nugatory. (Conceding, for argument's sake, that the alleged horrors of revelation are paralleled by the apparent horrors of nature, the allegation of a common physical enormity cannot possibly alter the fact that the genealogies of Matthew and Luke are discordant, or that Jeremy the prophet is substituted for Zechariah, or obviate the other numerous discrepancies in the sacred writings, which disprove their supposed infallibility.

We have now said enough to illustrate our position, enough to expose the fallacies inherent in the analogical reasoning of divines, enough to show that the "Eclipse of Faith," with its display of learning, its touching eloquence, and its controversial dexterity, is no answer to the plain, unelaborate recital of the obstacles to belief contained in Mr. Newman's "Phases of Faith;" no answer to a thousand minds that, in the first anguish of doubt, and while yet undisciplined to its painful schooling, turn anxiously to every quarter that promises a solution to their sceptical difficulties, only to experience fresh disappointment, only to intensify the conviction that the arguments against revelation have never been answered, and to suggest the sorrowful suspicion that they are unanswerable.

We wish to dwell as little as possible on the purely personal character that seems almost inseparable from controversy. The value of truth is not really affected by the language in which it is conveyed, or the invective with which it is pointed, though its efficacy may be decreased and its purity sullied. It is true that the author of the "Eclipse of Faith" has rarely remembered the chivalrous feeling which should animate a courteous antagonist, that he has sneeringly described his pious opponent as "this most devout gentleman;" that he has conferred upon him the sarcastic title of "Professor of Spiritual Insight," and assimilated his supposed inspiration to that of "the inventor of lucifer-

matches." Such expressions are quite indefensible, but they are natural to excited controversialists, and when withdrawn or followed by apology should be forgiven and forgotten. A more serious charge is the adoption of conscious or unconscious misrepresentation, the omission of words, the garbling of quotations, the misstatement of opinion. It is now our painful duty to substantiate this charge by contrasting citations from the works of Mr. Newman and his arraigner.

Mr. Newman,* in discussing the question of authoritative imposition of belief concerning moral truth, maintains that no heaven-sent Bible can guarantee the veracity of God to a man who doubts that veracity. "Unless," he says, "we have independent means of knowing that *God knows the truth and is disposed to tell it to us*, his word (if we be ever so certain that it is really his word) might as well not have been spoken." Mr. Newman then assigns his reasons for this conclusion, and confirms it by the fact that the Christian apostles and missionaries have always refuted Paganism by direct attacks on its immoral and unspiritual doctrines, and have appealed to the consciences of heathens as competent to decide in the controversy. Christianity itself, he continues, has *thus* practically confessed that an authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man. What God reveals to us he reveals within through the medium of our moral and spiritual senses. External teaching may be a training of those senses, but affords no foundation for certitude.

The author of the "Eclipse of Faith" writes:—†

"Mr. Newman says what God reveals to us he reveals within, through the medium of our moral and spiritual senses. Christianity itself has practically confessed what is theoretically clear. You must take his word for both, that an authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man. No book revelation can, without sapping its own pedestal, authoritatively dictate laws of human virtue or alter our *a priori* view of the divine character."

Mr. Newman replies:—

"He thus informs his reader that I have dogmatized without giving reasons, and to deceive 'him' into easy credence, he dislocates my sentences, alters their order, omits an adverb of inference (thus), and isolates three sentences out of a paragraph of forty-six closely printed lines, which carefully reason out the whole question."

The author of the "Eclipse of Faith"‡ explains: He admits

* "Phases of Faith," 4th edition, pp. 188—190.

† "Eclipse of Faith," 1st edition, p. 119.

‡ "Defence," p. 80.

the facts, but denies the construction which Mr. Newman puts upon them, declaring that he had no intention to mislead. That the quotation is garbled is evident; equally evident is the effect of the garbled quotation; we will not pronounce on the intention. The argument based on the imperfect citation is that if human agency can educate the mind to a perception of truth, divine agency may do the same; that what Mr. Newman's book may do the Bible may do. The author of the "Eclipse of Faith" pretends that Mr. Newman denies this, though Mr. Newman had distinctly asserted "after highly extolling hymns, that prose works also have their own place as eminent spiritual aids." He insinuates Mr. Newman's conviction to be that that may be possible with man which is impossible with God, and invites us to "admire the divine artifice by which, when it was impossible for God *directly* to tell man by external revelation that he could *directly* tell him nothing, *He raised up his servant Newman to perform the office.*"*

The only refutation of Mr. Newman's proposition given by the author of the "Eclipse of Faith" is a simple expansion of Mr. Newman's own unquoted words, "External teaching may be a training . . . but affords no foundation for certitude." Is this all which our Christian apologist contends for? Then, as Mr. Newman rightly replies, the Bible is a training in the same sense in which his own book is a training; a revelation in that sense and in that only in which his own writings are book revelations to those whom they happen to convince; that is, it may contain instruction, but is not infallible; not absolutely authoritative. The author of the "Eclipse of Faith" maintains that "an *impartial* doubter can retort with interest the deistical arguments against Christianity." This reasoning certainly suggests, if it does not compel, Mr. Newman's inference, that the dogmatism which characterizes the sceptical hero of the story is endorsed and confirmed by its writer. To this his opponent replies, that the God whom he worships is not an immoral God; and with us this reply is decisive. We accept the man's word, and decline to take advantage of the author's logic. Still we quite agree with Mr. Newman that the argument employed by his assailant is, in the mouth of a deist, a blasphemy against nature and its God. We quite agree with Mr. Newman that if the facts of the universe are pagan, then the God of the universe is a pagan God. But it is no answer to our questioning minds, no solace to our aching hearts to be placed within the circumference of the awful shadows of nature, and to be told that we must accept Divine revelation *because* the shadows which it projects are correspondingly awful. It is not till the eclipse has past, not till we can

believe in the sun beyond, in spite of the shadow around, not till we can see holiness in natural revelation that we can have a logical right to believe in a divine revelation.

We will give but one more instance of the literary disingenuousness of which Mr. Newman so justly complains. The author of the "*Eclipse of Faith*" contends that Mr. Newman makes a fanatical separation between the intellectual and spiritual faculties; that he holds that faith need not rest upon truth, and that he ought to be indifferent as to the worship of Jehovah or of the image which fell from Jupiter.*

We think such sweeping assertion, conveyed in such pointed rhetoric, totally unjustifiable. The author of the "*Eclipse of Faith*" conveniently drops out of sight those passages in Mr. Newman's writings in which he distinctly declares that increasing mental culture is necessary to the growing elevation of the moral perceptions,† that the advance of that knowledge which is purely intellectual and negative is absolutely requisite for further spiritual progress; or again,‡ that the evolving of truth and the culture of imagination tend to elevate and perfect man side by side with the influences of direct devotion, adding, "For nearly two centuries men of science have been our only school of prophets."

That Mr. Newman may be often mystical, sometimes inconsistent, occasionally obscure, is no excuse for positive misrepresentation. An author who sits in judgment on other men, and is prone to censure and condemn, ought to be careful in collating evidence, slow and patient in forming conclusions, averse to intellectual disparagement, to sarcastic inuendo and contemptuous nomenclature. The author of the "*Eclipse of Faith*" has, we regret to say, failed in candour, courtesy, generosity, and conscientiousness.

Against Mr. Newman's critic in the "*North British Review*," we have a yet graver charge to prefer; a charge not merely of misstatement and misquotation, but of positive injustice; of deliberate refusal to acknowledge detected errors, or repair evident wrong. The article entitled "*The Old Testament: Newman and Greg*," in the thirty-first number of the "*North British Review*," was, it would appear from Mr. Newman's printed intimations, honoured with high ecclesiastical patronage, and owed its insertion in that periodical to archiepiscopal influence. Its affirmations, its arguments, its flippant invective, its caustic insinuation we may therefore suppose were ratified and approved by an eminent representative of the religious sentiment and logical convictions of the English Church.

* p. 98, 8th edition.

† "*The Soul*," p. 106, 107, 3rd edition.

‡ Ibid. p. 120.

We proceed to give proof of the validity of Mr. Newman's accusation. The critic in the "North British Review"* writes:—

"Mr. Newman considers the whole history of Saul and the Amalekites as a fiction. The accounts of the tribes of Amalek, he says, are from their earliest origin 'full of contradictions,' and 'many legends were invented to justify the hatred' entertained by the Jews towards them, which hatred he assumes to be causeless."

On reference to Mr. Newman's "Hebrew Monarchy," we do not find that the reviewer's statements tally with the author's, nor can we discover the words marked with inverted commas. Mr. Newman writes:—†

"A simple and probable account represents the Israelites as repulsed by the Amalekites on their first attempt to enter Canaan. . . . an indirect consequence of which repulse was a tedious and disastrous delay in the wilderness. . . . A burning hatred is alleged to have been left behind; a first result of which was a voluntary and savage vow of exterminating the population of that district. . . . A second result was the genesis of new tales of Amalekite wickedness such as should justify this cruel retribution."

To maintain an *invention of legends to justify gratuitous antipathy* is one thing; to *assert a genesis of new tales to justify a cruel retribution* is another. Mythical narratives grow, and imply no conscious or wilful forgery: the manufacture of fictions does.

The "North British Review"‡ says:—"Objection is next made to Samuel's address to the Israelites on their choice of a king as 'too forcible and eloquent for an old man.'"

In Mr. Newman's narrative the sentence marked with inverted commas is wanting. What the historian really says of Samuel's address is as follows:—"Splendid though it be as a piece of rhetoric it is eminently unlikely to have proceeded from a wise and aged man experienced in public concerns."§

Mr. Newman says, in fact, though it be a splendid piece of rhetoric the address is too *rash and hot-headed* to have emanated from an old and experienced statesman; and his critic makes him say it cannot have emanated from an old and experienced statesman, because it is too *eloquent and forcible*, and then rebukes Mr. Newman's singular ignorance, assures him that old men are sometimes eloquent, and cites the schoolboy tale of Sophocles reading his own recently composed tragedy of "Œdipus Coloneus," as at least *as great a feat for an old man of ninety as Samuel's speech*.

Mr. Newman informs us that when he drew his reviewer's attention to these perversions of language and meaning, he stiffly

* No. xxxi. p. 123.
‡ p. 124.

† "Hebrew Monarchy," p. 43, 2nd edition.
§ "Hebrew Monarchy," p. 46.

denied misrepresentation ; and, that the editor, while apologizing for the false quotation marks, refused to avow that the sense had not been conveyed. Again, the "North British Review" says :—*

"The account of David slaying Goliath with a sling is next disputed, because he was *afterwards* celebrated for excellence as a swordsman! As reasonably might it be urged that the accounts of our ancestors' skill as archers must be false because their descendants are *now* renowned for the use of fire-arms."

This is the reviewer's account of the matter. We will now see what Mr. Newman says. Referring to the passage which describes the slaughter of Goliath, he tell us :†—"It gives a totally new and incompatible account of his first introduction to Saul. It makes him a stripling unpractised in arms and unused to the weight of armour, whereas he was BEFORE described as a mighty valiant man, and a man of war."

Thus, where Mr. Newman writes *before*, his reviewer with splendid audacity writes *afterwards*, and makes the historian answerable for the logical consequence of his own fabricated premise. When Mr. Newman protested against this unpardonable, and it is difficult not to believe intentional misrepresentation, the editor refused to inform the public that his disavowal was just. Can we wonder then at Mr. Newman's indignant exclamation—"It is a dreadful symptom when such falsehood is thought to be the legitimate way of doing God service."

The expiation by David of Saul's slaughter of the Gibeonites, which the historian calls a barbarous murder, is defended by the "North British Review"‡ thus—"It is plain that no particular mode of giving satisfaction to the Gibeonites was dictated by the oracle of God. *Some* satisfaction was required for the cruel treachery committed by Saul."

It is perfectly true that the actual expiation was not dictated by Jehovah, but it was approved by him, for we read that "after that God was entreated for the land."—2 Sam. xxi. 14.

How the murder of seven innocent men could be acceptable to the God of all mercy ; how the execution of the guiltless grandchildren for the deed of the guilty grandfather could propitiate the God of all justice ; how such a transaction can be vindicated as a presentation "to the mind of the ancient church of the awful and mysterious idea of atonement ;" how a palpably unrighteous act can be regarded as necessary or suitable to enable men's "spiritual faculties to apprehend" a theological dogma "as a reality ;" what can be the moral worth of a dogma that requires injustice to render it comprehensible ; or what could be the nature

* No. xxxi. p. 125.

† "Hebrew Monarchy," p. 49.

‡ p. 180.

of those spiritual faculties which could only receive truth through the medium of "the form in which the idea was clothed on that occasion," the ecclesiastical intellect must explain, for the secular understanding is incompetent to the solution of such high mysteries.

"The reign of Solomon," continues the critic,* "is next passed under review, and after some remarks on the splendour of that monarch's empire, we find strong sympathy expressed for the 7000† bearers of burdens and 80,000 hewers in the mountains, whom Mr. Newman denominates as 'a nation of bondsmen.' The supposition that this immense body of workmen were all bondsmen is quite unauthorized."

The reviewer then explains, if we rightly understand him, that the workmen in question were free Hebrews who worked in relays. If the critic had compared 1 Kings ix. 20, 21, 22, with 2 Chron. ii. 17, 18, he would have found that Solomon levied a tribute of bond-service on the Amorites, Hittites, Perizzites, and other strangers; that the strangers in the land of Israel are expressly stated to have been 153,600, and that of this total 70,000 were bearers of burthens, and 80,000 hewers in the mountains; and that the tribute of bond-service did not apply to the children of Israel, who were men of war, and his servants, and his princes, and his captains, &c.‡

Again, the "North British Review" says§—"Mr. Newman objects to Solomon's offering sacrifice as an innovation, and adds in a note, '20,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep (2 Chron. vii. 5) is the number of victims which Mr. Newman supposes Solomon to have slain with his own hands.'"

Mr. Newman neither makes the alleged objection nor the stupid numerical ascription. On the contrary, he says||—"To sacrifice was as much the right or duty of Saul as of Samuel," refers to a later period, when kings ceased to officiate at the altar, and distinctly attributes the reprobation with which the royal exercise of the sacerdotal function was afterwards regarded to the disuse of the practice by Solomon's successors.

"The brazen serpent," says the 'North British Review,'¶ "is next alluded to with an implied observation that the Israelites had worshipped it all along, from its first introduction. 'It was believed towards the end of the monarchy,' Mr. Newman adds, 'to have been an image made by Moses!' He does not, however, attempt to adduce any proof either of the falsity of this 'belief' of the Jews, or of the truth of his own assertion, that the worship of the serpent had existed all along. Hezekiah evidently considered it a *recently* introduced superstition."

* p. 127.

† 7000 probably a misprint for 70,000.

‡ See 2 Chron. viii. 8; 1 Kings v. 15.

§ p. 128.

|| "Hebrew Monarchy," p. 40.

¶ p. 131.

If we turn to the original record we shall find that the words of the Hebrew annalist distinctly indicate his own conviction that he was reporting not a popular impression but an unquestionable historical fact; nor can we understand how, without the greatest inconsistency, an orthodox believer can deny that the Bible narrative plainly attributes the construction of this idolatrous image to the great Jewish lawgiver. As evidence of the correctness of this view, as well as proof of the continuous existence of the worship of the brazen serpent we can allege the authority of the sacred text,* while we search in vain for the slightest scriptural intimation to justify the opinion that Hezekiah *evidently* considered it a recently introduced superstition.

Mr. Newman's second critic in the "North British Review" esteems it a signal felicity and honour, with the evidence which lies before us, to hold up our every-day Bible, beginning with Genesis and ending with Revelation, as the genuine and infallible word of God,† a proposition so preposterous that we are content to leave it without comment, merely citing it here to characterize the intellectual temperament and controversial attitude of Mr. Newman's new assailant. This reviewer* accuses the author of the "Hebrew Monarchy"—1. Of re-opening the issue between David and the heathen chiefs with the fixed result of reversing every verdict of the Jewish books, and bringing off the culprits gently. 2. Of such an appreciation of that which is good in the system of his opponents as amounts to a combination of kissing and smiting under the fifth rib. 3. Of asserting that the priests and Levites, like every other clerical body, have power and pelf for their aim, to attain which they do not scruple to hoodwink tender kings by inventing oracles. 4. Of stating that the prophets, too, often lied and forged oracles to impose on their own people. 5. Of adhesion to a school which teaches the liberal theory that identifies inspiration with elevated genius.

1. To the first allegation we reply that Mr. Newman recognises what is righteous and noble in the Old Testament characters, and censures what is base and unjust; neither withholding deserved commendation nor awarding indiscriminate blame. His opponents, he tells us, seem to wish that he should reject all that is written, or accept all; but he rightly claims the privilege of exercising an unbiassed judgment, of criticising ancient documents and human characters, of reprobating what he esteems unworthy, and of eulogizing what he regards as entitled to admiration. Some instances of his practical fidelity to this theoretical

* 2 Kings xviii. 4. He brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it.

† No. xxx. p. 139.

principle may be cited here. Of Samuel's influence, he says that it was honourably won by intelligent, disinterested, and laborious judicial activity; and that it was Samuel who laid the foundation of Hebrew nationality, and of that Hebrew prophecy to which all Christendom owes an endless debt. Of David, he says that he was affectionate and generous, sympathetic, and constitutionally pious; praises him as a king for his judicious patronage; commends him as a warrior; ascribes to him the merit of first elevating his countrymen into a ruling race, and, though compared with European standards, he thinks David's virtues and his vices alike puerile, he pronounces that among Asiatics he was a great man; and concludes his estimate of his character with the avowal that there is none who more attracts our interest and our love than the heroic and royal Psalmist. The reader may judge from these examples how far the reviewer's first allegation is founded in fact.

2. The second allegation apparently imputes to Mr. Newman sympathy with imposture and conscious dissimulation; but, as the writer has privately assured him, that it is not his *moral* but his *logical* sense which is offended by what he regards as an absurd distribution of praise and blame, we are satisfied with giving this simple report of his critic's explanation.

3. We do not find that Mr. Newman, to quote his own words, has brought any bill of indictment against the priests of Judah collectively, much less against clerical bodies generally. He speaks of the priesthood, indeed, as gradually encroaching, but he recognises it as an element in the political constitution, a valuable check on the power of the monarchy, and he emphatically describes the sacerdotal and Levitical system of Jerusalem as the nidus in which the germs of prophetic genius were fostered, expanded, and preserved.*

4. We can discover no warrant for the assertion that Mr. Newman has imputed conscious forgery to the prophets. Fancifulism, indeed, he does impute to them; but although we are expressly informed that a spirit of falsehood, commissioned by Jehovah, animated with its misleading afflatus no less than four hundred prophets, Mr. Newman, far from taking advantage of the inspired testimony, actually understates his case.

5. The theory of inspiration ascribed to Mr. Newman, as an adherent of a school of which Mr. Parker, Mr. Greg, and himself are supposed to be the representatives, is distinctly rejected by the author of the "*Hebrew Monarchy*." Mr. Newman neither admits the extraordinary afflatus of the orthodox, nor adopts that view which identifies inspiration with genius. The ordinary

* "*Hebrew Monarchy*," p. 121.

operation of the Divine Spirit on the human heart, which Christians in general maintain, under the name of spiritual influence, is the sole inspiration which Mr. Newman affirms.

From the "North British Review" we pass to the "British Quarterly." In one of its articles* we are informed that Mr. Newman represents the ceremonialism and sacerdotalism of the books of Moses to have been invented at a stroke, and its main features suddenly imposed. Such entire misconception in an educated man is quite unintelligible. Far from attributing an instantaneous formation to Hebrew ecclesiasticism, Mr. Newman traces its progress downwards from the time of Samuel through periods of repression and revival, to its forcible supremacy under Josiah after five hundred years of growth.

We assume that the critics, whose misstatements and perversions we have now exposed, would indignantly repudiate the idea of any intellectual affinity with men, whose readiness to believe depends on the absence of the logical motives that induce belief; whose convictions are regulated by the acuteness of their feelings, the activity of their fancy, or the tyrannical *prestige* of authority; whose faith enables them to dispense with the slow processes by which the intellect collects her data, and establishes her conclusions; and who are predisposed to credit a proposition in proportion as the asserted fact is inaccessible to evidence, and the threatened consequences of disbelief are appalling to the imagination. If, however, the author of the "Eclipse of Faith" and the archiepiscopal critic and his supplementary coadjutor in the "North British Review" do not claim identification with this privileged order, we imagine that the compiler of the "Irrationalism of Infidelity"†—a reply to the "Phases of Faith"—may be regarded as fairly entitled to admission into the mystic guild. Written in a spirit of deep religious enthusiasm, by a man of strong uncontrollable feeling, narrow sympathies, and intense convictions, this work appears to us as the natural product of subjugated intellect and exasperated sentiment. The cardinal principle of the author is, that the mind of man—and especially of sinful man—is incapable of estimating what God ought to be, and what the revelation which he would give of himself should be. This may be true, or at least partially true, but it in no way affects Mr. Newman's general argument; for if we cannot judge of what God ought to be, we can at least judge of what God ought not to be; if we cannot pronounce what the revelation which he would give of himself should be, we can at least judge of what it should not be. The unregenerate, however—that is, all who differ substantially from the apologist,—are utterly incapable of ascertaining

* Vol. viii. p. 58.

† London: Groombridge and Sons. 1858.

whether the Bible is a revelation or not. Only the regenerate—that is, only those who believe in its infallibility—can judge of its inspiration. If this be true, the arbitration of reason is directly discarded, and faith rests on an inward assurance. A conviction that the Koran is inspired may satisfy the Mussulman believer; a conviction that the Bible is inspired may satisfy the Christian believer; but the unbelieving inquirer has no criterion, save that which reason supplies for testing the truth or falsehood of either document; and if the human understanding be not justified in rejecting those propositions in the Bible which contradict our knowledge and violate our moral sense, neither can it be justified in rejecting those propositions in the Koran which contradict our knowledge and violate our moral sense. If we are first to believe a religion, and then to investigate its claims, only to confirm our belief, inquiry is nugatory, and controversy, impossible. The evidence of divine revelation can never be so clear as our conviction of the trustworthiness of the principles of human reason;* and if the Christian religion be, as it cannot but be—assuming the truth of the apologist's hypothesis—in antagonism to those principles, and yet must be accepted as divinely revealed, in spite of that antagonism, we at once postulate the existence of a God who requires us to receive as authoritatively true that which “our understandings, the most excellent part of his own workmanship” compel us to regard as absolutely false. We can imagine no proposition more hostile to faith in the wisdom and justice of a Creator; none so destructive of confidence in the resources of the intelligence with which he has endowed his noblest creature; none so calculated to produce despair and disbelief of truth; none so fatal to all aspiration, all virtue, all manly endeavour; in a word, none so treacherous to man or so disloyal to God. “For he that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both.”† On the sublime self-esteem, the spiritual pretension, the celestial arrogance of the author of this book; on his contempt for the logical conclusions or the intellectual powers of his opponents; of men who have acquired a world-wide reputation for their vast erudition; on the petulant disdain with which he dismisses their theories, or the quiet audacity with which he seeks to impose on others his own arbitrary interpretations and dictatorial decisions, we shall make no comment. We have examined portions of his reply, and to us they are wholly unsatisfactory. He vanquishes objections by his own verdict of their futility; he eludes difficulties by unsupported conjectures; he accounts for the non-appearance of Joseph

* Locke on “The Conduct of the Human Understanding,” chap. xviii.

† Ibid. chap. xix.

in the evangelical narrative, after Christ's assumption of the Messianic office, by supposing that he voluntarily renounced his legal claim to the Hebrew monarchy, and that Jesus succeeded him in his title, in a Jewish way, to the crown of David and throne of Israel! he appeals to the Python whom Apollo slew; the serpent of Scandinavian mythology; the Uther Pendragon of British legend, to attest the truth of the Mosaic account of the serpent in the Garden of Eden! In his observations on the Elohist and Jehovistic documents, he asserts that the meaning is as simple as possible.

"Jehovah was God's proper and peculiar name with his redeemed people. He had never taken this name as the ground of his dealings with Abraham. If this," he adds, "be all German discoveries are worth, they deserve to be designated by a name which I shall not, however, permit myself to give them."

In the author's fantastic criticism on the signification and employment of the terms Elohim and Jehovah, we find the usual amount of theological inventiveness, but we are unable to see that the ingenious commentary reconciles the express declaration of Exodus that God was not known by the name of Jehovah to the Patriarchs, with the assertion in Genesis that "Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh" (Gen. xxii. 14), or with the question of God himself, "Is anything too hard for Jehovah?" (Gen. xviii. 14).

Mr. Newman's criticism on the Apocalypse is treated with the profoundest contempt by his imperious opponent. He is apparently ignorant that the view which he so unceremoniously rejects is not peculiar to the author of the "Phases of Faith," but is shared by the most eminent theological thinkers in Germany and England. It would be an unprofitable procedure to institute a formal investigation into the precise significance of the dissolving views which appeared and disappeared before the rapt gaze of a Millenarian mystic two thousand years after he has ceased to exist; and assuredly we make no pretensions to an exhaustive treatment of his magnificent but indeterminate presentments. Yet where the delicate details of the poetic imagination elude our intellectual grasp, a general interpretation is often practicable; and an interpretation which recommends itself by its reasonableness, suitability, and adequacy, creates a conviction of its reality which we shall be very slow to abandon to the hypercritical objections of a subtle and captious antagonism.

Mr. Newman pronounces the seventeenth chapter of the Revelations to be apparently a political speculation, suggested by the civil wars of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian. He adds that it erroneously opines that the eighth emperor of Rome is to be the

last, and is to be one of the preceding emperors restored ; probably Nero, who was believed to have escaped to the kings of the East. This opinion, the author of the work now under review asserts to be mere nonsense, and declares that the statement cannot be reconciled with universally known history. We will see. The passage referred to in the Apocalypse tells us there are seven kings, of whom five are fallen, one is and one is not yet come ; and when he cometh he must continue a short space, and the beast that was and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition.

Now, in the catalogue of Cæsars, the fifth in order, Nero, corresponds with the fifth king of the Apocalypse. The existing king of the prophecy would, of course, be Galba, the sixth in order. The expected king would be Vitellius, the seventh in order. The eighth king has the mysterious attribute of simultaneous existence and non-existence. He was, we have seen, to be one of the seven, and there is no one of the seven but Nero to whom this singular characteristic of extinction and revival can be referred. His self-inflicted wound, his anticipated return as Antichrist, proclaim him to be the subject of this singular prediction : an opinion confirmed by the corroborating intimations of Sulpicius, Severus, Lactantius, and Augustin ; and remarkably illustrated and supported by the apocrypha of Isaiah, first mentioned by Origen, and referred to the first century by Gesenius. Devoted to Millenarian expectations, its composer represents in it his hope of the speedy return of Christ ; first, however, announcing the descent of Berial, the Ruler of this world, in the form of a wicked king, the murderer of his mother : evidently Nero. In addition to this, when we remember that the mystical number of the beast, 666, admits of being represented by the words Nero Cæsar, expressed in Hebrew characters, we discern a series of correspondences of facts tallying with symbols which, in the absence of any valid reason for rejecting it, induces us to accept the view held by Mr. Newman as a *satisfactory* explanation of the visionary and enigmatical Apocalypse. The author of the "Irrationalism of Infidelity" makes light of Luther's repudiation of this book, which Mr. Newman regards as important. Is he aware that the Revelation is not included in the list of books enumerated in the canon of the council of Laodicea, or in the Apostolical canon, or in that of Cyril ; that Gregory of Nyssa places it among the apocryphal books, that Chrysostom and Theodoret never mention it, and that Jerome acknowledges that it was not received by the Greek Church in his time ?*

* Suidas, however, says that Chrysostom received the Apocalypse as divine. Gregory of Nazianzen omits it. In the "Constitutions," which probably ori-

In Mr. David Walther we encounter a critic of similar mental constitution, but less ardent, less defiant, though perhaps hardly less uncharitable. This gentleman at the commencement of his "Reply to the Phases of Faith,"* audaciously characterizes Mr. Newman's book "as an honest narrative of processes of thought which are not honest;" accuses him of insinuating without establishing his conclusions, and asserts that reasonable examination of the divine message is only permissible when it is accompanied by an earnest predisposition to believe the message. An unbiased investigation of the credentials of the messenger is, in this case, pronounced impossible, and, if possible, would have in it the deep offence of pride, would be a settled alienation, a death in sins. The philosophical difficulties of revelation are explained by the opposition of difficulties in nature; the scientific difficulties are passed over with scarcely an attempt at an answer; geological objections being met with the unfounded and insufficient hypothesis which interpolates an indefinite period between the first and second verses of the first chapter of Genesis, and astronomical objections by an unconscious ignoring of their force, and a sentimental invitation to prefer the study of the moral mechanism of the human spirit to that of the mechanism of the heavens. The internal difficulties, the contradictions and discrepancies of the Bible are solved with equal facility. Ingenious perversion, unauthorized interpretation, a free play of fancy, an "earnest predisposition" to accept any loose conjecture as a satisfactory solution, and a determination to give to controverted passages that meaning only which is compatible with their imputed inspiration, together with a total indifference to fact, probability, or result, distinguish the critical speculations of the present critic. He boldly maintains that the genealogical table of Matthew is, agreeable to its heading, the generation of Jesus, that is by his mother Mary; asserts an ellipsis of the noun of parentage, and proposes "Jacob begat Joseph, the father of Mary, of whom was born Jesus," as a legitimate translation of the Greek words rendered in the common version "Jacob begat Joseph, the husband (*τὸν ἀνδρα*) of Mary, of whom was born Jesus." This hypothesis, which intimates that there were two Josephs, also requires us to believe that husband sometimes means father; so that conversely father, we suppose on occasion, means husband,

generated in Syria, it receives no notice. Cosmas Indicopleustes excludes it from the list of canonical books. Erasmus speaks of it with suspicion. Michaelis, Bretschneider, Ewald, De Wette, Lücke, Neander, Credner, and Reuss, all unite in denying its genuineness (that it was written by the Apostle John), though they do not all impugn its canonicity. It has been vindicated by Zeller.

* "Some Reply to the Phases of Faith." By David Walther. London: Campbell. 1851.

and daughter mother. In accordance with this doctrine apparently, a reviewer has already pronounced that *before* signifies *afterwards*, and by an extended application of this principle of criticism, round may be held to denote square, black white, and falsehood truth. A most ductile and accommodating hermeneutic is thus introduced, whose general acceptance would end in "a confusion of lip" which would transform human language into a sort of *vocal pantomime*, and save in appearance the credit of inspiration by making its oracles so flexible, elastic, and ambiguous that every fanatic might discover in them a warrant for the crimes of a ferocious enthusiasm, and every dreamer a justification for the visions of a nebulous fancy, without incurring critical rebuke or apprehending logical refutation. Unfortunately for its proposer, the principle is self-destructive, for what means everything or anything, in reality means nothing. We will mention another instance of the pliancy with which, in the hands of this theological Ulysses, the obliging bow of Scriptural expression consents to bend to the necessities of orthodox interpretation. Mr. Newman, in adverting to the incident of the fig-tree, (Mark xi.) observes: "we are perplexingly told that it was not the time for figs." Now, answers his ready corrector, "all that is necessary seems to be to understand the time of fig-harvest when the figs would have been gathered." And with this unauthorized and untenable explanation it is supposed that the difficulty is solved and the objector silenced. The original text distinctly declares that the fig-tree had leaves, that it had nothing but leaves; and to account for the absence of fruit, plainly says that it was not the season. The unaided interpreter knows better than the inspired author; he violently wrests his words to sustain his own view, and evidently expects that his interpretation will be received as final.

We now take our leave of Mr. Newman's critics, satisfied to have established their frequent incapacity, their general unscrupulousness, their intellectual arrogance, and the inefficiency of their arguments. The use of false quotation marks; the recourse to positive misstatement, to undeniable falsification and wilful misconstruction, form the cumulative charge which it has been our unwelcome duty to make good against Mr. Newman's reviewers. For the literary and personal injustice thus done him the aggrieved author has received no redress. It is true that in one instance an editorial announcement appeared regretting that quotation marks had been improperly inserted, but conveying no intimation of the essential falsehood of the paragraphs which attributed to Mr. Newman opinions, sentiments, and reasonings which were not his. No apology has been offered for critical detraction; no regret expressed for the wrong done to a public

reputation. Are we to infer that an accomplished and naturally high-minded editor of an orthodox review is so intimidated by the minatory consequences of an ingenuous disavowal of partisan misrepresentation, that he does not dare to listen to the nobler promptings of his own heart, that he does not dare to render justice where an unfortunate compliance with prelatical requisitions has operated to the prejudice of a fellow-creature?

To expose the perverse and ungenerous conduct of Mr. Newman's critics, though a repulsive task, is one not wholly unattended with compensation, since it has enabled us to vindicate the individual and literary character of a man whose earnestness, truthfulness, high aims, and generous nature appear in striking and favourable contrast to the groundless prepossessions and unworthy motives which seem to have animated some, at least, of his critical antagonists.

Our minute analysis of Mr. Newman's writings, and circumstantial exposure of his reviewer's misrepresentations, have so long detained us that we must pass lightly over the remaining productions of his pen.

Less controversial and more philosophical than any of the works already noticed, a little essay on "Catholic Union," published about four years since, first invites attention. This essay may be regarded as a contribution to a theory of a Church of the Future on the deepest and broadest basis, that of the permanent instincts of human nature, the aspiration after moral excellence; the daily endeavour to develope whatever is noble, or just, or beautiful, or true in our common humanity, and to repress whatever is debasing, false, fraudulent, and selfish. Such a catholic union would have no religious creed; it would embrace men of every nation and every faith, wherever they were sincere and personally virtuous. Religious distinctions, indeed, would be retained, and ultimately the stronger element, the higher truth, would prevail, absorbing all subordinate truths, extinguishing all forms of error. The common burning of the heart against injustice, sympathy with suffering man, desire for human improvement, are the principles which, in our author's view, would unite and consolidate a church of human brotherhood. Such a church would be distinguished by its practical aims and tendencies—the realization of good, the destruction of evil. Old, almost as the heart of man, is the belief in a happier and holier future for the race; the belief that the long-continued struggle between knowledge and ignorance, between justice and wrong, love and hate, will issue in majestic results; that "the one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves" will have its secular and terrestrial fulfilment. The blind but generous impulses of communism, the predicting attitude of modern science, the accumu-

lated resources of material prosperity, the ever-growing ideal of the human intellect and heart, the partial eradication of some forms of malignant disease, and man's enlarging empire over nature, seem to afford some warrant for the belief in a fairer and nobler, though yet far-distant age, when he shall enter the "untravelled world" of the poet, and find his vaticinations in part come true. To work towards the realization of this future is the mission which Mr. Newman assigns to the Church. The distinction between the two great social powers, the temporal and spiritual is, our author insists, a cardinal one, the state being founded on a military, the church on a religious organization. The ideal of a church is that organization of men in which goodness and wisdom shall be the great qualifications for rule and office. The nature of such a society is as essentially voluntary as that of a scientific union. The ideal of a state is that in which the practical intellect presides over the material interests of the community; it reposes not on conviction but on power: the state coerces; the church persuades: the state controls action; the church offers cultivation and counsel. As in this new ecclesiate the recognition of human goodness is the bond of union and co-operation, no theological dogma would be enforced, not even a profession of theism would be required, though theism is the indispensable postulate of conscience. The philosophical moral doctrine which needs to be taught more intelligibly is the unity of mankind. The duty of devoting great wealth to public enjoyment, and finding pride and pleasure in this devotion; the true appreciation of beauty, art, and science, the assignation of their respective offices to painting, music, and architecture as aids to, not substitutes for, religion; a more generous and philosophical distribution of the employments of men, and a revision and extension of female occupation, are the duties to be imposed, or the improvements to be introduced by the intelligence and moral feeling of the new church.

It will be readily anticipated from the fine utterances of Mr. Newman's devotional muse, in a work already noticed,* that he predicts the period when the pure theists will provide themselves with an equivalent for the divine service of orthodox religionists; pantheists and secularists being left to construct their own poetical and oratorical substitute. In the interval, Mr. Newman recommends the establishment of gratuitous lectures—a recommendation, as it seems to us, of high practical value and present importance. For, however Utopian this noble aspiration after a church of human brotherhood may be pronounced, it is at least certain that able and competent instructors, animated by a true

* "Theism, Doctrinal and Practical."

spirit of self-sacrifice, and presenting themselves as the missionaries of philosophic truth and moral excellence, with sober views, tolerant hearts, and discreet practice, might materially assist the intellectual advancement of the age on which our ethical and social progress are ultimately dependent. Unity of life requires primarily unity of thought, and we must be content to diffuse our hoarded knowledge, to popularize our collected science, to promulgate throughout the towns and villages of England the real facts of the past history of the human race, the sad but grand and ennobling biography of man, the results of the long philosophical elaboration which has displaced the dreams of the old theology, eliminated the belief in witchcraft, substituted man's knowledge and man's self-reliance and conquest of difficulty for fanciful interpretations of physical phenomena and indolent dependence on supernatural aid, before we can successfully enter on the maturer work of moral or social amelioration. We will cherish, then, the hope that this suggestion of Mr. Newman's is available for ready adoption, however chimerical may be his imposing prospectus of catholic union, however baseless and ethereal his fabric of an ideal church. . . .

Descending from these empyrean heights we alight on the terra firma of man's material interests. The important science of political economy, which, since the great construction of Adam Smith, has been slowly acquiring extension and popular favour, has been treated with considerable cleverness and some originality by the various genii of Mr. Newman. His book on this subject is the pleasantest and clearest manual on the science of wealth we have ever read, marked by lucid exposition and felicitous illustration, and recommended by its plain and forcible language, and an attractive, if somewhat dictatorial, manner. An unqualified acceptance of the great natural law of competition, with a condemnation of socialistic theories is, Mr. Newman thinks, quite reconcilable with the maintenance of the ethical principle that those who are associated in labour ought to have a permanent moral union and joint interest, with ability to exact their own remedies within their own sphere. Rejecting all parliamentary panaceas for pauperism, Mr. Newman desiderates the institution of nobler and juster relations between master and workman, and pronounces this of paramount importance. The general soundness of his economic view is as unimpeachable as his generous philanthropy and political sagacity are apparent. Averring that economical science alone is really able to direct the channels of employment, he asserts the supremacy of the higher science of politics, whose most important function is *to impart moral character, sanction moral relations, and claim the performance of relative duties in all the existing and tolerated forms of social life.* The sections

entitled "Local Patriotism," "More Leisure and Higher Culture," and "Moral Unions," at once attest the philosophical character of the work, and the sympathetic nature of the author. The path on which Mr. Newman treads most firmly is that which has been worn by the steps of approved and illustrious predecessors; but he does not follow servilely in those steps. Occasionally he even deviates from the high road, though not till after long and deliberate thought, and assumes an independent and antagonistic position. Thus he controverts the magnificent deductive theory of rent, which, in its matured form, we owe to the genius of Ricardo, depreciating its value or denying its validity, on the ground of its being too intangible to be either verified or disproved by appeal to direct fact; which is tantamount, as we conceive, to an entire rejection of the *à priori* method, as defined and sanctioned by our best scientific authorities.

But we pass on to another phase of our author's literary genius. We have already exhibited Mr. Newman's qualifications for historical composition, as illustrated by his work on the Hebrew monarchy. The same justifiable scepticism, the same felicity of conjectural criticism and sagacious insight that characterized that valuable and vituperated book, are extended to a minor and more fortunate production entitled "Regal Rome." Availing himself of the labours of previous investigators, and applying to the solution of difficulties the same critical expedients which their partial success had already accredited, Mr. Newman has essayed to reconstruct the picture of primitive Rome; and, bringing a fresh mind to old discussions, has presented us with a portrait which has all the charm of that originality which he disavows. Mr. Newman's philological speculation is interesting though it requires verification. In comparing the Latin vocabulary with that of the Greeks, Germans, and Kelts, he discerns a far closer similarity with the Keltic, maintains that much of the Keltic in Latin has been intruded, and concludes that between the Kelts and some insignificant ingredient of the Latin population no great chasm existed. The relations of the Sabine patron to his client, Mr. Newman compares to those between a chief of the Gaelic clans and his vassals; and this analogy is fortified by etymological considerations. The Gaelic *clann* (children) is the root answering to *Patronus*. Clan in Etruscan he conjectures, and Dennis's Etruria seems to confirm the conjecture, to mean *filius* or *natus*, and though the Gaels say *Athair* for *Pater*, the P might have been dropped by the northern branch of Kelts in this word, as conversely in the Welsh correlative to the Gaelic *clann* we find the P retained. Mr. Newman believes that the Sabine patron was to his client, in an economical and commercial sense, as landlord to tenant. "The patron lived without labour.

The younger branches of his family, at first forming his welcome guests and his devoted bodyguard, subsequently acquired numerical expansion, and thus the whole nation was divided into nobles and populace, patricians and plebeians, lords and serfs. The people of Sabine Rome consisted, Mr. Newman thinks, primarily of a Latin population, itself a fusion of Umbrian and Oscan tribes, modified by Hellenic influence and Pelasgic admixture; and secondarily of a conquering and assimilating Sabine element. To this composite people Mr. Newman attributes high aristocratic feeling and an intense power of submitting to discipline; profound veneration for authority, and a rigid observance of order and precedent; devotion to the national religion, yet subjection of all religious offices to the State; honour to agriculture above all trades, and to arms above all accomplishments. If, in addition to the various *momenta* of race and institutions already described, we suppose a further modification effected by Etruscan influences, we complete Mr. Newman's theory of Regal Rome. The vigorous growth of the State he ascribes to the rigid and self-devoting virtue of the Sabines, combined with the organizing and expansive policy of the Latins. The great cause of the prosperity of the primitive city was the practical interest evinced by the kings who placed themselves at the head of the movement for the enfranchisement and elevation of the lower classes. The destruction of the monarchy was the explosion of rage against an institution which was unjustly made responsible for a personal iniquity, and it became the prelude to a century and a half of tumultuous struggle and intolerable suffering to the plebeians, who, in the elective king, lost their natural and legitimate protector.

These are the results of Mr. Newman's ingenious and suggestive essay on the early period of Roman history. We have no intention of criticising his premises or questioning his conclusions. The old romance of Rome has been destroyed; we have no hope that we shall ever be able to reconstruct her primitive history. Where there is a wild field for conjecture the area of certainty is exceedingly limited. The materials supplied by Livy may with equal plausibility be rationalized into the semblance of historic truth; or elaborated into the cloudy texture of mythical idealization, according to the intellectual temperament of the interpreter.

From Roman history we pass to Roman poetry, of which Mr. Newman is a competent expositor. His rendering of the Odes of Horace is quite unique. The principle of translation adopted is that of representing the various forms of Latin lyric verse by equivalent metres. The value of such a translation to an English student is evident. It enables him, with the help of a little imagination, mentally to reproduce the classic ode in its gem-like

purity and simplicity. It is the proximate success of this bold experiment that reconciles us to a metrical version, the fidelity of which precludes more than occasional elegance and partial harmony. Translation in rhyme we hold to be an impossibility ; if it closely follow the text, the language is cramped and harsh ; if it assume a musical and graceful expression, it is unfaithful to the original. An exact metrical but unrhymed version, again, is, we think, only permissible where, as in the present instance, the metre employed by the translator really imitates that of the primary poet. In this case it accomplishes an attainable and intelligible end, and is of eminent use to the inquiring and careful student, to whom circumstance not unfrequently prohibits the acquisition of a foreign language. These remarks are by no means intended to exclude from our literature a really poetic rendering of the epics, dramas, or lyrics of other nations. Such a version will always be welcome to a reading but unlettered public, not because it accurately replaces the words or metres of the Greek, Latin, or German muse by corresponding English words and metres, but because, while conveying the substantial sense of the exotic production, it offers metrical attractions of its own, and is, as far as the form is concerned, a new work which we owe to the poetic nature of the interpreter, and not to the genius of the original author.

Where, however, a versified translation neither imitates the metre nor substitutes a beautiful and melodious utterance of its own for that of the composition which it represents, we consider it really inferior to a *regy* and idiomatic prose translation. Accordingly while we acknowledge that the close rendering of the Homeric words and the sound scholarship which Mr. Newman's translation of the *Iliad* evinces, make it a valuable auxiliary to the student, we are at a loss to see how it can give the least pleasure to the general reader. The object of verse is to charm ; its musical suggestiveness, its exquisite emotional influence, are its only justification ; if where we are naturally led to look for these we find only harsh inversion, repulsive archaism, intolerable affectation, sing-song doggerel, and epithets that disturb or destroy the impressions they are intended to excite, disappointment infallibly results, and we pronounce the work, aesthetically considered, a failure. "The dapper-greaved Achæans ;" "the bonny offspring" of a god or heroic man ; "the canny-counselled" chiefs, and "the spry-footed nymphs" whom Mr. Newman introduces in his *Iliad*, are intolerable to us ; and if his favourite metre, which is the exact parallel of that of the renowned song that celebrates—

"The captain bold of Halifax,
That lived in country quarters,"

really does represent the rhythm of the Homeric hexameter, then we have erred for long years in ascribing to its several varieties a martial hurrying sweep of sound, a roll as of the majestic gathering and breaking of mighty waves, a musical measured beat, as of graceful dancing motion, a simple charming rise and fall as of pleasant voices murmuring in near or distant talk. No doubt the Homeric line degenerates occasionally, and impoverishes itself naturally and unconsciously; but its supposed equivalent, as employed by its adopter, degenerates systematically, and its characteristic impoverishment seems to indicate a fatal and unavoidable necessity. Admitting, then, the academic or didactic uses of this new version of the "*Iliad*," we absolutely deny its artistic or poetical value. Assertion, however, is not proof, and from individual opinion there is always, where poetry is concerned, an authoritative court of appeal—popular judgment.

On the termination of this critical survey of Mr. Newman's literary labours, we naturally recall our thoughts to the social work he has aimed to do, the intellectual position which he occupies, the religious creed that he proclaims. His controversial books have a character about them which makes their literary merits quite secondary: they are, in some sense, his life; his life, even more than his thought. Nay, they are the life and thought of all who have had the sorrow, or the privilege, according as we estimate it, of discerning the false and the obsolete in old forms of faith, and aspiring to the acquisition of a larger and more human creed. In our day, unbelief is common, and, as a necessary consequence of a supposed detection of falsehood, it is inevitable and beneficial. But unbelief must not and cannot be the final attitude of our intellect. For it avails little to reject the false, unless the rejection be a preparation for the reception of the true. Few men have felt this more deeply than Mr. Newman. Hence his persistent endeavour to reconstruct a religion for humanity, to give us back under what he conceives to be truer forms the ancient faith that made men strong, valiant, and trustful; that inspired them with fortitude in the battle of life, humility before the Ideal of their heart and conscience; hope for the future; patience and consolation in the present; reverence and love for the past. We do not claim for Mr. Newman success in his enterprise, but at least he has exhibited many of the qualities that are the conditions of success: courage, honesty, disinterestedness, mental intrepidity, devotion to a righteous purpose, quiet endurance, and persevering endeavour. The "*Phases of Faith*," the "*Soul*," "*Theism, Doctrinal and Practical*," all establish his genuineness and sincerity; all show how he has suffered, thought, and done. His sympathy with man, his love of truth,

his desire for the physical and spiritual elevation of our race; his readiness to champion goodness; to support freedom; to diffuse wisdom; to procure for the oppressed nations liberty of thought, of action, of social life; to extend the rights of a free people in proportion to their moral and intellectual capacity, are known by his deeds and spoken words, as well as by his writings. Distinguished by his unwearied industry, he has shown his patriotic and cosmopolitan sympathy in various literary and active directions, in which we cannot now follow him. There are men whose classical learning is superior; whose mathematic attainments are far greater; whose æsthetic faculty is more delicate, but there is no man in our generation who, possessing such numerous accomplishments, has so nobly, so unequivocally stood forth as the representative at once of *faithful unbelief* and religious aspiration.

It is improbable, we think, that his methods will be finally accepted; it is improbable that this poor distracted age of ours will ever attain rest. In this prevailing scepticism, the growing discredit into which all theological and metaphysical science has fallen, the present imperfect and precarious position of any natural system of philosophy, and the now undisciplined state of the human affections and faculties, it is far more likely that the dream of catholic unity will be indefinitely postponed, that the human mind, confused as if by celestial panic and preternatural terror, will, in its spasmodic efforts to avoid the loneliness of unbelief, and to escape the practical and logical inconsequence of the current creeds, oscillate from heresy to orthodoxy, from scepticism to Catholicism, with a sad and monotonous alternation, till long after we and our children have ceased to speculate on the problems of existence, or to feel "the burthen and the mystery of all this unintelligible world." Still, a cordial welcome and sincere applause are due to all those who strive to restore us to faith, to moral grandeur, to the sense of an inward law awful as the voice of God himself; who proclaim that the old Hebrew traditions have still a divine significance; that truth and duty, and sin and the sorrow that follows sin; that holiness, and the joy that holiness confers, are, under some assignable name, and with some definite circumscription, solemn and eternal verities. Mr. Newman has faithfully striven to accomplish this arduous enterprise; and if he has not brought light and conviction to all, we doubt not that there are many who owe to his teachings much of calm faith, and steady love, and sustaining hope; many to whom the true and noble utterances of his *practical* theism reveal fresh beauty and offer new certainty; because they believe him to have laid broad, deep, and strong the basis of his *speculative* theism.

We have completed our task; one of required vindication and necessitated disclosure. We have shrunk from giving needless

offence, but we have not shrunk from asserting what we deem to be the truth, nor refrained from the severity of righteous and deserved reproof. In discharging the office assigned us, our principal object has been to show that Mr. Newman's arguments remain substantially unanswered; to intimate the difficulties of belief, and to propitiate the generous sympathies of the intellectual and tolerant believer. We have, throughout this article, not so much opposed the religious creed of society as the arguments and expedients by which that creed is supported. If the truth be really on the side of Mr. Newman's opponents, as they assert, a sounder logical and philosophical method will elicit and confirm it; while his sophistical arguments and ungrounded theories, as they pronounce them, will thus be finally refuted and defeated.

Truth—which is but another name for the imperial aggregate of the great facts of Nature, of man, and the eternal and mysterious life which includes them—can never suffer from discussion. It expands with human culture; it gains depth and breadth with the advance of science; it acquires fresh glory and security from its material conquests. Whether some form of Christianity is to guide the coming generations of men, as most think; whether the hope which a few high intellects among us still cherish of a transcendental method of evolving religious truth is yet to be realized; whether, as others say, we must rest content “with the dim gleams of a remoter world,” to which poets and mystics refer us, learning a wise self-limitation, and finding a childlike satisfaction in the duties and enjoyments which human relations and natural developments suggest, we presume not to determine. To us this only is evident, that while, on the one hand, sincere doubt is better than blind conviction, while it cannot be suppressed by coercion or intimidated by theological menace, the final establishment of truth, on the other hand, can only be effected by the combined efforts of men of peace and good will, of men who are not afraid to face argument, who are slow to prejudge others, who give an opponent credit for genuine faith and honest conviction, who to the resources of a judicial yet expansive intellect unite the high qualities of a genial and chivalrous heart.

ART. IV.—TRAVEL DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

1. *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Overland, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compasse of these 1600 Yeres, &c. &c.* By Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford. Anno 1599.
2. *The English Cyclopædia. A New Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. Geography.* In 4 volumes. Conducted by Charles Knight. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1855.

ONE of the discontents of our saucy modern days is at the smallness of the globe we live on. Between the recent discoveries in astronomy, on the one hand, and the prodigious achievements in geographical exploration on the other, together with the saving of time from steam-travelling, we seem to have obtained a command over the spaces of the globe which considerably diminishes the popular reverence for the mysteries of our planet. In the old times it was regarded as practically unlimited as an area of human habitation; whereas we now see the foremost nations contending, by force or trickery, for the one, two, or three spots remaining available for colonization. A colony must have a great river, and possess its outfall; but there *are* no more great rivers, we are told. This really was the reason of the intensity of the struggle about Oregon—the American and the British Governments being both convinced that the Columbia was the very last great river that was to be had, all the world over. Since that, to be sure, the Russians have appropriated the Amour to very good purpose; and Dr. Livingstone has opened up the Zambesi; so that prudent people will not assume that all the commodity of great rivers has been taken up by the human race, and much less by the civilized part of it. Still, there is so small a portion of the globe that is absolutely unknown to the existing generation, and they have so compassed its dimensions by sailing round it, and then, by finding the magnetic pole in the north, and determining its place on the so-called antarctic continent in the south, that the ancient wonder and awe have been converted into an interest of a very different character. It may be no misemployment of an hour, in this year 1858, to glance at the changes introduced into the life of the present generation by the extended travel of recent times, even going no further back than our own century.

There is no doubt about what travel was in its early period, when war carried men abroad as commerce and science do now,

and when colonization grew up in the rear of war, establishing a chain of posts between the natural homes of men and the uttermost parts of the earth, as the earth was to them. The images of the early travelling period are familiar to all of us who love modern travel; Abraham resting in the Libyan desert, and looking up at the glazed and pictured Pyramids; Thales saying farewell to the priests at Thebes, and hastening home to Ionia to amaze his countrymen with warnings of an eclipse, which really happened, and which suspended a battle between the Medes and Persians; and the grave, observant olive-oil merchant, who appeared at Memphis from Athens, and carried home something more than Egyptian corn—even that knowledge of legislation which causes every great lawgiver to be called after him—a Solon; and Pythagoras meditating among the tombs beside the Nile; and Plato training himself in speculation in the schools; and others who dropped hints when they returned to their various homes that the wise men in Egypt could tell of a way round Africa by sea, and that there was land far out in the Atlantic, immeasurably beyond the Pillars of Hercules. We are all familiar with the conceptions of Herodotus in his wanderings; and of Alexander carving his way to the Indus; and of the curiosity of Roman officials holding place in the outlying colonies of the empire; and of the antique Christian missionaries, attaching themselves to Mongolian caravans, and bearing up against the horrors of Central Asia, in order to carry the Gospel to China; and of Marco Polo, living two lives in the term of one,—looking back from his Chinese existence upon his Italian life as we fancy the departed surveying their mortal career; and the travelling students, and the Crusaders, and the merchant-speculators, and all the various wanderers in the early period of locomotion, which furnished such wonderful supplies of domestic entertainment during the stay-at-home term which succeeded. We have all been amused, in our time, at the popular curiosity and reverence which waited on voyagers during the period intervening between the decline of the old causes of travel and the birth of the new. Othello's account of this mode is perhaps the prettiest we have; but there are other images clustering round the great new birth of travel in the sixteenth century. Among them is that of the vivacious and inquisitive boy, Richard Hakluyt, who delighted in visiting a rich relative, that he might stand for hours before the charts spread out on the walls, and devour every book of "cosmography" on the library shelves. We all have our sympathies with the youth and the maturity that grew out of such a boyhood,—mastering all languages which contributed books or MSS. of travel; now concentrating all the geometrical and nautical science of his time on the charts

with which he illustrated his lectures at Oxford; now deciphering the MSS. which he had fetched from distant countries, at great cost of pains and money; now deep in consultation with Drake and Walsingham, or receiving letters from Ortelius or Mercator; and at last yielding to the fascination of Raleigh's incitements as they worked together over the "Naval History of England," so that he became one of "the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers" engaged to plant and inhabit Virginia. Many of these images flit across our memories as we pass Hakluyt's tomb in Westminster Abbey, or see in any old library the set of his works; but perhaps the truest idea of the man and his occupation may be obtained by contrasting those works with the most recent books on geography, or narratives of extensive travel. Hakluyt was not aware of any absurdity in offering to the public "The Principal Navigations and Discoveries of the English Nation, by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these 1600 Years;" whereas a single expedition now furnishes more to relate than the travel of a thousand years did then. Hakluyt devoted one volume to the north and north-east, from Lapland to the Sea of Japan, and a second to the south and south-east; while the third was occupied with the new western world; whereas a duly qualified traveller would fill the three with any one of the countries in Richard's whole catalogue.

At the opening of a period so new, the delight in voyages and travels was chiefly as a luxury of the imagination. The luxury itself was ancient enough,—witness the popularity of the Odyssey, and the welcome awaiting the wayfarer in all places and at all times at which any mental development was present; but every new country opened up by adventurers afforded, or was expected to afford, new stimulus of wonder—new material of the marvellous. If readers had outgrown stories "of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," they had no distrust of monkish narratives of tribes in Africa who married beautiful damsels one day, in order to breakfast on delicate steaks of them the next morning. It was a received fact that in Ireland everybody had a familiar spirit, and that the convenience of getting everything done by diabolical skill was so great, that no exhortation availed to break the bond. Such racy anecdotes, with a background of scenery of like fidelity,—on land, whole wildernesses of monkeys, elephants, and serpents that swallowed a village for supper, and slept coiled up on an area of twenty miles every way; on rivers, the leviathan and crocodiles, from which there was no security but that they were so long that they could not turn; golden sands, moreover, and broad channels strewn with pearls and gems; and at sea, all manner of strange fishes

below, and strange birds above, and ghosts on the horizon, and cloud-lands painted by the devil, and mermaidens and pirates, and spontaneous illuminations of the sea. These things, with the actual perils and exciting adventures of a period when travellers were unaccountable strangers wherever they went, made narratives of travel the favourite literature that they were for a century from the time of Henry VII.

How different is the interest now! The value of Hakluyt's books was great, not only because they gave some knowledge of the existence and characteristics of remote countries, but because they expanded and enriched the minds of readers with new imagery and associations, and liberalized their conceptions of mankind in its variety of life and ways. Paths of commerce were thus opened, also, and roads to other good things; but no man, then living, were ho Bacon himself, could suspect what could be achieved by travel in the course of half a century, when once the impulse was given, as it has been in our days. It was not then conceivable how the conditions of life itself would be changed to millions of our island-nation who have never crossed any of its "four seas,"—to hundreds of thousands who have done so little travel in their own persons as never to have seen the sea at all. It was not then imagined that by measuring a degree of the earth's surface, the system of the heavens could be revealed; or that men could weigh the globe by the specimen of a mountain; or that the constitution and history of our planet could be illustrated by visiting the sea-beaches of South America; or that men should compel the sun to paint instantaneous pictures of precipices overhanging the Pacific; or volcanic rifts in mid-air, by which the formation of the globe might be traced at home. Nobody dreamed that, by going over the surface of the earth, secrets might be learned about its centre. Nobody supposed that, by introducing to one another's knowledge by hearsay, populations living on opposite sides of the globe, millions would be added to both by the creative operation of commerce. Few could have imagined even how far history might be disclosed by antiquarian travel; much less could it have occurred to the most far-sighted that interpretation would lead to prophecy, both in science and in history; that the imagination of fireside voyagers would be more richly feasted than ever, the more real the tale of travel became; and that the life of men universally would be tempered by new arts, adorned by fresh and innocent luxuries, secured by a perpetual expansion of political science, grounded on wider and wider induction, and rendered altogether more worth having, by a spreading participation among all peoples in the special inheritance of each.

The interval between the fit of travel of the sixteenth century [Vol. LXX. No. CXXXVIII.]—NEW SERIES, Vol. XIV. No. II. F F

and that of our own exhibited a rather dull way of going about the world, and much less of it than might have been expected after such examples had been set as those of Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Marco Polo. The gentlemen of Europe still visited other countries before settling down in their own; but it was in the way of making the grand tour, as a finishing part of education. Their travels were no pleasure to people at home, but rather the contrary—like the narratives of Rhine travellers thirty years ago, and of the Alps, and the Nile at present. In 1779, Horace Walpole was “much amused with new travels through Spain by a Mr. Swirburne.” He says, “These new travels are simple, and do tell you a little more than late voyagers, by whose accounts one would think there was nothing in Spain but muleteers and fandangos.” This style of relating travels is accounted for in the next sentence. “In truth, there does not seem to be much worth seeing but prospects; and those, unless I were a bird, I would never visit, when the accommodations were so wretched.”* There it is! Bad accommodations kept our locomotive gentry on one track; and when they returned, they could tell of courts, and politics, and modes of society in continental cities; but all the rest of the wealth of “foreign parts” was neglected and undreamed of. Even enlightened men supposed there was nothing but “prospects” to be seen. Arthur Young introduced the idea of a more edifying way of traversing foreign countries; but his social observations and economical inferences did not prepare a good reception for the more adventurous class who were about to set forth on fresh explorations of the globe. The more conventional were the narratives of gentlemen who were handed over from one ambassador to another at the stations of the grand tour, the less chance had the adventurous sort of being appreciated. The mournful story of Bruce reveals, in the clearest light, the spirit of the time. It does not occur to travellers like Bruce, and like some other educated and honourable gentlemen who might be pointed out, that their accounts of what they had seen would be utterly disbelieved at home, and that they should be pronounced impostors, as soon as they had anything to relate which comfortable and conceited domestic people did not know before, and had not happened to imagine. Horace Walpole, who could sit at home and conceive of marvels in a “Castle of Otranto,” could write in this manner of a gentleman who was more amazed at being supposed a liar than all the Walpoles and Selwyns of his time could be at anything that happened in Abyssinia.

“Would you believe that the great Abyssinian, Mr. Bruce, whom Dr. B—— made me laugh by seriously calling the *intrepid traveller*, has

* “Letters of Horace Walpole,” vol. vii. p. 187.

had the intrepidity to write a letter to the Doctor, which the latter has printed in his book; and in which he intrepidly tells lies of almost as large a magnitude as his story of the bramble, into which his Majesty of Abyssinia and his whole army were led by the fault of his general, and which bramble was so tenacious that his majesty could not disentangle himself without stripping to the skin and leaving his robes in it; and it being death in that country to procure or compass the sovereign's nudity, the general lost his head for the error of his march.

"In short, Mr. Bruce has not only described six Abyssinian musical instruments, and given their names in the ancient Ethiopic and in the court language, but contributed a Theban harp, as beautifully and gracefully designed as if Mr. Adam had drawn it for Lady Mansfield's dressing-room, with a sphinx, masks, a patera, and a running foliage of leaves. This harp, Mr. Bruce says, he copied from a painting in fresco on the inside of a cavern near the ancient Thebes, and that it was painted there by the order of Sesostris, and he is not at all astonished at the miracle of its preservation, though he treats poor accurate Dr. Pococke with great contempt for having been in the cave without seeing this prodigy, which, however, graceful as its form is, Mr. Bruce thinks was not executed by any artist superior to a sign-painter, yet so high was the perfection of the arts in the time of *Sesac*, that a common mechanic could not help rendering faithfully a common instrument. I am sorry our Apelles, Sir Joshua, has not the sign-painter's secret of making his colours last in an open cave for thousands of years.

"It is unlucky that Mr. Bruce does not possess another secret reckoned very essential to intrepid travellers—a good memory. Last spring he dined at Mr. Crawford's: George Selwyn was one of the company. After relating the story of the bramble, and several other curious particulars, somebody asked Mr. Bruce if the Abyssinians had any musical instruments? 'Musical instruments!' said he, and paused—'Yes, I think I remember one—lyre.' George Selwyn whispered his neighbour, 'I am sure there is one less since he came out of the country.' There are now six instruments there."—"Letters of Horace Walpole," vol. vi. pp. 313, 314.

This Theban harp, so fit for Lady Mansfield's dressing-room, and therefore so clear an invention of Bruce's, is the very thing now so well known to Egyptian travellers in the tomb called Bruce's at Thebes; and there, in the hollow of the rock, has the old harper stood for thousands of years, while scores of generations of giggling fine gentlemen have gone to their graves quizzing stout adventurers who have seen more than their critics can imagine. Walpole vented his contempt on the whole class. After Bruce went Banks; and then Cook's "*Voyages*" came out. We find Walpole saying in 1788—

"When the arts are brought to such perfection in Europe, who would go, like Sir Joseph Banks, in search of islands in the Atlantic

(*sic*) where the natives have in six thousand years not improved the science of carving fishing-hooks out of bones or flints."—"Letters," viii. 438.

And in 1784 he wrote :—

"Captain Cook's '*Voyages*' I have neither read, nor intend to read. I have seen the prints—a parcel of ugly faces . . . rows of savages, with backgrounds of palm-trees . . . uncouth lubbers: nor do I desire to know how unpolished the North or South Poles have remained ever since Adam and Eve were just such mortals."—"Letters," viii. 482.

Franklin, D'Urville, Wilkes, or Barth would have pleased him no better, while he measured all lands and peoples by the standard of home. If it was incredible that an artist in Ethiopia could use better colours than our Reynolds, we cannot wonder that the barbaric spectacles seen in Abyssinia should be pronounced audacious inventions, or that the insulted traveller should become somewhat savage in his resentment. "Come, now," said an impertinent intruder, who had penetrated to Bruce's study, in his house near Loch Lubnaig; "I want to know about those Abyssinians eating beefsteaks raw." Having heard the facts, he went on: "Come, now; you must eat a beefsteak raw;—you must, indeed. You say you have. I can't believe you, you know, unless you prove it." Bruce rang the bell, and ordered up some raw beef, salt, and pepper. His visitor looked on in delight while Bruce slashed the meat, and salted and peppered it. "Now, then," cried the visitor. "Now, then," said Bruce, rising, and motioning the guest to his seat, "you eat that." "I! why, I want you to eat it." "And I mean *you* to eat it. You come here, a stranger, to insult me in my own house; and I must prove my own statements in my own way. You shall find that raw beefsteak can be eaten. You see my staircase." (Our readers may know that it was a rather formidable one.) "If you do not completely empty that plate, I will fling you from the top to the bottom." No ordinary man could measure his forces with those of the stalwart Bruce; and the intruder could only eat his very strong leek. His host stood over him, and made him swallow enough to be able to aver that raw beef is eatable, and then turned him out. Bruce could not often get even such relief as this; and bitter were the pangs he had to endure from the mere impossibility of answering his accusers. He was not the only explorer so served in the last century; nor has that kind of insult been wholly laid aside even in our own wiser time. It is not thirty years (1829) since an eminent continental *savant*, Dr. Friedrich Parrot, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Dorpat, made the ascent (attempted in vain by several predecessors) of the higher

Ararat, escorted part of the way by a group of comrades, and to the summit by two Russian soldiers, who gave their narrative at the convent below when they came down, and confirmed it, as is customary, by affidavit afterwards. On the appearance of the Professor's volume, an English literary journal (aptly described as acting on a policy of pain-giving) did, in regard to Dr. Parrot, what the Selwyns and Walpoles of a former time did to Bruce, only in a yet more insufferable mode. The reviewer set aside Humboldt's laudatory notices of the Professor as of no value, because the two were not personally acquainted; marshalled the whole array of difficulties in ascending Ararat, and the reasons why, in his judgment, sitting in London, the ascent was antecedently improbable; and then, pretending to balance evidences, but casting out altogether the traveller's own testimony and narrative, pronounced that "from these united considerations we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that M. Parrot did not ascend the summit of Mount Ararat." Many honest English hearts fired up with indignation; but there was nothing to be done. The Russian soldiers could add no force to affidavits, even if they could be got at; and there was nothing for it but letting the malicious libel stand. Yes, there was one thing more—travellers were put on their guard. A large party, who spent five fortunate days at Petra, not long after, agreed that the literary journal in question would, if possible, deny the feat; would marshal the unsuccessful attempts to reach Petra, and the difficulties in the way, and would conclude "from these united considerations" that none of the company had ever seen Mount Hor; and the party engaged to avenge one another, in case of such a reception of any of them. They were, however, too many and too strong. It is the single traveller, and after his witnesses are gone out of reach, who is so treated.

The chance of it must sorely aggravate the penalties, and qualify the triumphs of adventurous travel, even now when the character of such adventure is so changed, and our reading of men is so much improved as to obviate, in a great degree, the folly of taking honourable men for impostors because they surprise us with new knowledge. We still commit the folly in the analogous cases of exploration into other regions of nature. The first witness of wonderful phenomena of any kind is always subject to insult from individuals, and usually from society; and, as in Bruce's case, the most trustworthy suffer the most, because honourable people are unsuspecting, and confide in the world before it occurs to them that the world does not always reciprocate the confidence. It is a grave chapter of the melancholy old story of mankind's treatment of its benefactors; and the most pathetic seat in which that tale can be meditated must be in the wilds,

hitherto impenetrable, where the solitary traveller, worn by toil, and surrounded by dangers, thinks of home, doubting whether he shall ever return there, and more painfully doubting whether, if he does, the men of his own race and tongue will not mock at his claim to have sat where he is sitting now, and to have seen what is at the moment spread before his eyes. When Bruce leaned over the fountain of the Abyssinian Nile, he had no misgivings of the sort, for he was blind to his coming fate of being the warning of his tribe; and the party on the terrace at Petra were secure in their numbers; and the old traditional German who won his way to the sources of the Danube was too complacent to have any apprehensions. Standing at the fountain, and filling up the channel with his great boots, he exulted, crying out, "How the nations will wonder that the Danube does not come!" But when Lewis and Clarke drank at the source of the Missouri one day, and at that of the Oregon on another, they may have asked one another whether they should be believed at home, where these rivers were conceived of as coming down from a region of impenetrable snows, and guarded below by myriads of buffalo and of savages, which would leave no white man untrampled or unscalped. Humboldt and Bonpland might have discussed the same sort of chance on the highest Natural Bridge in the Cordillera, or in the reeking, teeming, chirruping forest where the infant Orinoco oozed into the light. Hue and Gabet might have looked round them in the Land of Grass, and wondered how many of the strange things they had to tell would be credited in Europe. Above all, William Morton, Kane's friend and comrade, must have lamented being alone at the solemn moment when he stood at the margin of the Polar Sea. He was the man, and that was surely the moment, most highly favoured of all, in the whole course of Polar exploration; the moment when the unfrozen sea, so long believed in, so often sought, again and again so nearly reached, was surging at the feet of the solitary stranger, and dashing against the icecliffs on either hand, and again, rolling on the far horizon when seen from a height of five hundred feet; and yet if the doubt crossed his mind whether his story would be questioned, and the evidence of his senses denied, the glorious moment must have had its own bitterness, and the mixed credulity and hard unbelief of ignorance might taint the freshness of even that strand where no human foot had ever left its print. It is almost a question which must be worst—to leave one's tale untold, or to have it rejected—to die in the wilds, full of the knowledge so hardly gained, and to be so uselessly buried there, or to return rejoicing, bringing one's sheaves, and to have them thrown away as chaff, and be told that one has never been out to the field at all. Who has not sympathized with Mungo Park's agony in crowning, his keenest pang being

the thought that he would never be heard of more, and that the river would remain unknown as if he had never tracked it? And with Clapperton, burning to death with fever, but burning yet more to tell at home of the great lake and the fertile region in the heart of Africa? and with Douglass, the hale and fearless, the bringer of so many forest and garden treasures, the fine fellow who hoped to do so much for us yet, and who was gored and torn like a red rag, in a bull-trap in the Sandwich Islands; or worse, murdered and thrown in by an escaped convict? And with Franklin and his comrades, turning southwards with, probably, the great polar secret in their possession, overtaken by want and death in the snow. And with Wyburd, and Stoddart, and Conolly—one murdered *en route*, and the other two beheaded in a sordid nook of a mud city in Central Asia, after many months of weary hope of relief and return, at the last moment kissing each other before their enemies, and each knowing that the other's heart was swelling at the thought of the dumb departure, and of so much that could be told being shoved underground, never to come forth again. We all feel how bitter were such deaths; but we can fancy that it might be almost worse to have one's tidings rendered useless in the other way, not by the death of the narrator, but by the want of life in the receivers. The discoveries of the last half century, however, have diminished the risks which we dare not assume to be quite over. A spirit so grave, so scientific, so unselfish, so simple and business-like, has been infused into exploratory journeying within the lifetime of the prince of modern travel, Humboldt, that it is nearly beyond the malice of the superficial and the ignorant, who can no longer spoil what they cannot appreciate.

As to the mere style of narration, we do not know that there is, or need be, any great improvement on some good old travellers: "Honest John Bell," for one. Bell was no bookmaker; and for several years after his return to Scotland (where he died in 1780), he amused his friends with his traveller's tales about Russia and the Great East, supporting his statements only by the jottings of a note-book which he had kept in his pocket wherever he went. He yielded to the request of Lord Granville, then President of the Council, to commit his story to paper, and let Dr. Robertson revise it for publication. Dr. Robertson committed the task to a friend, who asked his opinion about style and method, receiving the answer, "Take 'Gulliver' for your model, and you cannot go wrong." Bell's travels are the Gulliver of fact; and, so far, are as good as any recent books of the class; but we have a new order of works in the scientific narrations which have been worthily supported from the earliest days of Humboldt to the latest of Darwin, Lyell, Hooker, Lepsins, and the Polar navigators.

At the opening of our century, Bell was our favourite authority about Russia—(and a somewhat old-fashioned one, as he saw St. Petersburg rise up from the swamp)—some glimpses over the steppes having been afforded by Karamsin. Sir Robert Ker Porter told us something of Sweden, and also of Russia; and Linnaeus was our sole authority for what was doing in Lapland. Sir Joseph Banks and his narrator, Von Troil, had been to Iceland; but they had so little to tell, that our associations with the island were still chiefly eider-down and ling, no translation existing of the work of Olafsen and Poyelsen. Von Troil's account seems, indeed, a bait to draw the scientific traveller in that direction. "The Icelanders," he says, "have nothing else but volcanoes and boiling fountains, some scarlet, and some as white as milk." Siberia was a dread region, shrouded in frost-fogs, and supposed to be the cold half of hell, where the damned were sent "to starve in ice." Its horrors were infinitely exaggerated when the conception was made up of the two elements of excessive cold, rendering the territory a desert, and of punishment for political offences—always the most fiercely avenged. Of China, nothing was known but its tea, and those items of etiquette which made as secure a ring-fence round the empire as a hedge of prickly pear does round a robber village in Syria. Japan was altogether closed, to the great indignation of Sydney Smith, who proposed a general alliance of the civilized world to compel the Japanese to throw open their islands. Sydney Smith's position was that no one people had a right to claim to be sent to Coventry by all the rest, but ought to wait patiently for the pleasure of the world to send it to Coventry. At school, our fathers, and perhaps some of ourselves, were taught that Borneo was the largest island in the world. This, the only thing to be said about Borneo then, was not true; but our notions of Australia were very misty. It was only in 1798 that it was discovered that any sea flowed between Van Diemen's land and New Holland. Botany Bay was a familiar name enough; but the rest of the great Australian region was as obscure to us as the interior of Borneo is now. The interior of Asia and the interior of Africa were cloudlands also. Geology was in its infancy; and men no more dreamed of asserting beforehand that there must be steppes and high table-lands in Thibet, and a great, well-watered, fertile area in the heart of Africa, than their forefathers thought of calculating eclipses before the conditions of the heavenly bodies were discovered. In those days school children were taught that the Andes (themselves rather a new idea) were the highest mountains in the world, unless it were the Mountains of the Moon in the centre of Africa, which had not yet been measured, though nobody doubted their existence. By degrees, Europeans were creeping up into the Himalayas—one in

Nepaul, and another near the sources of the Five Rivers; by degrees, the altitude of that mighty range became disclosed; and then we had a burning curiosity to know about the prospects and the descent on the other side. By degrees it came out that there was not much descent by the passes on the northern side, but a good deal more of ascent, so that the central table-land is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. As for Africa, the Mountains of the Moon dwindled as the Himalayas had grown; and the sandy deserts which in old maps are marked with an ostrich here and a lion there, turn out to be green valleys, thronged with life, prodigious forests, and lovely hills sloping down to brimming rivers, where millions of people may live and enjoy themselves, as well as on the Ganges or the Amazon. Of South America a good deal might have been known; but scarcely any attention was directed that way till the Braganzas went to Brazil, and Canning and Henry Clay interested England and the United States in the emancipation of the old Spanish colonies; and the progress of geology indicated South America as a good field of observation on account of its volcanoes and its beaches. As for North America, all westward of the Alleghanies was treated as wilderness, and all westward of the Mississippi as desert. Baffin's Bay was supposed to be the limit of human knowledge to the north; and impracticable land and ice stretched over somewhere to the other side of the globe, unless indeed there were some foundation for the romance of a Polar sea, with its arches of emerald, and its rose-coloured rainbows, and crystal grottoes, and wonderful marine creatures. Central America was rarely heard of, except as it included the narrow isthmus which separated two oceans. The associations with the Pacific islands were those of Cook's Voyages. Prince Lee Boo stood representative for the population of the whole archipelago.

Where shall we begin in reviewing our gains within our own century? Shall it be in the tropics or at the poles? We will take the more concentrated view first.

Captain Cook did not know what a commotion he was creating when he told of the desire of the Chinese for the fur of the sea-otter. American ears were quick in those days, as they are now, to intimations of commercial openings; and when our century opened, Yankees and Russians were coasting the western shores of the New World, buying up sea-otter skins, and selling them to the Chinese. The Columbia was sure to become known; and it was seen by Captain Gray, an American, in 1792, and followed upwards for one hundred miles by Lieutenant Broughton, just afterwards, and subsequently downwards throughout its course by Lewis and Clarke in 1804. Before they had set out, however, a new region was thrown open to our curiosity by our own

Mackenzie, who groped his way from Canada to the mysterious Frozen Ocean, east of Behring's Straits, and also to the Pacific. The curtain drew up on the Esquimaux, and on the traffic between our North-West Company and the natives. We are shown the fleet of birch canoes, the portages, the bargaining, and drinking, and speech-making, and the dispersion of the parties to their hunting and fishing; and we find pregnant hints of the mischief caused by our previous ignorance. While the Americans and Russians were carrying great cargoes of furs to China, wintering in the Pacific Islands, to save loss of time, the Canada and Hudson's Bay cargoes had to cross the Atlantic to London, and there await the pleasure, and pay the dues, of the East India Company before they could start for China by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Mackenzie's work was noticed in the first number of the "Edinburgh Review," October, 1802; and it may be regarded as opening up the whole great picture of the life of the North-American Indians, from the wild demons whom we demoniacally employed in our American wars, to the Esquimaux, to whom we have now sent for the last tidings of our latest polar martyrs. Our readers need not be told what a spectacle has since been disclosed to us, as one band of adventurers after another has pushed further and further north, till one member of Kane's party stood alone on a shore far beyond the Frozen Sea of Mackenzie, on the beach of the unfrozen Polar Sea. We know of a vast northern archipelago which our fathers never dreamed of; we have witnessed the junction of various discoveries in the completion of the line of the continental coast. The North-west passage—the dream of centuries—has been accomplished before our eyes. Our science is the richer in various ways; our human and national self-respect is raised even more by the noble spirit shown in the whole process of research than by the glory of being able to extend our maps to the pole. It was an American who attained the highest latitude; and they were British who opened the North-west passage: and this is all well, as the two nations have been brotherly in this pursuit. We have gained much in the imagery of the mind, and in the enlargement which new wealth of that kind makes in our elastic faculties. We have pleasures which our fathers never enjoyed in our familiarity with those seas, now surging noisy with clattering and crashing ice, and now level as a floor, and still as sleep, except for the dream-like moanings of the imprisoned winds, startling the traveller in the starlight like the lament of underground ghosts. Every child who has devoured the polar voyages of our time, or seen the panoramas of their scenery, has within him a picture-gallery of snow-fields and ice-fields, of bergs built up of gems, and skies woven out of rainbows, and of the aurora borealis and the rolling planets, looking like new heavens over-

hanging a new earth. Captain Parry gave us some Spitzbergen scenery, too; and we have found that Russian merchants now live for fifteen or twenty years together in that desolate place, which, to the readers of "*Sandford and Merton*," has always appeared only a living grave for four shipwrecked sailors. Fine marble, good coal, plenty of fish and whale oil, brighten up the old-fashioned idea of Spitzbergen. Iceland is, in comparison, too mild and moderate a place to be worth much notice; but Mackenzie, Hooker, and Holland, and subsequent visitors, have told us all about the scarlet and milky fountains, and much about the past literature and possible trade of the island. We hear now of factories and shipping, and of exports of wool, and of sulphur, besides the fishy products and eider-down of the latitude; and we have learned to regard with respect an ancient Christian community which has reared a series of scholars, from the erudite monk, who wrote history in the twelfth century, to existing correspondents of learned societies. Our notion of Iceland is decidedly altered.

It is of some consequence to the politics of Europe that Lapland is now open to travel. When we were young there were stereotyped representations of reindeer, and of the little people of Lapland, to whom they belonged. Within a few years the Scandinavian peninsula, and especially the northern parts, have been abundantly resorted to by geologists and mineralogists, by sportsmen; by merchants, and by seekers of the picturesque; and, in consequence, the curtain is lifted up there, too, and Russian intrigue is revealed in the north-east of us as in the furthest west. It was during the war that we first became aware how the Czar Nicholas, dissatisfied with his maritime outlet by the Baltic, was providing himself with another, fully commanding our islands. How, in 1852, he deprived the Laplanders and their deer of their grazing-ground on the frontier, and how he was stealing round the point, and preparing to annex the Varanger fiord and the Norwegian fort of Vardohus, under the name of a fishing-station; and how the Russian maps were altered so as to place Vardohus at the mouth of the Varanger fiord, instead of nine Norwegian miles away; and how this encroachment was taken up in the Norwegian parliament, and how far it is supposed to have been the cause, or at least the stimulus of our treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Sweden and Norway, in 1855, our readers are all probably aware: but it may not have struck them that this timely check on Russian encroachment at one important extremity of the empire is owing to modern travel, which has opened the whole scenery, with all its stirring interests, to the gaze of all the world. We have not only the facts of the Russian policy placed within our ken, but the manner in which they were

received by the people most concerned. When the "Oxonian in Norway" was at Wadsöc, in 1853, a grave little Fin gave him the political intelligence in this form :—

"The Czar sent to the King of Sweden to give notice that he meant to annex Sweden and Norway to Russia, and that there was no use in opposing the scheme. King Oscar, in a great fright, applied to Queen Victoria; and she sent to warn the Czar against attempting anything of the sort. The Czar wanted to fight the British immediately; but Queen Victoria said it would suit her better the next year. Nicholas, in a rage, sent her a sack of barley, saying that there were more grains than she could count, but not more than he would send soldiers against her; and if they were not enough, he had ready as many more. Queen Victoria sent Nicholas a peppercorn, and bade him put it in his mouth; and this was her message with it: 'My army is small, and so is this peppercorn; but this corn bites sharp; so my army will be sharp—much sharper than you will like.' So the Czar put off fighting for another year."

Thus is history born under Lap tents, much in the same way that all our old histories were generated, no doubt. And thus does the lightest and most amusing travel of holiday-men serve good political purposes when a power like Russia is travelling in another fashion, all over the globe, to find some river-mouth, some bay of an inland sea, some fountain in the desert, some spur of a mountain, or some warm fissure in a bleak table-land, where she can make an unobserved settlement, and create a centre of future operations. Her greatest obstacle in this department of her policy is the pleasure-seeking tourist. The sportsman, with his rod and gun, is the best of explorers; unless it be the American author, who has adopted travel, and the description of it, as a profession. These men make a point of going where few or none have gone before; and they are therefore our earliest informants of Russian settlements, and detectors of the tricks in Russian map-making. They, in the political service they render to all Europe in this way (to say nothing of Asia and America), exemplify some of the gains for which we are indebted to travel in the nineteenth century. The best travellers of this class that our age supplies are the Americans. Stephens was a capital specimen, uniting courage, diligence, and perseverance as an explorer, to the quick and humorous observation, the unflagging spirits, and admirable narrative style which are the appropriate accomplishments of his class. Herman Melville is of a lower order, but infinitely amusing; and he tells us exactly what we should hear from nobody else. The cursory traveller, *par excellence*, at present, is Bayard Taylor, who seems to intend to give us the whole world within a few years, in his rapid style of description. He would come in appropriately at many points

of our new annexations of known territory; and in this place we may say that his latest work on "Northern Europe" gives the scenery of a Lapland winter to perfection. Those who, like ourselves, have an insane fondness for voyages and travels, and have therefore devoured almost every modern book in that department of authorship, can nowhere point to descriptions of arctic days and nights which convey anything like the impression ineffaceably stamped on the reader's imagination by Bayard Taylor's narrative of his audacious trespasses on the domains of the Frostgods, in the sacred season of wintry silence. He did not deserve to come back again; but he is probably by this time somewhere under the Line; and, if he does not ride his hobby too hard, he may obtain much pleasure and profit for himself, and do the world substantial service by disclosing many an untrodden region yet.

The next step seems to be into Siberia. Our imagery there was very meagre till lately. Cochrane's pilgrimage did not give us much beyond a mere pedestrian track. Baron Wrangel, living on the polar ice for fifty-eight days, searching for a continent which never appeared, enlisted our sympathy nearly forty years ago; and we next heard of him as tossing about in an open sea on a fragment of ice, near Behring's Straits, without food or shelter, and at the mercy of currents which floated him to and fro, in dreary suspense, till one flung him ashore, nearly dead from cold and hunger. He told us of the extraordinary spectacle which has carried geologists to the North of Siberia, in the full mosquito season, to see the remains of elephants, and other mighty strangers from another clime, not their skeletons, but their full fleshy forms, embedded in ice below the depths which the sun can soften during the short arctic summer. He told us of moss growing a few inches above the eternal ice; of stunted shrubs; of reindeer on land, and morse and seal off the shore; of fishy lakes and swamps breeding fevers and mosquitoes. From Pallas we heard of the rhinoceros ice-buried so far from home; and of interior forests and lakes, and the cliffs which overhang the awful Lake Baikal in one place; while, at another, the fur-bearing animals come over the plain to its margin,—the lynxes, ounces, sables, martens, which appear trooping among the wild-goats, bears, wolves, and elks. These, and forests where the winds pass among the pines as over a thousand fairy harps, and where nothing else is heard but the snap of an old tree under its snow-burden, and dreary mines where men work in chains, were nearly all our ideas of Siberia, unless we believed in the scenery of Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth." Now we have become familiar with the residences of the exiles, and the road-side views from end to end; and the horrors diminish with the mystery. We know, from the narrative of lady exiles ("Revelations of Siberia"), what life at

Berezov is like, though the writers may not inform us why they were sent there. The towns of the interior, where the exiles generally live free and unmolested, and enjoying such solace as they can create for themselves, or accept from others, are much like towns everywhere else, with more dissipation, champagne, gaming, idleness, and ennui than most, but with none of the physical torture and imprisonment that afflicted our imaginations before the country was opened to observation. We know the colonies of exiles now, and the real case of those who work in the mines; and as for the road scenery, it is almost hackneyed,—the woods, the steppe, the salt lakes and fresh rivers, the hosts of the post-house, and the robbers of the road. Till a few months ago, however, we could scarcely form any distinct conception of Central Siberia, with its peculiar phenomena. Faint traces remain of the passage of a Christian missionary or two by that route to China, under the hardships of the old caravan travelling; but Mr. Atkinson, who has disclosed this region to us, is probably right in believing that he has explored mountains and plains never before visited by an European. We know a vast deal now about Central Siberia, though nothing was further from the traveller's intention when he was hunting, shooting, painting, riding like a centaur, wrestling with dangers like a modern Hercules, and treating the natives as an English gentleman should. It is easy to criticize the book.* It is a heap of fragments, thrown together with far too little pains to distinguish various expeditions, and to give the dates of any. The style is indescribably bad for its desultoriness, and sometimes even for grammar. But we have really no right to criticize in this case. It is looking a gift horse in the mouth. Mr. Atkinson declares himself to be no writer, and to have made no preparations for publishing. Somebody had convinced him that he had something to tell which we want very much to know, and he gave us the best he had. A very little care on the part of some friend might have sorted the paragraphs, or the clauses of the same paragraph, so as to give something like connexion to the narrative; and a good supply of dates is urgently needed,—not only the years, but the months or seasons, without which the significance of many phenomena—as of storms, droughts, crops, and dearth—is lost. But, after all, there is not a reader of the book, we will venture to say, who does not entertain a cordial admiration of the writer, from first to last. His seven years of open-air life—most of his time, when not occupied with painting, being spent on horseback—are heartily refreshing to us homestayers,

* "*Oriental and Western Siberia*," &c. &c. By Thomas Witlem Atkinson. 1857.

who are far too industrious and anxious to deserve or hope for his health of body and mind. His descriptions of all kinds of objects are at first sight unpromising, from their roughness, meagreness, and singular artlessness; but they turn out admirable in the long run. They are like copies from his rough sketches—mere jottings of blue here, red there, three greens somewhere else; a peak, a curve, a blot of shadow, five ranges of summits, and so on; but the result is a remarkably clear image deposited at last. In the seven years he travelled 39,500 English miles, plunging into Mongolia at one time, and scaling the precipices of the Altaï Mountains at another; standing a siege of wolves for a whole night occasionally, and escaping from pillage and slavery many another time by sagacity, coolness, bold defiance of traitors, and genial trust in the faithful among his hosts and guides. The volume is rich in illustrations, many of which are beautiful. They inspire a keen curiosity about the author's sketches, of which he brought home 560. Where are they? When are we to have the benefit of them? Many of them are for the Czar, it is clear, but surely the rest of the world may have copies.

Mr. Atkinson discloses prospects of great wealth for Russia, and therefore for the nations which trade with Russia, in the neglected regions which he explored. We saw enough at the Great Exhibition to be aware that prodigious mineral treasures exist in the Czar's dominions: and now we know that it is only the extreme mismanagement and gross corruption attendant on Russian administration everywhere which intercepts an incalculable amount of wealth at the threshold of the mines and quarries, and wastes no less upon the road, and filches the greater part of the remainder before it is brought to the emperor. The materials of a vast commerce are stored up in the region where our artist-hero dared the storm-kings and the chiefs of banditti in their fastnesses. Here are specimens of life among the Kirghis, and of steppe scenery:—

“About half-past three o'clock we stopped on the bank of a large river, now dry, with the exception of a few deep holes. In April and May, when the snow is melting on the mountains, it is a majestic stream, more than a verst broad, washing out holes in the steppe, in some places twenty and thirty feet deep, and sweeping everything away in its course. Here we ate our dinner, during which I pointed out to our guide a small column of white smoke, evidently a very great distance off, which I supposed to be at a Kirghis *aoul*; but he assured me that there were no encampments in that direction, and that the smoke proceeded from the reeds burning on the shores of Nor-Zaisan. Our dinner was soon finished, and we travelled straight towards the smoke—sometimes over rich pastures, at others over gravel and stones, on which there was little vegetation. After riding two hours, we were near enough to see that the steppe was on fire, and not the reeds. Our

route had been along the foot of some low grassy hills for many versts, where our guide expected to find an encampment. We discovered the place, but the Kirghis had left some days before. One of the Cossacks dashed off up the hill, riding along the summit a short distance, and then returned, saying that he had seen a single *yourt*, and that we should not find another for thirty or forty versts. Our horses were turned up the hill, and we soon gained the summit, near a fine old tomb: the crests of these hills are studded with them, and some are of great antiquity. From this elevated position I observed that the fire was spreading fast over the steppe. Just at dark we reached the *yourt*, and found it a poor miserable place, in which were a dirty Kirghis woman and four young children, three of whom were very ill. She added fuel to her fire, and made our kettle boil; in return I made tea for herself and the children; the latter were lying on a *roilock*, covered up with skins. When the woman gave them the tea, I saw that they had not a rag of clothing to cover their little bodies. No one can conceive the wretchedness of some of these people, and more especially the females. The only part of this woman's garments which indicated her sex, was a piece of dirty cotton thrown over her head, forming a cap. She had on a pair of old leathern *tchimbar* (wide trousers), boots with very high heels, and an old sheepskin coat, with many rents in it, proving beyond all question that she had not a rag of underclothing. This poor creature and a man had been left with the sick children—the *aoul* having been moved to fresh pastures, many versts distant.

"While sitting drinking my tea, I could see on the steppe the reflection of the fire, which was advancing very fast; and as we were not more than half-an-hour's walk from the old tomb on the hill, I determined to go there, whence the whole extent of the conflagration could be seen. Three of my people accompanied me, and when we reached our destination, what a scene was presented to us! The fire was still about ten versts to the east, but it was travelling directly west and along our track, extending in breadth across the Steppe, probably twenty-five or thirty versts. The flames ran along the ground, licking up the long grass with their forked tongues with great rapidity, making tremendous glare. We remained more than an hour looking upon this sublime and awful scene, and then returned to our lodging. I sat up in the *yourt* a long time, watching the woman feed the fire with dwarf bushes and camel's dung—she might have been taken for a witch blowing up a fire for some unholy rite. Strange and dirty as this place was, I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and slept soundly.

* * * * *

"Almost immediately we arrived at the *aoul* a sheep was killed; two Kirghis set about dressing it, and in an incredibly short time it was cut to pieces, put into a large iron cauldron covered with a wooden lid, and placed over a fire made in the ground: a boy was constantly employed putting small quantities of wood under the iron vessel to keep up a blaze. The men who had dressed the sheep took their stand beside the seething pot, each having a wooden ladle, and occasionally lifting up the lid to skim the boiling mess. The Cossacks dined with the Kirghis; I did not, having seen the entrails put into the pan after

undergoing but a very slight purification. This induced me to order tea, which I knew would be clean. I did not even enter the *yourt* during dinner."—(pp. 254—257).

Traces of advanced civilization indicate that there is nothing in the natural features of Central Asia to prevent its being the abode of industry, the arts, knowledge, and enjoyment; and if the products seen and described by Mr. Atkinson were made the foundation of an honest and open trade, a great ultimate destiny might prove to be in store for Asiatic peoples. Even if the prophecy of greatness moving westwards be still revered, the turn of Central Asia must come again. Seeing what we do of the kindling up of the great American continent, the settlement of the Pacific, the development of Australia, the arrival of the day for the penetration of China, and the growing consequence of the Eastern Archipelago, we cannot say what may be the limit of the development of Oriental countries, certainly richer than we yet know.

Sydney Smith died just too soon to learn that Japan might be opened without the compulsion of a league of the human race. The Americans are rivals of the Russians in penetrating to out-of-the-way corners, and obtaining entrance in spite of prohibitions. While all the world hears or sees reports of our public meetings about the Niger, or may read volumes about our doings on the Indus, or in Caubul, the Americans penetrate further in the same direction without a word spoken. They are found fingering cotton in the interior of Africa, just when our explorers have set down in their diary that no white man had ever before been there; and while we are gazing over into Afghanistan from Scinde, they stealthily move up before our faces through Beloochistan into Tartary, bringing back tortoiseshell, and goats' hair, and wool, which they have obtained in exchange for their "domestics." The only question about Japan was, whether the Americans or the Russians should throw it open. The Americans were first, and the Russians followed immediately. In 1852, Commodore Perry was sent out from Washington in command of an expedition to Japan, where he was to obtain, by negotiation or by force, a commercial treaty. In 1854, the President announced to Congress the success of the enterprise—only the exchange of ratifications of the treaty remaining to be effected. The Japanese did not quite understand the matter in the same way; but whether they meant to open their ports altogether, or only to afford shelter, temporary and restricted, in cases of nautical mishap, Japan has been entered, and sketched, and described. We now know what the mysterious metropolis Jeddo looks like, with its water streets, and rows of trees, and large one-story palaces; and we learn better and better what to expect, in the way of com-

merce, from the diligent agriculture of Japan, its mineral wealth, its fibrous substances, and its primitive arts. We even have an ambassador there at this time—unless Lord Elgin has finished his business, and left. China and Japan, which stood for mighty mysteries in Watts's hymn, will soon be simply foreign countries to the rising generation. Mr. Fortune has opened China to us in one view, and Mr. Meadows in another; and we may hope that all the rest will follow as a result of Lord Elgin's negotiations. Even the idea of tea being exclusively a Chinese article will soon have disappeared; for, thanks to the travel of our own century, we have not only obtained and improved vast tea-grounds by the acquisition of Assam, but have covered some of the slopes of the Himalaya with plantations of our own. We have followed the Americans in discovering that the Chinese have other commodities than tea to sell; and the supply of silk is so vast that no demand on our part is likely to affect the home-markets of China in the slightest degree. We may have cotton also, and grain of various kinds, in any quantity. Without going through the long list of Chinese products, we may say that the old notion of the Chinese as having nothing to sell us but tea will be dismissed as mere ignorance as soon as we have "tapped the interior," in the way no doubt intended by the European plenipotentiaries recently on the spot. We have already a greater gain from the lifting up of the curtain on China than any commercial advantages, in the conception opened to us of a state so ancient and so primitive, with its religions, antique before Christianity was heard of, and its faith, notions, and manners unchanged and isolated, as if for our instruction as to how men may live, and think, and feel, without our formative ideas and influences. These preserved peoples and states, sleepers of the fairy-tale to us, who think ourselves the fortunate princes or knights who penetrate the shrouding forest to enter the enchanted palace, and rouse the old immortals, whereas those immortals have been busy at home all the while, and are a fine lesson to us, if we have but the grace to use it, against the folly of supposing that all wisdom and welfare come out of our favourite ideas and manners. We have had some strong hints to this effect from other quarters within our own century, among the monuments of extinct peoples; but, as the Chinese themselves remain, as well as the traces of their polity, they serve better as a standing rebuke of our narrowness and conceit. In saying this, we regard the Chinese, not as represented by Commissioner Yeh, photographed by the *Times* correspondent, but as the people of the country appear to men who know them better—to Mr. Meadows, Mr. Fortune, and American merchants, whose long residence and open minds have qualified them to judge with some

fairness of men so unlike themselves. The wisest of our forefathers would certainly have considered that generation a fortunate one which should witness the throwing open of China and Japan; and for other reasons than the new realms of trade to be thus acquired. We are that generation; and it is for us to show to the next what the privilege really is.

Before we look at Egypt, which analogy would prompt us to do here, we must note the development of modern colonization as one great result of recent exploration of those eastern seas. In our century, the art of colonization seemed to be lost, and the wretched failures of our settlements on various coasts and islands seriously discredited emigration as a means of relief from pressure at home. Circumstances worked together for good in our age when emigration was needed, when there was a wide choice of localities, and when the progress of civilization forbade the introduction of negro slavery on a new soil. The Wakefield theory was perhaps the offspring of modern exploratory travel as much as of political economy. At all events, there are Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, settlements composed not exactly according to the theory or proposed model, but still, of a tolerably complete society, at the best points of highly-promising territories. Instead of a languishing group of fever-stricken men, hungry and helpless, on some river or bay, where they wait for rescue or death, or at best to leave their families an inheritance of struggle only less painful than their own, our colonists are now little nations of self-governing men, exhibiting all ranks and orders essential to a body politic, from the ruler and legislature, through the learned professions, capitalists, and artisans, down to the hewers of wood and drawers of water. These organized peoples are living on territory which was but lately the domain of the savage and the wild beast. The kangaroo and the emu have almost disappeared where millions of sheep supply the finest wool in the world; and "the diggings" have opened under the feet of the staring aborigines. By a steamer on the Murray, the interior has been tapped, and Yorkshire is likely to be the better for it; but the greater part of the country stands over for investigation. Whatever may remain for disclosure, we have already obtained so much in a vast territory, fit for British occupation, conveniently placed for trade, and at present supplying the world's growing need of an increased circulating medium, that it would not be too much to say that the omission of the discovery of Australia would have retarded our progress in the proportion of centuries, and have essentially altered the aspect of society all over Europe. When we look forwards, anticipating the career of our young self-governing colonies, we may gain some conception of what the difference would have been, if Australia had not been dis-

covered at all, or had been still supposed a cluster of islands, touched upon at Botany Bay, and the Gulf of Carpentaria.

This is the indication on which we ought to proceed in regard to Borneo. We have said in a former volume* what we think of the Sarawak settlement, and its beneficent ruler. Everything that has happened in the interval of four years has conduced to prove the value of the place, people, and opportunity, and to exalt the mission and character of Sir James Brooke. One of the most pressing duties of Government now is to extend such protection to Sarawak as will secure the freedom and welfare of its native inhabitants in a career which has opened so well, and give our country the advantage of the secure harbours and productive rivers of Borneo, its coal and other products, its admirable position as the portal of China, as a centre for electric communication, and as the basis of our future welfare and interest in the Eastern Archipelago. The Rajah of Sarawak is our hero of adventure in this advanced century, when it was feared the type was broken. It is not lost, nor impaired, but simply modified. Our roving hero is no more a knight riding after a shadow of fame than he is a freebooter. He is a chief, a champion, a discoverer, a lawgiver, but for no self-seeking purposes. He offers to his country something better than an Eldorado or a "plantation" to be peopled with slaves and convicts. He offers the friendship and reciprocal advantage of a productive and well-peopled territory, which can abundantly overpay the little protection it requires. It would be a sorry ending of our tale of gains from the adventure of our age that our Borneo settlements should be handed over to the Dutch, or the French, or the Americans, for no reason whatever, and with no better excuse than sheer apathy. Yet this is what must happen, unless the people compel Parliament, and Parliament compels the Ministry, to attend to the securing of Sarawak before it is too late.

At the time when scientific men at home were speculating on the existence of gold in Australia, and a wayfarer here and there was unconsciously stumbling on a block of it; and at the time when James Brooke was contemplating the enterprise which was opening before him, the charts of all nations represented Borneo and New Holland as the largest areas of land south of the great continents. But navigators from three nations were about to show cause for a memorable change in the world's maps. Commander Wilkes, of the United States' Exploring Expedition, sighted the land of the Antarctic Continent on the 16th of January, 1840. From time to time, for seventeen years, various points had been touched upon by navigators of divers nations,

* "Westminster Review," vol. vi. p. 381.

close to the Antarctic circle, and taken for islands, which some of them were; but now, the American expedition traced a long line of mountains for several days—vigilant eyes being bent on the coast without intermission during the perpetual daylight. Commander Wilkes tells us:—

“We had a beautiful and unusual sight presented to us this night; the sun and moon both appeared above the horizon at the same time, and each throwing its light abroad. The latter was nearly full. The former illuminated the icebergs and distant continent with his deep golden rays; while the latter, in the opposite horizon, tinged with silvery light the clouds in its immediate neighbourhood. There now being no doubt in any mind of the discovery of land, it gave an exciting interest to the cruise, that appeared to set aside all thought of fatigue, and to make every one willing to encounter any difficulty to effect a landing.”*

When snow-squalls drifted off, and left a clear view of a towering summit, or a dark amphitheatre of rock, a joyous shout rang through the ships; but the grandest cheer was when soundings were found;—“a natural burst of joy on obtaining unquestionable proof that what they saw was indeed the land.” They saw 75 miles of it at one time, rising behind its icy barrier to the height of 3000 feet; and as much as 1500 miles of it has been traced. On the return northwards, the Americans saw, on the 30th of January, only fourteen days after their discovery, the French discovery ships, under D’Urville, at first supposing them to be Ross’s expedition. The French refused to speak, and sailed away, to make the same discovery just entered in the American log-books, and leave their names on the Point Adélie. Commander Ross, then destined for south polar exploration, was supplied by the Americans with their charts, and an account of the proceedings of their squadron; and next year he carried the survey much further, penetrating to lat. 79° S., and astonishing the world with the image of the burning Mount Erebus, flaming away among the eternal ice, at a height of 12,400 feet. He ascertained also the southern magnetic pole; and the three nations having thus gone forth so nearly together, all found what they were looking for; the English navigator, the last in point of time, being first in note, on account of the extent to which he has laid open the scenery of those mysterious seas. Few pictures can be more striking to the imagination of successive generations than that of the prodigious pair of mountains—the Erebus and Terror, the latter being nearly 11,000 feet high, and the other, a loftier peak, throwing up its flames and smoke-clouds far above the snow-fields, and where no eye had ever before seen it, though it might be

* “Narrative of the United States’ Exploring Expedition,” &c., vol. ii. p. 206.

largely influencing the economy of the globe in some of its habitable parts.

Returning from those goblin solitudes to more central regions, where in old days the human race most did congregate, we find wonderful and acceptable lights cast upon many of them within the memory of living men. Travelling westwards from the Asiatic seas, by any practicable route, we find much laid open that was hidden from even the last generation. We hear from eye-witnesses of the Oxus with its yellow sands and shoals, and the slopes which were so well watered and fertile in ancient days. During our Caubul campaign, many of our countrymen and countrywomen were in expectation of being sent there, with little hope of returning to tell us what that old classical region is like; and the "Caravan Journeys and Wanderings" of M. Ferrier give us too much reason to apprehend that considerable numbers of our lost force are now in slavery to the Turcomans. These wandering tribes hold Russian and Persian prisoners by tens of thousands; and the universal testimony along the road about men with green eyes and red beards—the British invaders of Caubul—agrees only too well with the information given by a disguised Englishman to M. Ferrier's moonshee, "that many of his countrymen, who had formed part of the army of occupation in Caubul, had been sold into slavery in Turkistan, where, less fortunate than himself, they still dragged on a mournful existence." If any of these captives should return, what will they not have to tell? And, if the American trader can make his way up to the central Asian markets for purposes of traffic, is there no route for us, who have so much deeper an interest deposited in those barbaric retreats?

Who would have dreamed, half a century ago, of becoming familiar with the plains of Mesopotamia by means of panoramas, or of studying the sculptures of old Nineveh in the British Museum? Who is not astonished now at the idea of running telegraphic messages along the course of the Euphrates, and of setting up a high road through those Scriptural old regions, where we think of Nebuchadnezzar grazing on the plain, and Babylon as far too terrible to be approached. Yet Mr. Layard and some continental explorers are at home in "the land between the rivers;" and on those rivers the natives are familiar with the "ease her;" "stop her;" which are adopted into every language as soon as our steamers appear. Asia Minor was nearly as obscure to us as Mesopotamia till Admiral Beaufort published his "Caramania," and Sir Charles Fellows, with his zeal and diligence, and his useful oiled paper and lampblack, hunted out the antiquities, and brought home the inscriptions and the monuments which have opened up many things in the past. Egypt, however,

is the great field of discovery in this way. Our fathers knew the Nile as their children learned it in school-books; and it was no great disgrace to confound the hundred-gated Thebes with the other. What a difference now! The disclosure dates from the expedition of Bonaparte's party of *savans*; and it has gone on since, till, as some scholars undertake to say, there is nothing to be learned by going there;—a decision which we would not venture upon in regard to any place on the earth's surface. Great was the amazement to circulating-library readers when it became popularly known that before Abraham ever saw the Pyramids the people of Egypt wore clear muslins and printed calicoes, and had self-moving river-ships, and remarkably elegant couches, and chairs, and foot-stools, and musical instruments, and roast goose and plum-cakes very like our own. Of all the avenues opened backwards into the past, none is of so much significance or of so various an importance as that through Egypt. In the opinion of some scholars of our time, more is involved in our Egyptian discoveries than is yet conceived of by any but the few who see the connexion between them and certain Asian mysteries. However this may be, the enlargement of our knowledge, and the value to history of the great series of Egyptian researches, are a gain which will distinguish our age more than any extension of commerce in any quarter, and to any amount. But we have our material gains, too, from the throwing open of the Nile valley; to it we owe our new route to India, with all its blessings; and every Englishman now knows how to appreciate them. The dreadful gulf, entered by the "Gate of Lamentation"—(Bab-el-mandeb)—the Red Sea, on which over-bold travellers used to toss about for three months together, is now like a tamed horse to the rider. We have a watch-tower above it at Aden; we plough it by our steamers from end to end; we are going to make it the channel of our electric current of news; and some people want to join it with the Mediterranean. We have our doubts whether this will be done; but how its character has changed in one generation! Our fathers would go a good way to see a man who had floated on the Red Sea; and now every cadet and every bride who goes out to India has picked up lustrous shells from the drift on its shores, and can tell the parish-school children at home all about the two places which contest the honour of letting the Hebrews pass, and swallowing up Pharaoh's host.

Not satisfied with the Lower Nile valley, travellers have passed the Cataract, and explored Nubia; and Melly and Bayard Taylor have described to us the junction of the Blue and the White Nile at Khartoom, while the latter penetrated so far as to make Khartoom appear almost like a home on his return. Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Life and Landscapes from Egypt," is perhaps the most

wonderful piece of continuous description, the most marvellous reproduction of the sensations of travel, that can be conceived. To any reader who knows the Nile, it is quite the next thing to being on it again.

Thus has Africa been pierced in one direction. Meantime, a gifted adventurer was coming out of the Arabian desert to penetrate nearly to the point at which Mr. Bayard Taylor turned back. Lieutenant Burton has seen Harar, at the risk of his life. He tells us why.

"Harar," he says, "had never been visited. The ancient metropolis of a once mighty race, the only permanent settlement in Eastern Africa, the reported seat of Moslem learning, a walled city of stone-houses, possessing its independent chief, its peculiar population, its unknown language, and its own coinage, the emporium of the coffee-trade, the headquarters of slavery, the birth-place of the Kat plant, and the great manufactory of cotton cloths, amply, it appeared, deserved the trouble of exploration."*

Our manufacturing classes may be thankful to him by-and-by for discovering the state of their arts, as regards textile fabrics in barbaric Abyssinia, and for opening up a prospect of cotton supply.

"The tobes and sashes of Harar are considered equal to the celebrated cloths of Shoa: handwoven, they as far surpass in beauty and durability the vapid produce of European manufactories, as the perfect hand of man excels the finest machinery. On the windward coast, one of these garments is considered a handsome present for a chief. The Harari tobe consists of a double length of eleven cubits by two in breadth, with a border of bright scarlet, and the average value of a good article, even in the city, is eight dollars. They are made of the long-stapled cotton which grows plentifully upon these hills, and are soft as silk, whilst their warmth admirably adapts them for winter wear. The thread is spun by women with two wooden pins: the loom is worked by both sexes.†

But these feats in Abyssinia, these "First Footsteps in Eastern Africa," are less wonderful in the eyes of reading nations than Lieutenant Burton's achievement of visiting Mecca and Medina. The risks in Arabia were more peculiar, more imposing, more protracted than those in Abyssinia, and we at home care more about the scene. How few years is it since Burckhardt hurried through Petra at the risk of his life, and sacrificed a goat as the only means of getting a glimpse of Mount Hor! and how lately did we suppose that Mecca and Medina were shut up from observation as hopelessly as Japan! and that neither Jew nor Christian would tread the site of the Temple of Jerusalem while one stone was left upon another! Yet have the Mohammedans been

* Preface to "First Footsteps in Eastern Africa." By Lieut. Burton.

† "First Footsteps," &c., p. 342.

induced, or compelled, or cheated into harbouring Christians in all these holy places. English ladies now walk in and out of the rock chambers at Petra, and pity poor Burekhardt when they pass, on the shore of the Gulf of Akaba, the spot where he was compelled to turn back without having seen Solomon's famous old trading-port of Eziongebir. English ladies have walked through the halls and the crypts of the Mosque of Omar, as a consequence of the Russian war; and the late Lord Nugent had a strange notion of looking for the Ark of the Covenant under the pavement of the same place. If the Moslems generally were aware of what Liéutenant Burton has done in actually living in their holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and describing them with all minuteness to the Christian world, their wrath and consternation might well cause an Indian mutiny, or any other method of explosion. Meantime, the laying open of these "last recesses" of Mohammedan sanctity is a benefit which we owe to adventurous travellers of our own day and generation.

These Mohammedan mysteries extend into the heart of Africa, and seem to be the main ground of difficulty and peril to European explorers there; and there also a large corner of the curtain has been drawn up in our time. While Harris explored the "Highlands of Ethiopia," and the D'Abbadies and Burton pushed their perilous way eastwards of the Nile, and the Hamiltons and St. Johns penetrated westwards, hunting up the oases, and disclosing the architectural remains of a range of Roman colonies, a succession of heroes, scholars, and naturalists have achieved the yet more serious task of exploring the interior of Africa from the north, south, and west. From their collective narratives we are able at last to picture to ourselves the aspect of that unknown territory as distinctly as that of any other foreign region. Richardson and Barth have familiarized us with the scenery of which we had gained some idea from Denham and Clapperton; and we can travel in imagination through Fezzan, and over the tremendous table-land of the Desert, and down its slope, and among its fissures, where it subsides into the region of fertility; and there, where so many routes converge, Baikie by the Quorra attaining the same region as Barth from Tripoli, what a scene of life opens upon us! Formerly the tantalized traveller strained his sight southwards, when compelled to turn back half-way, and bitterly longed to stand on the mountain summit which lay like a cloud on his horizon; he would have surrendered anything but his life to know what could be seen thence;—whether a broad, engrossing range of Mountains of the Moon, or a boundless waste of sand, or perchance a broad river, with its results. Those who have merely been up the Nile, beyond the first and second Cataracts, know the pain of turning away from the tempting southern

horizon, with its uneven line and its two or three amethyst peaks, suggesting broad views beyond. If it is so in the case of a half-explored country, what must it be where all is mystery, of which the world is waiting the explanation? The happier adventurer of our day not only achieves the task, but gets home to report it. A Richardson, a Vogel, and an Overweg perish, as Park and Clapperton did before them; but a Barth and a Baikie come home, and tell us what is going on in the heart of Africa. We see tribes and nations busy in industry, or play, or war, and so full of the true Mohammedan insolence as to show that they really belong to our world. We see the forests towering, and the rivers brimming, or dashing down precipices, and lakes spreading wide among the reeds, and hippopotami bathing, and elephants roving in troops, and crops stored up in granaries, and cotton gathered in the fields, and the movement and hum of social life going on where our maps always told us to imagine boundless areas of sand, with only the ostrich, the gazelle, and the little jerboa to inhabit them. We now know Kano, street by street, and almost house by house; the Quorra is as conceivable to us as the Missouri; and the new Lake Tchad is far more familiar to us than the old Caspian. We thought it a great thing to be assured of the existence and character of Lake Ngami when Andersson returned from South Africa; and now we have the history of Livingstone's crossing the continent at a lower latitude, from coast to coast. It would be absurd to prophesy the consequences of such an achievement. It is enough to know that it cannot possibly remain barren; but that, on the contrary, such a revelation of one part of the globe and the human race to the rest must modify the life of all more or less.

How little we knew of South America in our school days! And now, by following Humboldt in the forests and along the rivers, and alighting on the coasts, from place to place, with Captain Basil Hall, and fighting the battles of the republics with Lord Dundonald in Lady Cullcott's narrative, and scouring the Pampas with Sir Francis B. Head, and studying the Patagonians with *savans* of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, we have as clear a notion of that continent as of any other. Sir F. B. Head galloped at the rate of 100 miles a-day (and once 150 miles in 14½ hours), over plains such as we had formed no conception of till the working of the silver mines in the speculative season of 1825-6, and the independence of the Spanish colonies, gave us an interest in the country at large. This was our first view of the Pampas:—

“The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and

thistles ; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass ; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown ; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong ; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary : the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides ; the view is completely obstructed ; not an animal is to be seen ; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles, with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing ; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change : the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.”*

Again :—

“ In the whole of this immense region there is not a weed to be seen. The coarse grass is its sole produce ; and in the summer, when it is high, it is beautiful to see the effect which the wind has in passing over this wild expanse of waving grass : the shades between the brown and yellow are beautiful—the scene is placid beyond description—no habitation nor human being is to be seen, unless occasionally the wild and picturesque outline of the gaucho on the horizon—his scarlet poncho streaming horizontally behind him, his balls flying round his head, and as he bends forward towards his prey, his horse straining every nerve : before him is the ostrich he is pursuing, the distance between them gradually diminishing—his neck stretched out, and striding over the ground in the most magnificent style, but the latter is soon lost in the distance, and the gaucho’s horse is often below the horizon, while his head shows that the chase is not yet decided.”†

* “ Rough Notes,” &c., by Captain F. B. Head, p. 2.

† Ibid. p. 247.

Then, too, we began to look into the recesses of the Cordillera—to estimate the feat of ascending it—and to image to ourselves the commotion made there by such earthquakes as that which shivered Valparaiso to rubbish. The human mind had gained something in that conception of collapsing mine-shafts, shaking the miners from their sides like flies, or meeting overhead to bury them alive; and of avalanches rolling, not one at a time, but making thunder and an atmosphere of dust on all sides at once; and of the flashing meteors which seemed to be sporting between the summits and the distant sea; and of the thorough instability of the most ponderous mountain range then known.

Still we knew next to nothing of the southern extremity of the continent. We had the wonderful tales of Commodore Byron and others about the gigantic Patagonians, contrasting singularly (if the description was credible) with the dwarfish Esquimaux introduced to us near the other pole. It was not long before Captains King and Fitzroy, and their company of wise men, disclosed that region too. To this hour we do not know what to make of the statements of a former century as to the stature of the Patagonians, well supported and reiterated as they are; but we are now somewhat acquainted with the people as they exist at present—whether diminished from the proportions of their forefathers, or less disguised from scientific eyes by the mirage and fogs of their strange land. A first meeting with unmitigated savages is a circumstance of mark in social, as in individual life; and Mr. Darwin has enabled us to enter into it. In reporting of the first interview with the natives on the Fuegian shore, he says:—

“In the afternoon we anchored in the Bay of Good Success. While entering we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegians, partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea; and as we passed by they sprang up, and waving their tattered cloaks, sent forth a loud and sonorous shout. The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry. The harbour consists of a fine piece of water, half-surrounded by low, rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from anything I had ever beheld. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

“In the morning the captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail, one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures

with great rapidity. It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I had ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilized man. It is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family; the three others were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children had been sent away.”*

After describing their dress, he proceeds:—

“Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenances distrustful, surprised, and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts, and making a chuckling kind of noise, as people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man, and this demonstration of friendship was repeated several times; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom for me to return the compliment, which being done, he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

“They are excellent mimics: as often as we coughed, or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes), succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language.

* * * * *

“The tallest amongst the Fuegians was evidently much pleased at his height being noticed. When placed back to back with the tallest of the boat’s crew, he tried his best to edge on higher ground and to stand on tiptoe. He opened his mouth to show his teeth, and turned his face for a side view; and all this was done with such alacrity, that I dare say he thought himself the handsomest man in *Tierra del Fuego*. After the first feeling on our part of grave astonishment was over, nothing could be more ludicrous or interesting than the odd mixture of surprise and imitation which these savages every moment exhibited.”†

Still, Central America was nearly a blank to us. Few cared

* “Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the various Countries visited by H.M.S. *Beagle*,” &c. By Charles Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. p. 227.

† Idem, p. 230.

for a country which promised nothing to Europe but a future short cut to the Pacific, when science should enable us to overcome the engineering difficulties of a canal. It might strike upon some impressible imagination, here and there, that the invading Spaniards found the chiefs speaking one language, and the common people another (or several others), and that the Caciques held by tradition that they were a race of conquerors come down from the North. This was nearly all the interest, except to mahogany merchants trading to Honduras. Old travellers had noticed that mines existed; and Dupuix supplied some details of them, above half a century since; but when Mr. Stephens entered Guatemala, sent on a political mission by President Van Buren in 1839, he had little expectation of what he should find. Mr. Cattherwood, the artist, who was familiar with old monuments in the east, presented us, in Mr. Stephens's work, with an astonishing reproduction of an antique age, in his portraits of the temples and sculptures of Central America. Thousands of the countrymen of both the explorers have in imagination followed with eagerness their efforts to pierce the tangled woods under which whole cities were buried, and to strip away the weeds which completely muffled the façades of the temples, and to remove the soil which made mounds of the pyramids. All this was deeply interesting; and the anxiety to learn more and more of the primitive inhabitants grew from page to page, as the pursuit met with varying success; so that readers were prepared to sympathize with the excitement into which the travellers were thrown by a hint that some of the aborigines might yet be seen—not skulking in slavery and degradation, but living in a great city, amidst such civilization as was recorded on their monuments—a civilization so considerable as to render their obscure history a subject of deep and serious significance to the students of mankind. After living for weeks and months amidst damps and gloom, or in a scorching sun, lodging in stone caverns (as the overgrown temples were) in company with beasts, reptiles, and ill-omened birds, and in danger from suspicious natives, all this being undergone for the sake of gleaning some knowledge about a people who presented a superficial resemblance to the old Egyptians, it must have been a memorable night when the travellers heard what follows. They were supping with a good old cura from Spain, very learned, but so merry that he would have been remembered as always laughing, if the subject of the aborigines had not been started:—

“The padre's whole manner was now changed; his keen satire and his laugh were gone. There was interest enough about the Indians to occupy the mind and excite the imagination of one who laughed at everything else in the world; and his enthusiasm, like his laugh, was infectious. Notwithstanding our haste to reach Palenque, we felt a

strong desire to track them in the solitude of their mountains and deep ravines, and watch them in the observance of their idolatrous rites ; but the padre did not give us any encouragement. In fact, he opposed our remaining another day, even to visit the cave of skulls. He made no apology for hurrying us away. He lived in unbroken solitude, in a monotonous routine of occupations, and the visit of a stranger was to him an event most welcome : but there was danger in our remaining. The Indians were in an inflammable state ; they were already inquiring what we came there for, and he could not answer for our safety. In a few months, perhaps, the excitement might pass away, and then we could return. He loved the subjects we took interest in, and would join us in all our expeditions, and aid us with all his influence.

“ And the padre’s knowledge was not confined to his own immediate neighbourhood. His first curacy was at Coban, in the province of Vera Paz ; and he told us that four leagues from that place was another ancient city, as large as Santa Cruz del Quiché, deserted and desolate, and almost as perfect as when evacuated by its inhabitants. He had wandered through its silent streets and over its gigantic buildings, and its palace was as entire as that of Quiché when he first saw it. This is within two hundred miles of Guatemala, and in a district of the country not disturbed by war ; yet, with all our inquiries, we had heard nothing of it. And now, the information really grieved us. Going to the place would add eight hundred miles to our journey. Our plans were fixed, our time already limited ; and in that wild country and its unsettled state, we had superstitious apprehensions that it was ominous to return. My impression, however, of the existence of such a city is most strong. I do most earnestly hope that some future traveller will visit it. He will not hear of it, even at Guatemala, and perhaps will be told that it does not exist. Nevertheless, let him seek for it ; and if he do find it, experience sensations which seldom fall to the lot of man.

“ But the padre told us more ; something that increased our excitement to the highest pitch. . . . The thing that roused us was the assertion by the padre that, four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great Sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the Sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labour climbed to the naked summit of the Sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city ; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around, and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium ; no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals except fowls, and the cocks they keep underground to prevent their crowing being heard. ’

"There was a wild novelty, something that touched the imagination, in every step of our journey in that country; the old padre, in the deep stillness of the dimly-lighted convent, with his long black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called up an image of the bold and resolute priests who accompanied the armies of the conquerors: and as he drew a map on the table, and pointed out the sierra to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the mysterious city, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every-day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exist as Cortez and Alvarado found them; there are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; perhaps who can go to Copan and read the inscriptions on its monuments. No subject more exciting and attractive presents itself to my mind, and the deep impression of that night will never be effaced.

"Can it be true? Being now in my sober senses I do verily believe there is much ground to suppose that what the padre told us is authentic. That the region referred to does not acknowledge the government of Guatemala, has never been explored, and that no white man ever pretends to enter it, I am satisfied. From other sources we heard that from that sierra a large, *ruined* city was visible, and we were told of another person who had climbed to the top of the sierra, but, on account of the dense cloud resting upon it, had been unable to see anything. At all events, the belief at the village of Chajul is general, and a curiosity is roused that burns to be satisfied."*

It is enough to mention, without enlarging upon, the Mormon settlements in the inhospitable salt regions of North America, and the rich California, teeming with gold and with vegetation; and then we have glanced at all the chief areas of geographical or antiquarian research in our own century. Though we cannot enlarge on any discoveries above, below, or beyond the solid land, we trust our readers will not forget how far beyond the immediate area the discoveries of geographers extend. The Roman soldiers who believed they stood on the edge of the world in reaching the rocks of the Portuguese coast at sunset, and who told with due solemnity, on their return, how fearful was the reflection of the flames of hell shooting up from the abyss where the sea ended, were in their own way extending their explorations beyond the land; but in our days of expanding and various science, things equally grand, and much more true, are disclosed to the imagination of mankind. We have not seen hell, nor even the reflection of its flames; but the earth has been weighed. The bottom of the sea is almost as well known, in some parts, as the surface of the land; and its mountains, and valleys, and plains might be modelled with almost

* "Incidents of Travel in Central America," &c. By George L. Stephens. Vol. ii. pp. 192—197.

as much particularity as our own island. By means of this kind of research, and, we may add, of the discovery of gutta-percha, we have laid our telegraphic cable between Ireland and America on a ridge fit for the purpose; and the dip in one place, and a precipitous ascent in another, are as well known and provided for as if we were making a viaduct and a tunnel for a railway. Lieutenant Maury has taken up the noble work carried so far by Major Rennell, and promises fair to make us as familiar with the world of waters as his able engineering countrymen have with the surface of American or any other territory. All the great currents of the ocean are likely to be mapped out, like roads in a travelled country; and this kind of certitude, when combined with an improved meteorological knowledge, must generate a security and speed in navigation which would have appeared miraculous to the first crews who ventured out on the deep. And our meteorological knowledge must improve, judging by all analogy. There is no branch of science in which we are more backward: but we have taken measures to advance. All the foremost nations are acting together, we believe, in the great object of ascertaining the phenomena and facts of their common world: and one glorious consequence of the explorations of our time is that some of the foremost men of the race are posted in stations of observation all over the globe—on remote shores, on mountain-peaks, in all latitudes, and at all altitudes where men can live—watching the stars, watching the tides, watching the winds; now entertained with the frosty aurora, and now with the blazing meteors of the tropics; some so vitalized by love of science as to survive a twelve days' sojourn on the edge of the crater of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, where the American expedition left their date (1841) carved in the lava on Pendulum Peak; and others, like Smyth and his comrades, giddy on the Peak of Teneriffe, catching glimpses through the clouds of the globe below them, and being enraptured with the splendour of the arch above them.

As these conditions of existence on our planet have become better known, the life that is on it is better known in an ever-increasing proportion. Ethnological science was conceived of many ages ago; but it did not advance beyond the rudiments till the recent times which have brought into light the various races of men living in all latitudes. We are likely to arrive at more rational views of our human life than have ever been held yet, now that we can study various races of men in all stages of civilization below our own, and provide for our own further progress by the physiological studies indicated by ethnological discovery. As for knowledge of a lower scope, we have even now obtained enough to modify our daily life considerably: We trans-

plant animals, and trees, and grain crops, and fruits, grasses, and flowers from their homes into all other countries where they can live. The camel is a great new blessing in central and western America, and bees in New Zealand; and there is a good prospect of the alpaca goat being propagated over various countries, to almost as good purpose as the merino sheep in our own. As to our home-stock, what do they not owe to the Asiatic grasses, and Lucerne and Bokhara clover, and oil-cake which our travellers have put within our reach? The old-fashioned English farmer who, a generation or two ago, would hear of nothing that was not indigenous, is eager for guano from Peru, and grasses from central Asia, and gutta-percha tubing, for which we are indebted to the far east. When our greybeards were young, they thought it a greff thing to see the dahlia introduced from Spain by Lady Holland, and to become acquainted with the fuchsia in its undeveloped state, and with the China rose; but now we have the Californian tree-trunk in the Crystal Palace, and the Victoria Regia; and at Kew, orchids, which seem to set us down in the wilds of Java; and at all noblemen's seats, pines and other timber trees, such as our old Druids little dreamed would ever rival their oaks in England. Our cottagers' gardens are gay with Californian annuals; and the small farmer feeds his stock with swedes, and yellow turnips, and white carrots, and red mangold, which have all been introduced since his grandfather's day. From the Pampas we can get any quantity of bones for manure; and let our curriers and our artisans say what we should do without the hides, and the material for glue which we get from the same place. Has not gutta-percha alone modified life in Europe and America? From the shoe-soles and cloak of the pedestrian, and the "bands" on the lawyers' and publicists' papers, to the telegraphic cable which carries on *impromptu* conversations between empires, gutta-percha is in hourly use. We must stop, or we shall be giving an account of four-fifths of the articles of commerce. Suffice it, that travel has supplied the stimulus under which our remaining wants will assuredly be supplied. The most urgent of these wants are cotton, and fibrous substances which will answer for paper, and to fill the place for which Russian hemp and Flemish flax do not suffice. There can be no rational doubt of these needs being presently supplied. In conjunction with improved ethnological science, the discovery of new sources of tropical products, like cotton and sugar, will extinguish slavery. Other social wretchedness will be diminished with the expanded scope of commerce. A free trade in corn has cured a vast amount of misery and guilt already, though we have hardly tapped some of the great grain countries of the world. Mr. Fortune has, no doubt, largely reduced the amount of future drunkenness by

opening up new fields of tea-cultivation, and indicating prospects of wine-supply. There are many countries now known to us as favourable for vineyards; and good innocent wine from many countries, driving out alcoholic drinks, will do more, in conjunction with coffee and tea, to swamp drunkenness among us than all the Temperance Societies in either hemisphere. Another obvious result of geographical discovery, but far too extensive for treatment here, is the creation of entire new classes of artisans and operatives, and the elevation of more. The agricultural improvements of the last twenty years have supplied employment to tens of thousands of new workmen in the mere making of the apparatus; and when we look at the larger sphere of manufacturing industry, we may see that life is, to that order of society, something quite unlike what it was at the opening of the century. More demands, new products; more wants, new markets; and, latterly, a fresh supply of gold in the nick of time; these results of exploratory travel show a prodigious modification of the popular life of our country, without taking into the account the comforts and conveniences which fall to every man's share in the distribution of foreign commodities. His dwelling, furniture, clothing, food, locomotion, pleasures, are all more or less made up of the results of geographical discovery; and his thoughts and feelings must necessarily be so too.

If these topics are too large for present treatment, much more must that of political relations, as affected by improved knowledge of our globe, be out of our reach. If our readers will but glance at our fifty colonies of to-day, and compare them and their condition with the settlements and "plantations" of former centuries, they must see that not only must our vast colonial population lead a very different life from that of their predecessors, but we at home are passing through almost as great a change in relation to them. A study of our interests in one group—the Australian—will suggest as much as we could say. Not less important, perhaps, is the effect on international relations. There need be no type of the general fact, no clearer prophecy as to the future, than the group of ambassadors just dispersed from Tien-sin. Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States all co-operating in one band to throw open China to the commerce of the world is a picture so strongly in contrast with ambassadorial meetings, and with the policies of empires in old days, that it will speak for itself; and whatever affects international relations modifies the life of every individual of those nations—of those of them, at least, which are free. We might go on another step, and show how travel having improved science, science, so advanced, affects political relations, as the single item of modern naval construction and management modifies our relations with

France and every other maritime power. But there would be no limit to such developments.

We have said enough, perhaps, to lead our readers to reflect on the influence of geographical exploration on the life of our century. After meditating the whole sweep of change, some will fix their admiration and gratitude on the advancement of science in its many departments; others on the arts which are reciprocally the cause and effect of commerce; all being under a common obligation to the same benefactors—the travellers. Some, again, may dwell most on the political effects of a better acquaintance with the globe we live on, while others relish most the thought of the benefit to individual minds of having the past laid open, as if cities arose in the desert by the magician's spell, and the present circle of ideas prodigiously expanded, and perhaps some salient points of the future dimly indicated by ever-multiplying analogies between the past and present. One thing may fairly be hoped—that we shall look in the right direction for further accessions to our knowledge. We have heard people complain, as we have already said, that our world is too small, now that we come to know it. It has lost its mysterious charm of indefiniteness; and a man may go round it many times in the course of his life. If it were true that more was laid open than really is, there would remain what can never come to an end, the exploration into other conditions of our planet than the features of its surface. Whenever the preliminary geographical stage is passed through, and left behind by some remote future generation, natural philosophy will still be opening new avenues to fresh regions, in which the human race may find a more and more advanced guidance in the use they may make of their planetary abode, and the purposes to which they should apply the life they lead upon it. It must be in the infancy, and not in the maturity of the race, that Alexanders weep for more worlds to conquer.

With our knowledge of the earth our geography books must alter. A comparison of the gazetteers and schoolbooks on geography, and of the maps and globes of the last century and the present day, would be a fruitful text to the preachers of progress. They might profitably contrast the two books at the head of our article, and see how much space old Hakluyt required for a detailed narrative of all the voyages and travels of our nation for 1600 years, with all manner of accessory matter, such as voluminous charters, correspondence, &c., in comparison with the scope required by Mr. Knight's corps for the record, not of personal travel with all its adventures, but of the known facts of geography in our time. By common consent this "*Cyclopædia of Geography*" seems to be an excellent work. Our best previous resource was the *Géographie* of the French Academy, which

supplied much (and especially about Spain) in which we were deficient; but that work, as it stands on the shelves of English libraries, is now nearly twenty years old from its close. The new "Dictionary of Geography" before us took its rise in the "Penny Cyclopædia," where the department of geography was particularly well managed. All later discoveries, and the multitude of facts of all magnitudes revealed by our recent wars, and recorded by the penmen of the camp and the ship, have been carefully incorporated with the work, and make it the richest we have. Another generation will see what is sent home by the world's rovers to swell the next generation's new cyclopædias.



ART. V.—THE CALAS TRAGEDY.

Jean Calas, et sa Famille, Étude Historique d'après les Documents Originaux, suivie des Dépêches du Comte Saint-Florentin, Ministre Secrétaire d'État, &c. Par Athanase Coquerel Fils, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris: Joel Cherbuliez. 1858.

IT happens, from time to time, that the world is called upon to alter or reverse one of its settled judgments on some character or event of the past time. Some new evidence turns up, or the old facts are more carefully and critically inquired into, and the result is that the traditional view of the case has to be modified or corrected. This is the legitimate advance of knowledge. This is the way in which history can take its place among the progressive studies; and to make such a discovery is one of the most prized rewards of its critical study.

A very different complexion belongs to those fluctuations of the popular taste which dispose it at one time to admire, and soon again to hate, the same objects. This mutability of opinion,—the "turba Remi" burning the gods which once it worshipped—does not operate upon the living hero or statesman only, it is extended far back into history. This shifting of opinion is a process, like the other, incessantly at work, and inevitable in its operations as the law of elevation and depression in terrestrial physics. But it is not a legitimate process. It is not one worked out by the science of criticism. It is no part of the solid victory of the human understanding. It is rather the play of human passion, and the confession of human infirmity.

A very remarkable instance of this instability of historical belief is brought before us by a *brochure* of a young writer, who bears the honoured name of Athanase Coquerel. It offers a complete narrative, far the most complete that has ever been published, of the case of Jean Calas, a Protestant, who was executed at Toulouse, in 1762, on the charge of having murdered his eldest son, but who was afterwards discovered to have been innocent. The publication has been called forth by perceiving a fashion growing up, first in Catholic circles and religious periodicals, and extending gradually from them to society at large, of believing Calas guilty. This "view," which is thus spreading itself to the sun, has no foundation on any new documents or facts that have only now been brought to light. It is a mere sign of the great general reaction of opinion in France—one of the straws which show which way the wind is setting. More than two years ago Emile Montégut said (*Revue des Deux Mondes*)—

"What do you think of the Calas business—what of that of the Chevalier Labarre? Are you for or against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? Such is the conversation, full of present meaning, which one hears in the salons of Paris—Paris of the nineteenth century."

This disposition is not mere levity and fickleness, the caprice of the mob which turns upon its own idol—*odit damnatos*—it is a part of that general Catholic revival which has been working for some years, and which, like a fog, is spreading over the face of opinion, and giving its own views and altered proportions to all objects, past, present, and future. This change of opinion about an event which happened nearly one hundred years back, proceeds not from the growth of knowledge on the topic on which the opinion is formed, but from the accretion of ignorance. The facts and proof once known are convincing. But the innocence of the unhappy victim is, for reasons which will be seen in the following pages, a truth extremely unpleasant to the Catholics. If they can only get inquiry stifled and criticism gagged, then they may safely maintain their thesis. This application of force, however, to drown the truth of history, is one for which opinion in France is not yet ripe, though it is rapidly advancing in that direction. M. Coquerel has taken advantage of that remnant of freedom which is still left to the French writer to publish a clear and succinct narrative of the transaction. We have thought it worth while to give our readers a very succinct *resumé* of this narrative. Not only is this *cause célèbre* of the highest interest in itself, but its connexion with existing passions and prejudices curiously illustrates the temper and tendencies of French thought at the present moment.

Toulouse, the theatre of the tragedy, obtained its popular

appellation of *La Sainte* from possessing in the crypt of one of its churches the skeletons of seven out of the twelve apostles. This extraordinary accumulation of riches justified the inscription over the vault in which they were contained :—

“Non est in toto *sanctior* orbe locus.”

The sanctity of the locality was not without its influence upon the character of the population. From the year 1203, when the “genius loci” inspired Saint Dominic with the idea of the order to which mankind owes the Inquisition, down even to the murder of General Ramel by the Catholic Royalists in 1815, the history of the Holy City offers a series of fanatical outbursts and ferocious cruelties, which can only be paralleled in ancient Egypt or in modern Turkey. To ascribe these deeds of blood and frenzy to the influence of the Catholic superstition would be an error. But it is too true that the priests and ministers of the religion, instead of checking, have fomented the savage passions of the multitude; instead of disavowing, have adopted their feats of murder, have publicly justified them, and endeavoured to make the Church responsible for them.

One of these achievements of the religious mob of Toulouse was enacted in the sixteenth century. In 1562, a Huguenot procession was accompanying a corpse to burial, when it was set upon, under some pretext or other, by the rabble. The street row grew into a general fight. The Reformed population of Toulouse, though a considerable body, was vastly outnumbered by the Orthodox, and was obliged to entrench itself in the Hotel de Ville, and stand a siege. The besiegers sent the Governor of Narbonne to offer terms. The Protestants accepted them. They were to march out of their defences, leaving their arms and munitions, and to retire unmolested whither they thought fit. On Whitsunday, May 17th, the Protestants began their retreat. Though they had chosen the hour of vespers designedly to avoid all risk of commotion in the streets, the Catholics obtained intelligence of the movement, rushed out of the churches, seized arms, and massacred upwards of three thousand unarmed men, women, and children.

But this was the work of an ignorant and fanatical populace, brutalized by feudal oppression, kindled into momentary rage by the armed resistance of their enemies. It was a time of civil war, in fact a war in which both parties were equally in the wrong, Huguenots as well as Catholics; and the excesses of the victorious faction were lamented by all good men, even of their own party.

Nothing of the sort. The Church adopted the double crime of perjury and murder. The Parlement of Toulouse instituted an annual *fête* to commemorate the massacre of the 17th of May.

The Pope (Pius IV.) hastened to issue a bull, in which he authorized the religious ceremony, and attached indulgences and benedictions to it. Two centuries afterwards, 1762, the *fête* of "The Deliverance" had its centenary. It was celebrated with extraordinary fervour and magnificence. Clement XIII. renewed the bull of Pius IV. with ampler privileges. Such is the aspect of the Church towards crime, when it is committed in its own interest.

The event of which we are about to narrate the chief incidents fell in the year 1761. There lived at Toulouse a certain Jean Calas. He kept a respectable draper's shop in one of the principal streets of the city—Grande Rue des Filetters, No. 16. He had been forty years established in business; his age was sixty-three, his character simple, his dealings honest, his habits industrious, and his unassuming virtues those which were hereditary in the families of the Protestant *bourgeois*. The picty of the Protestants of that age had lost its harshness, without abating its grave sincerity. Calas was known among his neighbours as uniting steadiness to his inherited religious principles with entire tolerance towards his Catholic fellow-citizens; a tolerance which was very far from being reciprocal, and which was rare in provincial towns in those days, and, indeed, is far from being universal in these. He was, in consequence, generally respected, and among his co-religionists enjoyed, like Isaac Walton, a consideration far above his worldly rank. Limited as were his means, we find him admitted to the society and friendship of the *petite noblesse* of Languedoc, and even connected with some of them by marriage.

His family consisted of his wife, who was eighteen years younger than himself, and who appears, by her conduct during her examination, to have been a woman of strong sense and superior character, six children, and one maid-servant. Of the children four were sons, Marc-Antoine, Jean-Pierre, Louis, Jean-Louis-Donat, and two daughters, Anne-Rose and Anne.

The eldest son, Marc-Antoine, with whom we are principally concerned, was, in the year 1761, twenty-eight years old. He had been a law-student at the University, and taken his Bachelor's degree. He had what is described as a taste for letters, which seems rather to have been a taste for a sauntering, easy life, and a decided distaste for the shop. But no one could, in France, be admitted to the bar without a certificate of Catholicity, signed by the curé of the parish. These tyrannical regulations, by which the professions and many of the trades were closed to the Protestants, were somewhat alleviated in practice by the good-nature of many curés, who used to sign these certificates without inquiry, as matters of course. In the present case, however, the curé had

refused to give the voucher without an attestation signed by a priest, to certify that Marc-Antoine had confessed to him. This disappointment had soured the temper and broken the spirits of the youth. He became moody, silent, irritated against the present, and without prospects for the future. He took no part in the amusements which the household shared together, and sate by, not joining in any conversation which might be going on, but appearing occupied with some thoughts of his own. He read a good deal, and was often heard to comment on the excuses for suicide urged by Plutarch and Montaigne.

The maid, Jeanne Vignier, was a zealous Catholic, but had lived twenty-three years in the family, and brought up the children, to whom she was much attached. Her zeal for their spiritual interests had induced her to attempt their conversion. She had succeeded with one member of the family only—the only one without character or good sense—the third son, Louis. These endeavours, however, were but additional evidence of her zealous devotion to the family, to whom she adhered through their terrible trials with a steady fidelity which was rare, even in those days, and in the southern provinces, which retained more of the old-fashioned manners than the north.

Such was the *personnel* of the family at the time when the quiet course of their existence was broken by a catastrophe so sudden and undeserved, at the same time so blighting and irretrievable, as to excite the compassion and sympathy of all succeeding ages in the highest degree of which our nature is capable.

The following account of the facts is contained in a letter written by Madame Calas herself, for the information of a friend of the family. Its natural and simple language, and the suppressed anguish of spirit which it reveals, make it more touching than the most highly-coloured narrative could be.

“I herewith send you an exact and true statement of our unhappy business, as it happened.

“On the 13th of October, an evil day for us, M. G. La Vaisse arrived at Toulouse, from Bordeaux, on a visit to his parents. He found they had left town for their country box, and he endeavoured in vain to hire a horse to take him out. Between four and five in the afternoon he came to our house. My husband said to him, that as he was not leaving the city, it would give us great pleasure if he would sup with us. He readily consented, and came up stairs to see me. After the first compliments were past between us, he said, ‘I am coming to supper with you; your husband has asked me.’ I expressed my satisfaction, and left him for a few minutes, to give some orders in consequence. When I went down stairs, I found my eldest son alone in the shop, seated, in a very absent mood apparently. I requested him to purchase some Roquefort cheese for supper. This was his

ordinary province, as he knew more about cheese than any of the others. I then ascended again to the room where I had left M. La Vaisse, who soon took his leave.

"He returned at supper-time (seven o'clock), and we all took our places. The conversation during the meal turned on indifferent matters—the antiquities at the Hotel de Ville, &c. After supper, which did not last very long, my unhappy boy (Marc-Antoine, the eldest son) rose from table, as usual, and went towards the kitchen. The servant asked him, 'Are you cold, Monsieur l'ainé?' 'Not at all,' he replied, 'I am burning hot.' We remained seated at table a very short time longer, and then passed into an adjoining room, and continued the conversation. My younger son fell asleep, and about three-quarters after nine, or towards ten o'clock, M. La Vaisse took his leave. We wakened up Pierre, who went down stairs with a light in his hand, to show M. La Vaisse out.

"A moment after we heard their cries of alarm, and my husband ran down to see what was the matter, I remaining, all trembling, in the passage at the head of the stairs, not daring to go down, and not knowing what it could mean.

"At last, as no one returned, I ventured down, and at the foot of the stairs encountered M. La Vaisse, and asked him hurriedly what it was. He only replied by urging me to go up stairs again; and he went up with me, but left me immediately. I did not know what to do, so I called to Jeannette, and sent her down to see what had happened. As she did not return, I went down again myself; and what was my horror when I saw, great God! my dear son stretched upon the ground! I did not suppose he was dead, so I ran for a bottle of *Reine de Hongrie*, supposing that he was taken suddenly faint, and did everything I could think of to revive him, not being able to persuade myself that it was his dead body which I had before me.

"Meanwhile the surgeon had come in, without my seeing that he was there, till I found him telling me that my pains were of no use, for that he was dead. I persisted in asserting that it could not be so, and implored him to use all his efforts to save him. He did so, to appease me, but in vain. All this time my husband was leaning against a desk, in a state of desperation. My heart was torn in two between the sad sight of my son stretched dead before me, and the fear of losing my husband, who abandoned himself to sorrow, and would listen to no consolation. They made us go upstairs; and in that state we were when the officers of justice came and arrested us.

"This is, word for word, what happened. May the Almighty, who knows our innocence, punish me eternally if I have exaggerated or diminished one iota, or have not told the pure truth. I am ready to seal this truth with my blood.

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

"ANNE ROSE CABIBEL CALAS."

The mother confines her statement to what she herself saw. From the depositions of other witnesses taken at the time, we

can fill up what is wanting to complete the story of the events in the Rue des Filetters.

When La Vaisse returned to supper at seven o'clock, Pierre Calas who had been out along with him, shut and barred the outer door of the house towards the street. This circumstance, which was afterwards construed as premeditation of crime, explains itself by the ordinary practice of the shops, where the front door was invariably fastened while the family were at meals.

After retiring from the supper-table the party spent about two hours in chatting in the adjoining parlour, Madame Calas working at her embroidery the while. When they came to wake Pierre, on La Vaisse's departure, the young man tried to deny that he had been asleep. They rallied him playfully on it, and the adieux were mirthful and gay; the last time that gaiety visited that household. Death was already within the walls.

When La Vaisse, accompanied by Pierre, reached the bottom of the stairs, he noticed that the door leading from the passage into the shop was open, which, it seems, was unusual, and raised a momentary suspicion that some person had got into the shop who had no business there. Pierre went in to look. The first object that met his eye was the body of his brother suspended by the neck against the inner door by which the outer shop (*boutique*) communicated with an inner store-room (*magasin*). Across the two leaves of this folding-door, as it stood open, the unhappy suicide had placed a long billet of wood, and suspended himself by a cord and running knot. Pierre took hold of his brother's hand, on which the body began to swing, and the two then called out for help. Jean, the father, came down instantly, and seeing what had happened, seized the corpse in his arms. The round billet of wood, thus relieved of its burden, rolled off the top of the doors, and fell to the ground. He deposited the body on the floor, and slipt the knot, crying out to Pierre, "Run for Camoire." Camoire was a surgeon who lived in the neighbourhood. Pierre and La Vaisse both rushed out, and returned with a young man, a pupil or apprentice of the surgeon.

As soon as Jean Calas came to understand what had happened, his first thought was for the honour of his dead son and the family. "Let no one know," he cried, "that he has died by his own hand." La Vaisse was easily enjoined to secrecy on this point. This deception may have given an unfavourable colour to the case, but it was extremely natural, if not excusable, when we recollect the hideous barbarity of the French law of suicide.

Such were the occurrences within the house. Misery enough for the afflicted family. But this was but the beginning of sorrow. Outside the house, in the street, a considerable assemblage of the curious had gathered. Misfortune must never expect sympathy.

or commiseration from a crowd. They began, as usual, to indulge in liberal commentary on the enigmatical proceedings within the house. The usual uncharitableness of such remarks was, in this instance, inflamed by the ardent hatred of French Catholics against a Protestant. The ingenuity and malice of an individual could not have deliberately invented a fiction more plausible or more destructive to its object than that which grew up spontaneously from the passions and imagination of this street-mob. It only needed to be suggested, and these Catholics were sure, that the Protestant parents had murdered their son. But with what motive? why, of course it was to prevent him from turning Catholic. It is the business of justice to crush such scandal, and to sift facts without regard to what may be the popular cry. "*Vanæ voces populi non sunt audiendæ*," is a maxim of the Roman law. In this instance the magistrate caught eagerly at the suggestion, and thenceforth all the efforts of law were bent towards getting up a plausible proof of a suggestion which had this chance origin.

The public of Toulouse, as well as the administration of justice, both civil and criminal, "*haute et basse*," was in the hands of a municipal council, locally elected. These eight councillors, or aldermen, formed a court, styled "the Consistory," each member of which was called a "*Capitoul*," (*i.e.*, member of the chapter, *capitulum*). Out of the total number of eight Capitouls, the majority were changed, or re-elected annually. But two or three of the body were usually persons who had purchased their place, according to the custom which prevailed in France before the Revolution. These held their post for life. This of course gave these "*titular Capitouls*," so they were styled, a very great ascendancy over their annual colleagues. One of these titulars at the present juncture was David de Beaudrigue. This man was not a villain, though he has been made to play that part in some of the tragedies founded on this history. He was one of those self-important officials, to whose well-meaning zeal so much of the evil which takes effect in the world is owing. As a police-officer he was in his place. The impetuous restlessness of his temperament, even in this capacity, made him perpetually overstep the line of usefulness. Such a man is always dangerous except when kept under the strict control of a superior. But as a magistrate, with supreme control over the persons and property of others, there exists no form of character more pregnant of mischief to society. He is ready to become the instrument, and always a most energetic instrument, of the reigning prejudice or passion. In the present case, the Catholic fanaticism of Toulouse was the storm that swept him away. He came into it with all the violence of his character, and displayed, in hunting the Calas to

the death, as much blind passion and ferocious determination as if, instead of judge, he had been a party having a private injury to revenge.

David had been roused from his first sleep by the commotion which began to spread through the city. He hurried to the spot with the watch, ordering at the same time a physician and two surgeons to be fetched. His first measure was to arrest Pierre Calas, who had remained downstairs with the body while the parents had withdrawn above. He then, without any of the formalities which the law required, or any examination of the premises, ordered off the body of Marc-Antoine to the Hotel de Ville, and proceeded to arrest Monsieur and Madame Calas, the maid Jeanne, La Vaisse, and a friend of the family named Cazeing, who had come to the house on hearing the terrible news. The parents of the defunct, absorbed in grief, supposed that they were being conducted to the Hotel de Ville to depose to the circumstances of the suicide. Pierre was about leaving a candle burning in the passage, that they might find a light on their return. David, with a sarcastic leer at his simplicity, bade him put it out, "They would not get home again so soon."

It is obvious how this precipitate arrest, and the neglect of an examination of the spot, was calculated to prejudice the case of the Calas family. It is possible that a proper scrutiny at the time would have established at once the fact of self-murder. Some essentials of the evidence were irretrievably lost. Such was the hurry of the proceedings, that David did not even stay to ascertain the name of Cazeing, but described him in the *procès-verbal*, as "*un espèce d'abbé.*" This "*sort of clergyman*" was a manufacturer of stuffs, and, as an employer of several hundred hands, perfectly well known in Toulouse. One of David's colleagues arrived while he was making out this *procès*, and seeing the trembling eagerness of the zealot, ventured to suggest a little more patience and caution. "*Je prend tout sur moi,*" was the reply; "*c'est ici la cause de la religion.*"

We shall not follow step by step the subsequent hearings of the five accused, for such they now were, before the Consistory. The procedure of a French court of justice before the Revolution seems to have been arranged, not with a view of eliciting truth, but with that of securing condemnation. In the *procès-Calas*, even this iniquitous system would have failed of its purpose. It required all the address and management of David to get up a case sufficiently plausible to obtain a sentence against his victims. The prisoners were kept in close confinement, not allowed to communicate with their friends outside, and consequently unable to instruct counsel for their defence. The daughters Calas, and Louis, employed an advocate. But not

only had he no access to his clients, he could not approach the tribunal. For there was no public trial. The accused were interrogated separately and secretly by the judges. They could produce no witnesses for the defence, nor state anything except in answer to a question of the court. The advocate's part was reduced to that of presenting "memoirs," which it was at the judge's option to treat with neglect. But in this case David had taken care that not even a "requête" should reach the bench. At the beginning of the process, the attorney employed by the Demoiselles Calas had filed a bill in the court which was calculated, but apparently not judiciously calculated, to stay the proceedings. So irritated was David at this attempt to arrest his course, that he employed all his credit to get the attorney, Dr-roux, cashiered. He did actually succeed in getting him sentenced to a public apology, and three months' suspension. After this it became impossible for the friends of Calas to find an attorney to act for them. Even the bailiffs declined the hazardous office of serving the memorials which their advocate drew up.

Notwithstanding all these arrangements, the affair did not progress rapidly. More than thirty witnesses had been examined, yet no evidence had been obtained which permitted the Calas to be sentenced. It was found necessary to have recourse to the "monitory." This was a resource of the civil tribunals in cases where witnesses were backward. The Attorney-General drew up a list of "presumed facts" of which the Court was in need of evidence, which list was addressed to the ecclesiastical authority, and by it dispersed to the various parishes, to be read from the pulpits by the curés. The monitory so published informed all those who *knew by hearsay or otherwise* any of the circumstances stated in the requisition, that if they did not appear to disclose what they knew before either the magistrate, or the curé of their parish, they rendered themselves liable to excommunication. One of the rules for drawing up this terrible document in point of form required that it should always summon witnesses on both sides—for the defence as well as the prosecution. This provision was necessary, because the tribunals in those days adhered rigorously to the maxim of the Roman law, that no witness can be heard who offers himself. (*Testis se offerens repellitur a testimonio.*) As the accused themselves were not allowed to call witnesses, none could appear for the defence at all, were the monitory so worded as to cite them for the prosecution only. In the present case the Attorney-General, with flagrant illegality, drew up his requisition in this partial form.

Meanwhile the passions of the populace were further appealed to by the aid of religion. It was determined to give Marc-Antoine a public funeral. The Attorney-General, by collusion with the

Capitouls, demanded, in the King's name, an order for interment on the ground that "une foule de motifs le rendent necessaire." As proper means had been taken to guard against decomposition, there were no other motives that could reasonably be alleged. David, and one of his colleagues, took an opportunity when the rest of the consistory were absent, and they found themselves alone with two of their assessors of whom they were sure, to make an order to that effect. They then engaged the curé of the parish of St. Etienne to undertake the ceremonies. Accordingly the body of a Protestant and a suicide was buried with all the honours of the Catholic Church, attended by all the clergy in Toulouse. It shows the temper of the people, that one of the lay confraternities, called the "White Penitents," attended the procession in their colours, on the pretext that the "martyred" Marc-Antoine had entertained the idea of joining their society. After this one reads with satisfaction, in the *Moniteur* of 8th Avril. 1792, in the decree suppressing the confraternities throughout France, that the part played by the "Penitents Blancs" in the affair of Calas is recited as one of the motives of the suppression.

By these means a mass of evidence was slowly gathered which enabled the Capitouls to proceed to judgment. Not that any new facts, either direct or circumstantial, belonging to the tragedy of October 13th had been collected. The depositions are a mass of suspicions and hearsays, proving only the general animosity with which the Protestants were habitually regarded by their neighbours, and pointing constructively to the conclusion that the heretics thought any crime, even assassination, permissible to prevent the conversion of one of their body to the Catholic faith. From this premiss the inference was, that on the 13th October, 1762, Jean Calas, aided and abetted by his wife, his son Pierre, his servant Jeanne Viguier, and the young La Vaisse, had murdered his eldest son, Marc-Antoine. There was no evidence whatever for the murder, but the particular fact was thought to be sufficiently proved, because the general doctrine of the Protestants had been presumptively established. The accused were not proved guilty, but they had been rigorously excluded from offering any evidence of their innocence. It was not to be endured that heretics should be allowed to say that one who had received from the Church the honours of a martyr had been a suicide. Nor, indeed, in the excited state of popular feeling, could any witness have dared, even if the citation had been so framed as to have admitted it, to depose in favour of the accused. There were, indeed, two persons who could and would have come forward to affirm on oath the innocence of Calas and his wife. These two persons were La Vaisse, and the maid Jeanne Viguier.

The prosecutors were, indeed, much embarrassed by having arrested these two persons, and by having included them in the charge. Jeanne Viguier was a devout Catholic, who had been the means of converting one of her young masters, Louis Calas, and was supposed to have been urgent with Marc-Antoine to follow his brother's example. The absurdity of the supposition that she had aided in murdering Marc-Antoine, to prevent his conversion, was glaring, and the obvious mode of removing it would have been to have silently released her. But had she been released, she would have immediately appeared in quality of witness to prove that she had never quitted the Calas, father and mother, for an instant, from supper-time to the discovery of the body, and it would have been impossible to bring them in guilty.

As to the state of opinion in Toulouse, it was now the fixed belief of the whole city that one of the articles of the Protestant creed required all Protestants to put to death any member of their body who became a convert to the Church Catholic; that their own parents were bound to denounce them, nay to aid, if required, in their execution. It was further affirmed by those who pretended to know, that on the morning of the 18th, an assembly of Protestants had been held in a house which they named, at which the assassination of Marc-Antoine had been resolved in solemn conclave. One of the depositions bearing on this charge may be selected as illustrative, not only of the evidence in this case, but of the sort of evidence admissible under the system of secret interrogatory practised in the French Courts before the Revolution:—

“Pierre Lagrèye, master-tailor, 61st witness, declares, that he *had it from* one Bonnemaïson, that he, the said Bonnemaïson *had heard say*, that a labourer of Caraman, on hearing of the affair of Calas, *had said*, that there was nothing strange in it, for that five or six persons had been made away with at Caraman in the same fashion.”

Evidence enough of this sort had been got, and public opinion in Toulouse was not only ready, but impatient, for a severe sentence. Accordingly, on November 18th, the Capitouls met, and proceeded to what was called a preliminary sentence, which condemned Jean and Madame Calas, with their son Pierre to the rack (*question ordinaire et extraordinaire*), and La Vaisse and Viguier to be “presented.” This presentation consisted in attaching the persons to the instrument of torture, and making every preparation for proceeding, and in that position interrogating them.

The sentence was immediately read to the victims. They appealed from the sentence of the Consistory to the higher court,

the Parlement. Their appeal was met by a counter appeal on the part of the Attorney-General, an appeal *a minima*, i.e., on the ground that the sentence on the two last criminals was too light.

The Parlement of Toulouse ranked as the second Supreme Court of justice in the kingdom. The *Chambre de Tournelle*, so called because the counsellors sate in it in rotation, was a Board, or Judicial Committee of Magistrates for the hearing of criminal appeals. It consisted apparently of fifteen members, though only 13 sat and voted on this appeal. None of these magistrates bear names of historic note, though many of them were men of high consideration in Languedoc. Under such a system, however, where offices were purchased, and the magistracy vied with each other in truckling for ministerial favours, the highest names give no security for justice or even for common integrity. Those who know anything of the history of the provincial Parlements will be prepared to find that the magistracy of Toulouse did but swim with the stream, and fall in with all the prepossessions and passions of the *bourgeoisie*.

It will be unnecessary to go over again the pleadings before the Chamber, as the depositions which had already been taken in the court below were put in in the higher court, and nothing material was added. The accused had here, however, the advantage of counsel. They could not have had an abler advocate than M. Sudre. Combining a thorough knowledge of the civil law with a classical taste, the pleadings which he drew up for the defence are in the best style of the French bar, and far superior in their chastened reserve to the exaggerated and tumid protocols which were put forth at a later period of the affair, when it had begun to attract the attention of Europe. They do not appear to have produced any effect upon the magistrates. One member of the Chamber only, M. de La Salle, was, at an early period of the trial, convinced of the innocence of the unhappy Calas, and was courageous enough to brave public opinion in the endeavour to save them. He was easily put aside by his colleagues, not by argument, but by the simple sarcasm, "Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes tout Calas!" What courage it required to bear even this useless testimony to truth may be conceived from the fact that M. Sudre, for his generosity in undertaking the defence of the helpless, lost all his practice at the bar, no one daring to employ a barrister who had so seriously compromised himself.

After ten "grandes séances" the court proceeded to deliver judgment. M. de La Salle, from highly conscientious motives, abstained from voting, as having already taken a part out of court. Of the thirteen judges who voted, only seven voted for the extreme sentence of the law. This would have saved the

prisoner, as the law required an absolute majority of the chamber. Upon this the senior magistrate present, out of complaisance to the court, transferred his vote, and the required majority was obtained.

The sentence condemned Jean Calas—

"1. To the rack (*la question ordinaire et extraordinaire*) to draw from him a confession of his crime, and a betrayal of his accomplices.

"2. That in his shirt, head and feet bare, he should be drawn from prison to the cathedral, and there on his knees, at the principal entrance, with a candle of wax two pounds weight in his hands, he should demand pardon for his crime of God, the king, and the laws.

"3. That he should then be replaced in the cart, and taken to the Place Saint-Georges, where he should be stretched on a wheel, and have his arms, legs, thighs, and ribs broken by the executioner.

"4. That he should then be laid upon his back, with his face toward heaven, to live as long as it should please God to give him life in pain and repentance for his crime and misdeeds, and to serve as an example of terror to other malefactors."

This sentence was pronounced March 9, 1762, and executed the following day.

The horrible details of the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, by rack and by water, are given at length in the official procès-verbal. Human nature shrinks before the repetition of them. Suffice it to say that the spirit of the heroic victim triumphed over his mortal agonies, and that the butchers, assisted by the exhortations of two Jacobin friars, only extorted a consistent and unwavering declaration of innocence. In the hideous interrogatory between the patient and his judges we have no difficulty in recognising an error on the one side endeavouring in vain to find any grounds on which to establish itself: on the other, the integrity of innocence reproducing itself in every form, and under the most terrible test to which human nature can be subjected. When brought out on the scaffold for the final scene of brutality, a single cry escaped his lips at the first blow out of the eleven, each one of which broke a bone. He endured the rest without a murmur. When stretched out in the manner prescribed by the sentence, notwithstanding the double torture and the breaking of his limbs, life was still so tenacious in the man of sixty-four, that he lingered in his agony for two hours. At the expiration of this time the executioner had orders to put a period to his sufferings. At this moment David, who had presided at the torture, and had been watching the subsequent proceedings, unable any longer to control his rage and disappointment at not having extracted a confession, rushed towards him on the scaffold, "Wretch, you have but a moment more to live! Confess the truth!" Calas, unable to speak, but retaining his faculties perfectly, made a sign in the negative with his head, and the executioner put the cord round his neck.

It is some consolation to outraged humanity to record the end of David. As light was gradually thrown upon this horrible perversion of justice, David found himself become the object of universal detestation. In 1765 he was turned out of the Capitolate. The horrors of his situation deranged his mind. He thought he saw gibbets and executioners on every side of him. He was taken home to his native place for the benefit of the air. He threw himself out of window once, but without fatal consequences. Though carefully watched, he managed to evade his keepers a second time, and killed himself by throwing himself from a window, crying out the name of Calas ! •

In relating the fate of the wretched Capitoul, we have anticipated. We return to the year 1762.

It had been thought advisable to take the case of Jean Calas first, separate from the others, as it was expected the torture would wring from him such a confession as would furnish a better ground of proceeding to their condemnation than as yet existed. The heroism of the father saved his family. The day after the execution, the Procureur-Général,* “ce Procureur de Beelzebuth,” Voltaire called him in the Sirven affair in 1770, moved the court to proceed to sentence the rest of the prisoners. He demanded that Madame Calas, her son, and La Vaisse should be hung, and Jeanne Viguier confined for life in the prison of the asylum, after having been present at the execution of her accomplices. On the 18th March the court pronounced its decision. This was—against Pierre Calas, banishment: against the other three, a verdict of acquittal. It is evident from this sentence that the judges had already begun to feel a suspicion of their error. For if Pierre had been guilty as an accessory to the murder of his brother, he should not have been let off with banishment. And if he was not accessory, for what crime was the penalty of banishment inflicted? And as he and the other three were not accessory to the murder, we are to suppose that a man of sixty-four had, unassisted, strangled a vigorous young man of twenty-eight, without his even being able to make sufficient resistance to alarm the rest of the household. This second sentence is the severest censure on the first.

Such was the tragedy enacted in Toulouse. Let us turn to the effect produced as it came to be known beyond the walls.

On the Protestants of France it produced the utmost degree of consternation. The odious horrors of the torture and execution of an innocent man, and the blind violence with which his de-

* The *Procureur-Général* was the head of the bar attached to a supreme court. The *Procureur-du-Roi* held the same position at the bar attached to any inferior court.

struction at all hazards had been pushed on, struck the imagination with awe. But more than even this were they alarmed by finding the whole of the Reformed churches publicly charged in an official document, authenticated by the Church, with holding the doctrine that it was the duty of parents to assassinate their children if they showed a disposition to become Catholics. They thought themselves obliged to obtain a solemn disavowal of the tenet, signed by the "Venerable Company of the Pastors, &c., of the Church at Geneva." And they further engaged the most accredited name among the French Reformed, the illustrious Paul Rabaut, Pastor of the Desert, to put forth a "Memorial" in their defence. This defence, entitled "*La Calomnie Confondue*," is, in the opinion of M. Cuquerel, not the production of Paul Rabaut himself. He was led to this conclusion by the style of the pamphlet, which is spirited, defiant, and tinged with the declamatory rhetoric of the man of letters of that age. Such was not the attitude of the Reformed religion in France in the eighteenth century. The French Protestants were terrified at the pluck of their own apologist, and hastened to let him know that they found his pamphlet "*too severe*." Too severe on the murderers of Calas! To what can a few generations of unresisted and hopeless oppression bring a feeble and persecuted class or sect of men? We may not taunt these unhappy "sheep in the desert" with pusillanimity. But it is too true that the vigour and life of the Huguenot body had quitted their country at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Those who stayed behind had to drain to the dregs the bitter cup of insult and humiliation. They voluntarily accepted their lot, and their submission produced its natural effects on their character. We are reminded of the description given of them in the indignant appeals of Saurin to these Nicodemites, as he calls them, who, by remaining at home, had sacrificed their conscience to their interests. Saurin reproaches them with betraying their God and their brethren. It would be more true to say that they were unfaithful to themselves. They had, like all defeated parties, lost the consciousness of being in the right, and seemed to cling to their creed rather from a stupid tenacity than from conviction. They justified their oppressors, and really thought it "treason" to complain. We must ascribe to this entire subjugation to the opinion of the majority the fact, that many Protestants in France at first expressed their full belief in the guilt of Calas.

All that the voice from the Desert dared to call in question was the ascription to the Protestant body of the doctrine of assassination. Even for this moderate resistance the memorial of Paul Rabaut was ordered by the Parlement of Toulouse to be burnt in the public square, and informations were directed to be taken

against all "concerned in composing, writing, printing, or distributing the said libel." The sentence on Jean Calas, a sentence passed with every solemnity by the second court of justice in the kingdom, no Protestant would have ventured to dispute the legality of, whatever suspicion he might have nursed in private. But even had the Protestants possessed the will, they had not the power to obtain a hearing. It required a mind unsubjugated by the reigning fanaticism, and a voice which could make itself heard, in order to bring the murderers of Calas to the bar of public opinion.

About the end of March, 1762, a merchant of Marseilles, on his way home from Toulouse, stopped at Geneva, paid a visit to Voltaire, and gave him an account of the dreadful scene which he had just witnessed. He affirmed most emphatically that Calas was innocent. Over and above the indignation inspired by the perversion of justice, there was that in the character of the business which in an especial manner addressed itself to Voltaire's interests. The most sincere and disinterested of his feelings was his burning indignation against crimes committed in the name of religion. In the Toulouse tragedy he had brought home to him one of the most atrocious of such crimes on record. And this, on either alternative. Was Calas guilty? Then would be betrayed a dark and murderous fanaticism lurking among the crushed relics of French Calvinism. Was he innocent? Then Catholic bigotry had committed in the sight of day an atrocious wickedness, which it concerned the honour of the French nation to atone for as publicly and fully as lay in its power. With his accustomed energy he set about obtaining all the information he could gather; he spared neither time nor labour, nor any of his accustomed artifice, to elicit, to surprise—the truth; writing in every direction, checking one correspondent by another. If he found one of his informants zealous in the cause of the Calas, Voltaire assumed the tone of one who believed their guilt, and challenges proof of the contrary. It was not long, however, before he saw his own way. The task of putting the evidence in a shape to convince others was much more serious. For one species of proof which had most influenced himself could not be represented on paper. This was his experiments, for so we may call them, on the two sons. Donat Calas, the youngest, was then fifteen; he had been apprenticed to a tradesman at Nîmes. After the arrest and imprisonment of his family, he was recommended to fly the country, as the only way of escaping being involved in the catastrophe; he took refuge at Geneva; here Voltaire found him, carried him home to "Les Délices," and kept him with him. By this means he gained a knowledge not only of the young man's own disposition, but of the character of the family, and

the interior economy of their household. Had Voltaire found in Donat the traces of savage fanaticism and sectarian hatred, it would at least have given possibility to the crime. He recognised, on the contrary, in the family with whose habits he thus made acquaintance, a gentleness of manners, a respectful tolerance towards the Catholic religion, which is most remote from such sacrifices to Moloch as were alleged. In July, Pierre Calas, having escaped from a Dominican convent at Toulouse into which he had been entrapped, made his appearance at Geneva. Voltaire, not content with examining him, placed persons in secret espionage near him for four months. His whole conduct and language, writes Voltaire, at the conclusion of this long trial, "sont de l'innocence la plus pure, et de la douleur la plus vraie." The innocence of Calas is not doubtful. Had it been otherwise, the result of Voltaire's experiment upon the sons would have been of the greatest weight in favour of the father. It may be true that it suited Voltaire's purposes to attack the Parlement rather than the Protestants. But it was essential to him, if he did engage in a struggle with the Parlement, to be sure that he had right on his side before beginning. Had he had a bad case, he must have been ignominiously defeated. As it was, with right and justice on his side, success was doubtful.

As soon as he was decided to act, it was necessary to engage the co-operation of the Widow Calas. Broken-hearted by a calamity which was irreparable by any human aid, she had retired with Jeanne Viguier into the country, in the neighbourhood of Montauban. Her only desire now was to drag out in privacy the sorrowful remainder of a life whose sunshine had been so cruelly extinguished. When she found herself expected to re-appear in the world, to undertake the journey to Paris, and the harass and shame of a personal canvass, she at first shrunk from the effort demanded. Indeed it was as hazardous as well as a difficult enterprise. She had but just escaped, herself and one of her sons, from participating in her husband's tortures and death. They might be thought fortunate in having got off so easily. Was she now to confront authority, to levy war against the Parlement of Toulouse, or even against the Capitouls? The same credit and influence which had been used to procure the unjust verdict would be exerted with tenfold force to sustain it.

Voltaire better understood the risk run in the attempt than Madame Calas herself. He knew that now the whole strength of the Church would be engaged to uphold the unjust judgment, and with the more pertinacity because they knew it to have been unjust, and its exposure would therefore involve signal disgrace. But with his farsighted and clear understanding, he had calculated his resources, and saw that it could be done. The closest caution,

however, was necessary. Had it been known that Madame Calas was in motion, the Attorney-General would have had little difficulty in obtaining a *lettre de cachet*, and shutting her up in some prison or convent. She went to Paris alone. Her means were now too narrow—for their fortune had been wrecked by the imprisonment, and even their shop pillaged by the mob—for her to afford an attendant, and the faithful Jeanne was left at home. M. La Vaisse, who acted in concert with her, also appeared in Paris under an assumed name. Voltaire from a distance watched over her proceedings, smoothed her path, and acted as her protector with that thoughtful delicacy in which he was unsurpassed. Thanks to his indefatigable exertions, the lonely woman soon found herself surrounded by friends, and offers of assistance. But this brought with it new troubles. Her inexperience of the capital was so great, that every friend thought himself bound to become adviser also. The multitude of counsellors became itself an embarrassment. Voltaire's time is now occupied in setting aside the impracticable proposals of mistaken well-wishers, and repairing the blunders of officious but ignorant zeal. His activity was incessant, and only equalled by his steadiness. The fertility of his invention, his inexhaustible fund of expedients to meet every difficulty, were never more conspicuous than in this cause, into which he threw himself with all his soul.

The difficulties were appalling. First, there was the pervading official difficulty of getting anything *done*, which is multiplied tenfold when it is a question of getting *undone* that which has been done. Not public offices only, and professions, but society, swarms with persons who are always convinced that an official sentence is always a just sentence. Such a one was the Duc de Villars, whom Voltaire had endeavoured to enlist in the cause. He had so far complied as to make an application to the Secretary of State, that the grounds of the sentence (*motifs de l'arrêt*) might be produced:—

"This is as much as I considered myself justified in saying to M. de Saint-Florentin. I could not venture to assert that the sentence was an unjust sentence, as I have no reason for thinking it so. The papers which you have forwarded to me, and which I hereby acknowledge, have not altered my opinion. I wish I may be wrong in believing that fanaticism can prompt to any crime. But I cannot suppose that thirteen judges would unanimously condemn a man to the most terrible of punishments without a certain assurance of his guilt."

These sentiments, which breathe the refinement and cold good sense of the "highest circles," were by no means confined to those circles. They were above all things adapted to damp Voltaire, who, however he might outrage decency at times, was always alive

to the proprietries. An anecdote is told by M. Gaberel (*Voltaire les Gênévois*) of a German Baron who happened in passing by Geneva to call at Ferney, in the very height of the business. Having just emerged from his patriarchal Schloss, the Baron was in baronial ignorance of the news of the day. Voltaire, who could think of nothing else, immediately inquired, "Monsieur, que pensez-vous du pauvre Calas, qui à été roué?"

"Il à été roué! Ah! il faut que ce soit un grand coquin!"

Voltaire's indignation may be guessed, and the visitor was summarily ejected from Ferney, much to his astonishment. His blunder was explained to him at Geneva. He, on his part, had supposed Calas to be some brigand to whom the Lord of Ferney had been administering seignorial justice.

The coldness of official persons was not the only obstacle to be grappled with. The Calas had a secret opponent in the most powerful personage in the realm, the Secretary of State, the Comte de Saint-Florentin. His opposition was all the more formidable that it was veiled under the cautions and stately reserve of diplomatic forms. What may have been the minister's policy it is impossible to guess. But we now know, from the secret despatches, what was not penetrated by Voltaire himself, that throughout the affair the Secretary of State was the active and interested patron of the enemies of Calas.

Another danger to be guarded against was the susceptibility of the Catholics. Had the appeal of the Calas for justice been put in its true light, it might easily have been represented on the other side as a conspiracy of the Calvinists, and so not only the Church, but the whole Catholic party, have been roused to resist it. In drawing up the memorials for the appellants, Voltaire had the difficult task of pleading for a Protestant, and before Catholic France, such as Louis XIV. had left it. His own account of the nicety of touch this required is found in one of the letters, published for the first time in 1856 (*Lettres Inédites*):—

"My dear Tronchin,—I send you the memorial as I have worded it for our Catholics at home; you see that, like the apostle, I make myself all things to all men. A Protestant, speaking as here in his own name, could not, I thought, conceal his creed, but must speak of it with modesty, to disarm, if possible, the French prejudice against Calvinism. Consider that there are plenty of folks quite ready to say, 'What signifies it if they have beaten a Calvinist to death! The State has one enemy the less!' Depend upon it many a good simple ecclesiastic thinks this. We must stop their mouths by a modest exposition of the reasonable side of Protestantism, so stated that the Catholic convert-mongers shall continue to cherish hopes of success."

Many other obstacles of a technical nature, such as the difficulty of obtaining a copy of the original proceedings at Toulouse,

arose; the expense, which was enormous, Voltaire paid out of his own pocket, or by a subscription among his friends; but finally they were all surmounted by his address and ardour. On the 7th of March, three days short of a year since the death of Jean Calas, Voltaire had the gratification of seeing the first step towards reparation made. The Conseil d'Etat, on the motion of M. Mariette, made an order for the review of the case of Jean Calas. It had now attracted general attention, not only at the bar, and in legal and official circles, but in the court. The Conseil du Roi was held at Versailles; and we have the following account from an eye-witness, in a letter dated the following day, March 8th:—

“Madame Calas’ affair was decided yesterday in the Council. I accompanied her to Versailles, as did several other gentlemen her friends. She met with a most favourable reception from the ministers. She was not obliged to wait anywhere.* As soon as ever she presented herself, the doors flew wide open. Every one seemed bent on offering her all the sympathy in their power. The Chancellor said to her, ‘Your business, Madam, engages all our thoughts. We desire that you should receive here all the consolation for your troubles which we can give.’ She proceeded to the gallery, with her daughters, to see the king pass to council. Several of the great lords addressed her—the Duc d’A., the Comte de Noailles, &c. They undertook that the king should notice her, and placed her on purpose. But owing to a strange accident their design was frustrated. For just as the king came to the place, one of his suite stumbled and fell, and drew all eyes upon him.”

This first *arrêt* of the Council, ordering a review, was only the first stage. It took twelve months more to carry the case through all the necessary steps. The 4th of June, the Council having reviewed the case, quashed the judgment of the Parlement of Toulouse (*arrêt de cassation*), and ordered a new trial.

The indignation at Toulouse, when the news reached that city, was extreme. It was indeed an extreme and rare stretch of royal power to reverse the judgment of a Supreme Court of justice. The lawyers at Toulouse maintained that it could not be done. However, they were obliged to content themselves with muttering this constitutional doctrine, and with making an extortionate charge for certified copies of the proceedings. One religious consolation the archbishop (Arthur Richard Dillon) indulgently added. To reward their Catholic zeal, and console them under their cruel humiliation, he permitted each of the counsellors of the Parlement to have mass said at home on Sundays. In the enjoyment of these Christian comforts they had nothing to regret, as they said, in the business, but not having had the whole five broken on the wheel instead of one only.

The Conseil du Roi, or Privy Council, having annulled the sentence as a court of appeal, sent the case for a new trial before a court composed of the "Maitres des Requêtes de l'Hôtel au Souverain." This appears to have been a sort of Palace Court, for the trial of causes arising within the precincts of the palace or royal residence. Its cognizance seems to have been extended, on this and rare occasions, to such cases as the king in council pleased to reserve for his own hearing. This second trial was of the greatest consequence for clearing the memory and establishing the innocence of Jean Calas. Had the proceedings ended in annulling the Toulouse judgment, it would have been certainly pretended that the reversal was unfounded. Now the whole evidence was gone into afresh, and the Calas were enabled to produce evidence for the defence, which the iniquitous procedure of the provincial tribunal had not admitted. The examination of the evidence occupied six sittings of about four hours each, the last excepted, which was more than eight. The final sentence, in which the forty judges unanimously concurred, was given on the 9th of March, 1765—the very day three years on which the original sentence had been passed on Jean Calas. This piece of French puerility might better have been spared. "This theatrical trick," says Grimm ("Corresp. Lit.," 25 Mars), "in so solemn a business, makes one shudder, as if one was among children playing with knives and axes." Some of the advisers of Madame Calas, elated with success, urged her to proceed to sue the Parlement of Toulouse for damages. This was judiciously prevented. She received a sum in compensation out of the public purse. It sounds considerable, but it was all exhausted in the costly legal proceedings which had now spread over three years, besides the sums which had been laid out by Voltaire. To the subscription which Voltaire opened foreign countries contributed. The Empress of Russia was said to have given 3000 livres. The English subscription-list contained nearly one hundred and fifty names, headed by those of the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Long before all the creditors were paid off, these succours were exhausted; and it remained for the National Convention in '92—thirty years after the event—to make this final reparation. On the 23rd Pluviose, the citizen Bézard made a set harangue before the Convention, reciting the whole story, and bringing forward some facts which had not been produced on the trial, with which he had been furnished by the surviving members of the family. ~~This is the last public notice of the Calas tragedy.~~

One reflection is forced upon us by reviewing the share which law had in this drama. The arm by which Voltaire fought out his success was public opinion. The power by which the Catholic magistrates of Toulouse had worked was also a public

opinion, viz., that of the Catholic population of Languedoc. Voltaire was able to upset their judgment by bringing to bear on the tribunals a wider and more comprehensive publicity. The opinion of Europe corrected the narrow bigotry of a remote province. The tribunals play a subordinate part throughout. Law appears as the creature and instrument of the public voice, which controls and directs its findings. Instead of waiting to let the case be sifted in court, confident that justice will be done, the public out of doors dictate what view the bench shall take. The public must assume the office of Dicast, and labour through the evidence, or there is no security that justice will be done. Let us suppose that instead of a sceptical and tolerant age, with a Voltaire to direct opinion, these events had occurred in a reactionary and servile period, when orthodoxy and the infallibility of government were the reigning doctrines, what possible chance would there have been of the reversal of Jean Calas' sentence? The same bigotry which had perverted justice at Toulouse would have sanctioned the perversion at Paris. The rational and instructed minority would have raised their voice, but it would have been heard only in an unavailing and despised protest. There has probably been no age of the history of France in which such a sentence as this passed by the Parlement of Toulouse was impossible. There is hardly any period of that history, besides the one in question, when such a conspicuous act of justice to a Protestant, as the reversal of Calas' sentence, was possible.

Thus it happened that a matter of fact, no more doubtful than any of the most certain facts in history, became a party question. The memory of Calas had been vindicated by Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. That was quite enough for the Catholics. A good Catholic must know no more in order to form his opinion. It is the characteristic of Catholicism that it supercedes reason, and prejudges all matters by the application of fixed principles. And this habit of mind a Catholic carries with him from religion and philosophy into history and matters of fact. His question is not, "Is there evidence that this man did this thing?" but, "which view does the Church take?" The mental habit thus engendered is fatal to truth and integrity. M. Coquerel flatters himself, in his closing words, that he has set the matter at rest for ever. The writers on both sides, he says, had followed the same method. They had repeated, out of the histories, the same arguments, the partisans dwelling on those which seemed to tell for the accused,—the adversaries on those which made against them. But no one before himself had undertaken to go through in detail the written depositions and the pleadings of the advocates. M. Coquerel ought to know his countrymen better than to think that even demonstrative evidence

will procure from Catholic opinion justice for a Protestant. Reasonable and well-informed men of course will see the truth. But the mass of Catholics are carefully protected from reason and information. We have little doubt that as long as the Catholic religion shall last, their little manuals of falsified history will continue to repeat that Jean Calas murdered his son because he had become a convert to the Catholic faith.



ART. VI.—REALISM IN ART: RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

1. *Neue Novellen*. Von Paul Heyse. 1858.
2. *Novellen*. Von Paul Heyse. 2te Auflage. 1857.
3. *Zwischen Himmel und Erde*. Von Otto Ludwig. 2te Auflage. 1858.
4. *Adam und Eva*. Von Theodor Mügge. 1858.
5. *Die Dokumente*. Von Theodor Mügge. 1857.
6. *Soll und Haben*. Von Gustav Freitag. 8te Auflage. 1858.
7. *Die Leute von Seldwyla*. Von Gottfried Keller. 2te Auflage. 1858.

ERASMUS relates a curious case of mania which afflicted a young Italian gentleman, who, although he had never been in Germany, nor had ever learned German, was suddenly and incomprehensibly seized with an irresistible tendency to utter copious and incoherent phrases, distinctly recognisable as German. A celebrated physician was called in. The diagnosis left no doubt that the young gentleman was suffering from worms. A cure was effected; but with the departure of the entozoon there was a complete and final extinction of the German idiom. From that moment the young gentleman had easier intestines, and spoke nothing but harmonious Italian.

Without guaranteeing the physiological accuracy of this anecdote, which is cited by Erasmus somewhere in his opinion in praise of medicine, we confess that we should not be reluctant to see a similar method of cure applied to many of the German literati, as, at any rate, a tentative effort to restrain the too abundant copiousness of weak and watery idiom which flows from that body. If we are to take the diagnosis of the Leipsic Fair,

we must pronounce entozoa to be epidemically rife. How otherwise can the phenomena be explained? How is it that with a language rich, flexible, potent for every purpose, and with writers who, as masters of composition, take rank beside the greatest names in literature, the majority of Germans nevertheless contrive to render their noble language the most wearisome, the most cumbrous, the least intelligible, and least expressive medium for the accurate and delicate communication of ideas and sentiment? How is it that, with such models, they have not learned the art of writing? To be gentlemen of somewhat slow, sluggish minds is perhaps their misfortune; but to be writers deplorably deficient in the first principles of composition is assuredly their fault. Some men pasture on platitudes, as oxen upon meadow-grass; they are at home on a dead level of commonplace, and do not desire it to be irradiated by a felicity of expression. But if they cannot be felicitous, they should at any rate be clear; if their phrases are only approximative, their sentences need not be half a page in length, clause within clause, and encumbered with auxiliaries. To write well is an art; and an art possessed by few; but to write decently, and with care, is an accomplishment which can be learned by all, although it is one not yet mastered by the writers to whom we allude. This is a defect over which foreigners marvel, and cultivated Germans mourn. Where lies the cause of that defect? It cannot lie in the language, since in poetry all Germans express themselves clearly, if not always felicitously; and in the prose of the good writers—of which there are many—we see how capable the language is of crystal clearness, stately *largo*, delicate expression, or sharp, rapid epigram. Can the cause be the entozoa? The prescription of that Italian physician should be sought for.

Seriously, no one acquainted with German literature can fail to be struck with the very remarkable latitude which is given to bad and negligent writing of all kinds. Great are the achievements of the German mind, and incalculable the debt which Europe owes to Germany. In every department of literature, art, and science, he who has mastered the German language finds himself in possession of a key which will unlock costly cabinets. Our scholars, our historians, our jurists, our philosophers, our men of science, and our poets, are every day learning more and more how to value and how to employ such a key. Yet while German thought and German industry have enriched Europe in every direction, while German literature is everywhere held in profound and merited respect, there is, as there has always been, a laxity, not to say licence, in German style, which mars the effect of much good labour, and which encourages the publication of a mass of bad literature that

otherwise would never see the light. The reader will of course understand that we exclude all those writers who, gifted with the talent of expression, or conscious of the demands of literature, attend to their diction, as the painter attends to his colouring. We refer solely to the mass of authors to whom the idea of the art of writing being an *art*, like any other, seems never to have presented itself. Much of this must depend on the public. If bad writing were severely criticised, bad writers would diminish. But when the most slovenly and imperfect diction will not prevent a writer from gaining a great reputation, encouragement is held out to incompetence and indolence. In France, unless a man writes clearly and correctly he is not read; if he writes felicitously, he becomes famous. But in Germany there is no severe public taste; and Germans seem rarely to possess that susceptibility to the delicate shades of distinction on which taste depends. They take things more *en bloc*. The jewelled finger with a dirty nail does not shock them as it shocks us. If a man has anything to say, they let him say it as carelessly as he pleases.

Strangely enough, it sounds, in our ears, when works of biography and fiction, such as schoolboys ought to be whipped for writing, are classed under the head of *schöne Litteratur*—belles lettres. An ill-written work of erudition or science unnecessarily taxes the reader, who has already enough to do in mastering the contents; but in such cases faults of manner are forgiven for the sake of the matter: we know that a savant cannot always have a talent for expression, and that an able experimenter may be a feeble expositor. Yet even this forgiveness has its limits. We have a right to refuse too wide a latitude. If a man is unable to write, let him get another to put his ideas in a presentable shape. Negligence is an offence; and it is from negligence that so many German professors write badly. No one would demand of them literary talent; but we may rightfully demand that proper respect to literature which would keep them from slovenly, obscure writing. Graces are *gâts*: it can no more be required of a professor that he should write with felicity than that he should charm all beholders with his personal appearance; but literature requires that he should write intelligibly and carefully, as society requires that he should wash his face and button his waistcoat. The most celebrated of living chemists is also one of the most popular writers; we cannot expect that all chemists should have the bright intellect of a Liebig, but we have a right to demand that, as authors, they should not bestow less pains, less industry than he does. The rough draft of MS. which they would send to press, he writes twice, and even thrice over again, never letting it be printed till he is satisfied that the ideas are clearly expressed.

No man who comes before the public has the right of eluding this labour and this difficulty. The art of writing is *not* easy, as those know best who have written best. The "gentlemen who write with ease" are read with fatigue; and Mr. Helps has somewhere accounted for this fatigue by the admirable suggestion that bad writers employ many phrases "in the secret hope that one among them may be found to fit." The difficulty in writing is, after having clearly determined *what* you mean, to find the expressions which clearly present that meaning, and no more; every superfluous word is a loss of power, or a loss of clearness.

Such excuse as may be found for an ill-written work of science does not exist in the case of a novel or biography. And yet so ill-written are the majority of German biographies and novels, so unlovely is the greater part of the *schöne Litteratur*, that the sight of a volume is apt to produce a shudder—a kind of intellectual gooseflesh. For the present we will leave the biographies in peace, and confine ourselves to the fiction which has recently appeared.

The novels of Germany are singularly inferior to those of France or England; indeed, graceful as are many of the German legends and fairy tales, fiction seems but little suited to the German genius, and novels of real life almost altogether beyond its range. Every reader knows how bad is the mass of novels in England and France; how they do but repeat the conventional types of character and incident, in language more or less inflated and ungrammatical; there can be no surprise, therefore, at finding a German circulating library furnishing the same class of works. But Germany is distinguished from England and France in this, that whereas these countries produce from time to time a really considerable amount of striking fiction, enough to seduce even grave readers, and to redeem novel reading from the reproach which would justly cling to it, were novels of no higher quality than the staple of the library; in Germany the mass is very feeble, and there are no novelists who in England or France would be eminent. We do not say that there are no creditable German novels; but we think every competent critic will allow that the best of these are of quite a different quality from those which produce a "sensation" in England and France. And if we desired an easy proof of this assertion, we might refer to Freitag's "Soll und Haben," which has been translated three or four times in England, and in cheap editions has been largely read; so that we may refer to it with some confidence of being understood. For half a century no novel has had such a success as this in Germany. It has already reached its eighth edition, and has been read by "everybody." This success is certainly legitimate. Comparing the work with the other novels we have seen, we perceive

in it qualities which would in all countries render it acceptable, but which in Germany must give it eminence. Freitag is not an artist, in the high sense of the word, but he is very near being one: he has an eye for character, and he has in some degree the still rarer gift of dramatic presentation of character; he has a faculty of invention, and a strenuous desire to paint realities; he knows life under many forms, and is wide in his sympathies; he has further a power of writing such as his countrymen rarely exhibit. Nevertheless, this book, which produced so profound a sensation in Germany, produced none at all in England: it was largely bought, because an excitement was got up about it, owing to the rival translations, and the Chevalier Bunsen's foolish preface; but we never heard of any critical reader who thought the novel comparable to the better class of novels in England and France. We should scarcely suppose that even German critics would place "Soll und Haben" beside Balzac or George Sand, Thackeray or Dickens; while English critics assuredly would place it below the works of very inferior writers. One feels that there is a great deal of merit in Freitag's book, and that it contains matter which a more artistic hand would have fashioned into enduring forms; but it is a work to read, not to re-read. This is felt by some German critics also who, now they have recovered from their surprise at having been really interested in a work which, after all, leaves behind it no enduring impression, attribute this failure to produce a deep impression to what they call the author's "realism." According to them, Freitag's work fails, because it moves amid the prosaic realities of life, telling us of merchants and shopkeepers, such as may be found behind many a counter; men honourable, indeed, and honoured in their circle, but having no care or thought of art, philosophy, and the higher aims of life. It is this want of the "ideal element" which makes "Soll und Haben," according to the critics, a work of the day; which gives it a temporary success, "because our age is realistic," and because the bourgeoisie loves to see itself represented in fiction; but which inevitably condemns it to oblivion. Were this criticism well-founded, the consequence to be drawn from it would be that novelists should care little about reality, and much about ideal subjects: a conclusion which renders the dearth of good novels somewhat inexplicable, seeing that already the libraries swarm with works having but the faintest possible relation to any form of human life, and the strongest infusion of what is considered the "ideal element." The hero is never a merchant, a lawyer, an artisan—*Gott bewahre!* He must have a pale face and a thoughtful brow; he must be either a genius or a Herr Baron. The favourite hero is a poet, or an artist, often a young nobleman who has the artistic nature; but always a man of

genius; because prose can be found at every street-corner, and art must elevate the public by "beautifying" life.

This notion of the function of Art is widely spread. It has its advocates in all countries, for it is the natural refuge of incompetence, to which men fly, impelled by the secret sense of their inability to portray Reality so as to make it interesting. A distinction is drawn between Art and Reality, and an antithesis established between Realism and Idealism which would never have gained acceptance had not men in general lost sight of the fact that Art is a Representation of Reality—a Representation which, inasmuch as it is not the thing itself, but only represents it, must necessarily be limited by the nature of its medium; the canvas of the painter, the marble of the sculptor, the chords of the musician, and the language of the writer, each bring with them peculiar laws; but while thus limited, while thus regulated by the necessities imposed on it by each medium of expression, Art always aims at the representation of Reality, *i. e.* of Truth; and no departure from truth is permissible, except such as inevitably lies in the nature of the medium itself. Realism is thus the basis of all Art, and its antithesis is not Idealism, but *Falsism*. When our painters represent peasants with regular features and irreproachable linen; when their milkmaids have the air of Keepsake beauties, whose costume is picturesque, and never old or dirty; when Hodge is made to speak refined sentiments in unexceptionable English, and children utter long speeches of religious and poetic enthusiasm; when the conversation of the parlour and drawing-room is a succession of philosophical remarks, expressed with great clearness and logic, an attempt is made to idealize, but the result is simple falsification and bad art. To misrepresent the forms of ordinary life is no less an offence than to misrepresent the forms of ideal life: a pug-nosed Apollo, or Jupiter in a great-coat, would not be more truly shocking to an artistic mind than are those senseless falsifications of nature into which incompetence is led under the pretence of idealizing, of "beautifying" nature. Either give us true peasants, or leave them untouched; either paint no drapery at all, or paint it with the utmost fidelity; either keep your people silent, or make them speak the idiom of their class.

Raphael's marvellous picture, the "Madonna di San Sisto," presents us with a perfect epitome of illustration. In the figures of the Pope and St. Barbara we have a real man and woman, one of them a portrait, and the other not elevated above sweet womanhood. Below, we have the two exquisite angel children, intensely childlike, yet something *more*, something which renders their wings congruous with our conception of them. In the never-to-be-forgotten divine babe, we have at once the intensest realism of

presentation, with the highest idealism of conception: the attitude is at once grand, easy, and natural; the face is that of a child, but the child is divine: in those eyes, and on that brow, there is an indefinable something* which, greater than the expression of the angels', grander than that of pope or saint, is, to all who see it, a perfect *truth*; we feel that humanity in its highest conceivable form is before us, and that to transcend such a form would be to lose sight of the *human* nature there represented. In the virgin mother, again, we have a real woman, such as the *campagna* of Rome will furnish every day, yet with eyes subdued to a consciousness of her divine mission. Here is a picture which from the first has enchained the hearts of men, which is assuredly in the highest sense ideal, and which is so because it is also in the highest sense real—a real man, a real woman, real angel-children, and a real Divine Child; the last a striking contrast to the ineffectual attempts of other painters to spiritualize and idealize the babe—attempts which represent no babe at all. Titian's unsurpassable head of Christ, in the famous "Christo del Moneta," if compared with all other heads by other painters, will likewise be found to have its profound significance and idealism in the wonderful reality of the presentation: the head is more intensely human than that of any other representation of Christ, but the humanity is such as accords with our highest conceptions.

We may now come to an understanding on the significance of the phrase Idealism in Art. Suppose two men equally gifted with the perceptive powers and technical skill necessary to the accurate representation of a village group, but the one to be gifted, over and above these qualities, with an emotional sensibility which leads him to sympathize intensely with the emotions playing amid that village group. Both will delight in the forms of external nature, both will lovingly depict the scene and scenery; but the second will not be satisfied therewith: his sympathy will lead him to express something of the emotional life of the group; the mother in his picture will not only hold her child in a graceful attitude, she will look at it with a mother's tenderness; the lovers will be tender; the old people venerable. Without once departing from strict reality, he will have thrown a sentiment into his group which every spectator will recognise as poetry. Is he not more *real* than a Teniers, who, admirable in externals, had little or no sympathy with the internal life, which, however, is as real as the other? But observe, the sentiment must be real, truly expressed as a sentiment, and as the sentiment of the very people

* This is only true of the original. No copy or engraving that we have ever seen has even a tolerable accuracy in these finer, subtler beauties.

represented; the tenderness of *Hodge* must not be that of *Romeo*, otherwise we shall have such maudlin as the "Last Appeal." Let us have Teniers rather than Frank Stone; truth, however limited, rather than spurious idealism. The mind of the painter is expressed in his pictures. Snyders and Landseer are both great animal painters, both represent with marvellous accuracy the forms and attitudes of animals; but Landseer is a poet where Snyders is merely brutal. Landseer paints his dogs, sheep, and stags with the utmost fidelity; he does not idealize them, except in that legitimate style of idealization which consists in presenting the highest form of reality: he makes his animals express their inner-life; he throws a sentiment into his groups. Snyders does nothing but represent dogs tearing down wild boars, or animals in a state of demoniacal ferocity; Landseer makes us feel that dogs have their affections and their sorrows, their pride and their whims.

In like manner the novelist (to return to the point from which we started) expresses his mind in his novels, and according as his emotional sympathy is keen and active, according to his poetic disposition, will the choice and treatment of his subject be poetical: but it must always be real—true.* If he select the incidents and characters of ordinary life, he must be rigidly bound down to accuracy in the presentation. He is at liberty to avoid such subjects, if he thinks them prosaic and uninteresting (which will mean that he does not feel their poetry and interest), but having chosen, he is not at liberty to falsify, under pretence of beautifying them; every departure from truth in motive, idiom, or probability, is, to that extent, a defect. His dressmaker must be a young woman who makes dresses, and not a sentimental "heroine," evangelical and consumptive; she may be consumptive, she may also be evangelical, for dressmakers are so sometimes, but she must be individually a dressmaker. So also the merchant must have an air of the counting-house, an ostler must smell of the stables. To call a man a merchant, and tell us of his counting-house, while for anything else we might suppose him to be a nobleman, or an uncle from India, is not Art, because it is not representation of reality. If the writer's knowledge or sympathies do not lead him in the direction of ordinary life, if he can neither paint town nor country, let him take to the wide fields of History or Fancy. Even there the demands of truth will pursue him; he must paint what he distinctly sees with his imagination; if he succeed, he will create characters which are true although ideal; and in this sense Puck, Ariel, Brutus, and Falstaff are as real as Dick Swiveller or Tom Jones.

To accuse "*Soll und Haben*" of "realism" would in our eyes be the highest of compliments, because the book undertakes to represent the life of the bourgeoisie in Germany; and although it

may not be so great an achievement to represent such a form of life as to represent the life of a poet, an artist, a thinker, or a statesman, it would be a greater achievement to represent the ordinary life truly than the extraordinary life incompletely. Teniers is leagues below Raphael, but he is infinitely superior to the "ideal painters" who annually astonish Europe. The author of "*Soll und Haben*" is not a Teniers. He represents daily life, but he does so imperfectly; his truth is but partial, and is mixed with falsehood; and because he is not real, he is not poetical. In several dithyrambic passages he tries to persuade us that the life he paints is not without its poetry, but like many other writers he confounds poetry with dithyrambs, thinks that it can be added from *without*, not seeing that the true poetry of life lies in the emotions and affections proper to each situation, and cannot be *imported* into it. The poetry of a student's garret is not the poetry of the labourer's family occupying the next room. The poetry of an alley is not the poetry of a farm-yard. Wherever there is beauty, suffering, and love, there will be poetry. We remember walking through the Jews' quarter in Prague, when it had for us only a squalid curiosity, until the sight of a cheap flower or two in the windows, and a dirty Jew fondling his baby, suddenly shed a beam as of sunlight over the squalor, and let us into the secret of the human life there. The artist who depicted only what we saw at first, would not have been so real as he who also depicted the flowers and affections; and not being so real, he would not have been so poetical. Of this poetry, Freitag has scarcely a gleam. The finest touches are those in the representation of the pathetic affection of the Giant for his little son, and the consciousness of his own early death. But in general the emotions and fancies, which are the sunshine of back alleys and dingy counting-houses, as they are of parks and town-houses, and which Dickens so well knows how to represent when he takes us into the squalidest scenes, are so sparingly touched by Freitag, that his novel oppresses us with a weary sense of prose, till we pant for a breath of fresh air.

There are many faults in "*Soll und Haben*," among them a tiresome imitation of Dickens, and a want of artistic development (too much being indicated which should be painted out); but the chief cause of its not producing an enduring impression, even on those who read it eagerly to the end, is the want of precisely that realism with which it has been reproached. We have no belief in any of the characters; they do not affect us as real beings; they occupy no place in the gallery of ideal portraits with which our memory is enriched. Who believes in Anton or Fink? Who understands and sympathizes with them? Had they been painted

by a genuine realist, they would have lived beside the imperishable creations of Jane Austen, a writer whom no one would class among the idealists, but a writer who having chosen commonplace people has painted them for immortality. It is but two months since we read Freitag's novel, and the very names of the female characters have vanished from memory. A true creation is unforgettable. No one will ever forget Major Pendennis walking down Pall Mall, or wagging his old head over the fire; no one will ever forget the successful creations (and how numerous they are!) of Dickens. It matters not whether a portrait be daguerretyped from the streets, or created by the imagination, it matters not how familiar or how exceptional, whether a Swiveller or a Falstaff, a Brutus, or a Mephistopheles—if truly drawn, it will be enduring.

"*Soll und Haben*," we believe, owes its success to the fact that it does represent real life better than other German novels; and its success is limited, because the representation is imperfect, not because of its "realism." We have only to turn by way of contrast to Otto Ludwig's "*Zwischen Himmel und Erde*" (*Twixt Heaven and Earth*) which has been pronounced by one of the most eminent of German critics the finest novel of the century. It appeared to us a mawkish, ineffective, wearisome story. So wanting in any of the higher qualities did we find this work, that it remained a puzzle to us *what* the critics could discover in it to justify their praise. "Psychological depth," "poetic conception," "German integrity," "idealization of the workman's life," and "portraiture of character," are phrases large enough, indeed, to include a great amount of ability, but it needs acute interpreting power to detect these qualities in Otto Ludwig's work. The characters are not only the abstractions of virtue and vice with which we have been familiar in hundreds of novels, but even as abstractions they are not well portrayed. The villainous brother, the "jovial" Fritz, is a wild and melo-dramatic caricature, *meant* to be a character, but impressing us only with a sense of the author's feebleness in character-drawing. It is possibly "the meaning" which charms his admirers, who take the will for the deed; they see what the author intended to execute, and give him the credit of the execution. It is thus also we may explain the success of many celebrated paintings of the Modern German School; pictures in which a great deal is meant, and very little executed, full of symbol and historical meaning, which require a long commentary before they can be rendered intelligible, and which before and after the commentary leave the emotions untouched and the eye ungratified.

The story of "*Twixt Heaven and Earth*" is this: The Netten-

meysers, father and sons, are slaters, of high character and in good business. They live in a small German town. The father is a stern, despotic representative of integrity; the elder son vain, jovial, and vicious; the younger shy, clever, and intensely virtuous. This virtuous youth is in love with a girl, to whom he dares not avow his passion, although the reader sees quite well that she returns it. His brother, "jovial" and impudent, undertakes to dance with her, and ascertain her sentiments by pleading his brother's cause. He falls in love with her himself, deceives the unsuspecting youth, gets him sent to Cologne, pretending all the while to urge his brother's suit, and finally marries her himself. For a long while he keeps his brother away from home, by assuring him that Christine has an invincible repugnance to him, and that his presence would be very painful to her. At last the church-tower has to be new roofed, and old Nettenmeyer insists on his younger son returning home to assist in the work. The situation which now begins, continues its slow development to the end of the book. On the one hand, the rejected lover who thinks his brother's wife has a strong repugnance to him; on the other, the wife who really loves him, but imagines he dislikes her; and between them the villanous brother and husband who has deceived them both, and who is in terror lest his villany should be discovered, all the while suffering agonies of jealousy, because he knows they love each other. He has the further pain of seeing his younger brother take the upper hand in the business, being deferred to by the architect, and consulted with respect by all. The superintendence of the roofing of the church-tower is given to this virtuous junior, the children learn to love their uncle, and to be always sounding his praises; and although their mother is for the present kept at a distance from him, will not the secret one day be discovered, and then . . . ? Rage, humiliation, and jealousy drive the "jovial" Fritz to dissipation. He gets into debt. He maltreats his wife; and by so doing is, in some mysterious manner (probably "psychological"), the cause of his child's death. He sets spies to watch his wife and brother. Finally, he attempts to murder his brother, and in conclusion falls from the church-tower while endeavouring to drag down his brother with him.

There is something inexpressibly revolting in this story, made the more so by the mawkish manner in which it is written. A tragic situation there undoubtedly is, but one which under any treatment must necessarily be unpleasant; to bring out the real tragedy, however, it is necessary that we should believe in and be interested in the characters, understand their motives, and feel that their actions are true; whereas in this story the cha-

racters are wholly without individuality and truth ; the motives are absurd ; the dialogue never that of real men and women. The reader is in every scene thrown back on utter disbelief ; it is sheer extravagance and caricature, if taken as a presentation of life ; and as at the same time it is not interesting from the manner of telling the story, nothing but a stern resolution to go to the end enabled us to finish it. Otto Ludwig is a poet, of whose tragedies poets speak in high praise, and we are willing to believe that in any other department of literature he may succeed better than in that of fiction—in fiction he has everything to learn. He cannot tell the story simply, but must be incessantly interrupting it with wearisome pages of “psychological” narrative, setting forth what the characters *would* have felt, did *not* feel, and did *not* see, or else narrating circumstantially their dreams and reveries. Because these pages are occupied with rubbish of this kind they are admired as “psychological ;” but true psychology in a novel consists in the presentation of the actual emotions, motives, and thoughts at work in the action of the drama.

“*Twixt Heaven and Earth*” is the work of a poet, and is assuredly not open to the charge of excessive realism, for anything less like reality it would be difficult to find, out of the circulating library. Here, again, we must remark, that the opposite of realism is not idealism, but falsism. The characters and language, the motives and emotions, are not real, because they are not true ; this does not make them ideal, however. If the author wished to represent a family of slaters, he should have painted the real family ; he might have given them virtues and vices at will ; but he should have preserved their strictly human character. If, on the contrary, his object was to represent, not the slater as slater, but ideal types of virtue and of vice, he should have chosen another scene, other circumstances, avoiding the proximity of that reality which he did not intend to touch. Had Balzac treated that subject, he would have made it disagreeable, no doubt, and painful ; but he would so have presented the characters, the feelings, and even the external life of these slaters, that we should have been forced to believe in their existence, and sympathize in their struggles. In Art, as in Life, there is high and low, great and little ; and everything that is truly represented is interesting in proportion to its truth of presentation and its objective value : a well-painted table-cover is better than an ill-painted face ; but a well-painted face, with a noble expression, is the highest reach of art, as the human soul is the highest thing we know.

Such are the two most eminent of recent novels ; and they may afford a measure of German fiction, when not content. It

surprises an Englishman to hear novelists of third and fourth rate merit (according to German scale) spoken of by serious and cultivated men as if they belonged to the acknowledged literature of the country. In England everybody reads a good novel; but only "novel readers" think of opening or speaking of the inferior works: it is understood that there is a large and listless public which must be amused; and, as this public is far from critical, an abundant supply of not good writing is every season produced to meet the demand; but outside this public no one knows of such works. In Germany it is probably the same, with this difference, that many works which with us would never get beyond the novel-reading class, have a literary reputation, and their authors are talked about over tea and sausage. It is dangerous, therefore, to take an opinion on a novel if you mean to act on it, and buy or borrow the said novel. You will hear a work spoken of, as in England a work by Kingsley or Mrs. Gaskell would be mentioned; on eagerly beginning to read it you find that you are in a morass of mediocrity, out of which you scramble with all speed. Few German novelists have yet learned the art of telling a story; so that when they have no real superiority of mind they cannot, like the French, and many English mediocrities, fall back upon a certain skill in construction which, for the time at least, fastens the reader's attention. They have no horror of dullness. They seem rather to delight in it. No passage can be too long for them; no dialogue too trivial; no description too verbose. They pause, turn back, turn aside, as if there were no need to hurry forwards—which, indeed, there seldom is, for nothing awaits the reader at the close. Instead of presenting a character, they talk about it. Instead of a dramatic scene, they write a long narrative. Remorseless in platitude, they set down "reflections" such as feeble writers seem to have an instinctive tendency to indulge in all over the world; and thus they sprawl over the lengthy pages in somnolent satisfaction. In exasperating dullness we know nothing which can approach a second-rate German novel, unless it be a third rate German novel. It has long been a mystery to us what human soul can find entertainment in such writing, and what kind of entertainment is found. These books are not wise, and still less are they witty; they are not like life, neither are they like art; they have no interest of story, no novelty or subtlety of character. They bear the same relation to our novels as *Rindfleisch* bears to beef: the form and name are similar; the animal in each case belongs to the same zoological species; but oh! the difference in flavour!

As a specimen of one of the superior writers, whose names are mentioned with respect, we read the "Dokumente" of Theodor Mügge. Inasmuch as this novelist has a reputation, we supposed

that it was founded on some excellences; but this, the first novel of his we had read, gave us little desire to cultivate a further acquaintance. It is written in that dead-level style which can only be excusable when the story itself is of interest. Not a remark escapes the author which for an instant can arrest the mind; not a witticism, not a felicity of expression, not one good description is to be found. The story has the merit of not being slow and tedious in development; but it has the disadvantage of being threadbare in its incidents, and as improbable as it is threadbare. To think of a writer in our day making conspirators come under the very window of the man they are plotting against, and there, though they know he is in the room, arrange their plan in conversation distinctly audible to him! This is as bad as the wretched device of making a man write very circumstantially all his plans to a confederate, which letter is accidentally dropped by the confederate just before the victim approaches the spot to find the letter, and be put on his guard. When first such incidents were invented they were poor and unworthy of art; but having been used by hundreds of poor novelists, one meets them with surprise in a writer of reputation. And this leads us to remark on the singular affinity which exists between the bad writers in all countries, making them always choose the same rubbish from that mass of invention which is, as it were, the common property of literature. Considering that these writers never invent for themselves, never express their own experience, but always borrow the incidents and language of others, how is it that they exhibit such unanimity in borrowing the bad? When they write, why do they imitate poor writers? When they employ incidents, why do they select the most foolish and improbable? It is only explicable on the ground of natural affinity. On a similar ground, all bad actors on every stage of Europe closely resemble each other; the same absurdly inexpressive gestures, the same conventional tones, the same wild departure from anything ever witnessed in life are noticeable in Italian, German, French, and English actors of the inferior order, so that they all seem to have studied under one model, and that model a scarecrow.

Unwilling to measure Theodor Mügge by a single work, which might be his worst, we ventured on a second—"Adam und Eva"—the title of which was piquant. A man of genius may write a bad work; a man of talent may be unreadable at times; there was therefore a sort of superficial plausibility in the notion that Mügge might be a good writer in spite of "*Die Dokumente*." But the notion was only superficially plausible. The slightest reflection rectified it. There is a sort of consistent mediocrity which excludes hope; "*Die Dokumente*" is permeated by this mediocrity. The bad work of a clever writer is bad, but not

mediocre: it misses its effects, it does not interest, but even in its failure it bears the peculiar mark of a writer not mediocre. Shakspeare writes nonsense occasionally, and violates both nature and art in his presentation; but he is never mediocre, never complacently dead-level. Goethe is dull and tiresome at times. Dickens is at times tiresome with characters evidently meant to be very humorous, and which, doubtless, have some humour in his conception, although he fails to bring it visibly before us; but Dickens, though perverse, though missing his aim at times, is never mediocre. The writer who is mediocre through one volume is hopeless. In spite of this well-grounded conviction we ventured on a second novel by Mügge, and found, indeed, that it was better than the first, although still mediocre. "Adam und Eva" is a French novel written with German piquancy and point; a minuet in sabots. It has the merit of keeping the reader's attention alive till the close, for, inasmuch as the characters are utterly removed from the ordinary laws of human psychology, you never at any moment anticipate what will be the turn of events; accordingly the story is a succession of surprises, for which the regular novel-reader will be duly grateful. One cannot feel the slightest interest in any of the persons, simply because their actions and feelings are not made intelligible. The writing is poor. The humorous attempts are of the kind which consist in "catchwords," and the omission of personal pronouns and conjunctions. There is one character who never says anything save "Hm," supposed by the author to be a very hilarious creation.

With such an experience of German novels as is indicated in the foregoing remarks, the reader may imagine the keenness of pleasure with which we made the acquaintance of some charming tales by Paul Heyse, named at the commencement of this article. Paul Heyse is one of the three poets whom the King of Bavaria has chosen to honour, in a style at once creditable to him and to them. Of his poems we cannot speak; but of his tales it is pleasant to be able to say that they are mostly genuine works, delightful to read, and infinitely superior to most of the fictions with which we are acquainted, not only in literary workmanship, and in artistic conception, but in dramatic power. In each volume there are four short tales. We prefer the "Novellen" to the "Neue Novellen" on the whole; but as the former have been translated into English by Mr. George Kingsley, under the somewhat unattractive title of "Four Phases of Love," we shall merely refer to them, urging the reader by all means to get sight of them, in English or in the original, for the sake of the exquisite story *La Rabbia*, a perfect gem of a few pages, and the piquant little anecdote *Marion*, which ought to have been developed into a

longer story. The "Neue Novellen" open with a story called *Das Mädchen von Treppi*, which is not only our favourite of the four, but, inasmuch as it admits of being told within the compass of this article, may be selected as a good illustration of the author's powers. An abstract would do the author injustice, and not interest the reader; we shall therefore translate the whole, taking a few liberties in the way of abridgment, so as to bring it within our limits. In some parts we shall paraphrase rather than translate, and nowhere pretend to reproduce the delicate beauty of the original.

"High up on the Apennines, between the northern part of the Papal States and Tuscany, lies a small hamlet, named Treppi, a lonely spot, inaccessible to wheeled vehicles, and visited only by peasants and artists during the day, and by smugglers during the night. About nine o'clock, on a misty October night, a party of six or seven armed men left their heavily-laden horses to the care of a rough ostler, and stepped out of the mist into the wide kitchen of the inn. An old dog, lying by the door, wagged his tail as they entered, and then rose and walked wearily into the hut where a bright fire was blazing. Beside this fire stood the hostess, motionless, with her arms hanging listlessly; and as the old dog thrust his nose into her hand, she seemed as if awakened from a dream, as she said kindly, 'Fuoco, old fellow, you are ill, go and sleep.' The dog whined and wagged his tail; then curling himself on an old skin by the hearth, stretched himself, wheezing and grunting. Meanwhile the smugglers had seated themselves at the long table, and began to eat their polenta in silence. The wood on the hearth crackled, the flame flickered, the dog wheezed, and the young hostess who still sat by the fire left untouched her supper, and suffered her eyes to wander vacantly over the wall before her. The mist stood like a white wall before the door; but the moon now rose above the mountains, and seemed to light the travellers who were heard approaching. The clatter of hoofs grew louder, and presently three men were at the door. The youth who had acted as ostler now approached the hostess, who sat gazing abstractedly in the fire. 'There are two of them from Porretta,' he said, 'without goods. They have got a signor with them, whose passport is not regular, and they are to guide him over the mountains. The signor wishes a bed; can he have one?'

"'Make him one of hay in the room,' she said, carelessly. The youth nodded, and went to the table, where the three new-comers had already seated themselves. The two were contrabandistas, armed to the teeth; their jackets thrown over their shoulders, their hats pulled over their brows. They nodded to the others as to old friends, made room for their signor, crossed themselves devoutly, and began to sup.

"The signor ate nothing, but taking his hat off thrust his fingers through the curls clustering on his brow, and allowed his eyes to wander round the room, reading the pious sentences, written in charcoal on the wall, resting for a minute on the picture of the Madonna in the corner, and finally fixing them on the hostess, whose profile was sharply defined by the glare of the flames. She sat with one

foot on the stool; her hands clasping her knee, her gaze steadily fixed.

"'Padrona, have you any wine?' said the stranger at length. No sooner were the words spoken than she sprang up, as if suddenly stung, and had to steady herself with both hands against the chair; at the same instant the old dog awoke with a yell, and the stranger was startled to find four such fiery eyes turned upon him; but before he had time to express himself, the dog was at him, tore the cloak from his shoulder, and was preparing for another spring, when the hostess cried: 'Back! Fuoco, back! quiet, sir, quiet!' The dog paused, but continued fiercely growling. 'Shut him in the stable, Pietro,' continued the hostess; but she had to repeat this order in a peremptory tone before it was obeyed, so amazing, so unheard-of was it to turn out the old favourite from his place by the fire. Without any apologetic remark, the hostess ordered the maid to bring wine for the stranger, who drank it in silence, not a little astonished at the uproar his question had occasioned.

"At last each had finished his supper, and all, save the new-comers, had disappeared. One of these then rose, and said, 'The sun rises at four. His eccellenza need not trouble himself to get up before, we shall be in Pistoja in good time. I will call his eccellenza.' He walked to the Madonna picture, crossed himself, and disappeared, followed by his companion. The stranger was now alone with his hostess. She lighted a lamp, and placing it on the table before him said, as she looked intently at him, 'Filippo, have you forgotten me?' He gazed into her face, and saw that it was very lovely, and very wild; but at last he replied, 'Upon my word I don't remember you.'

"'It is impossible,' she said, with a tone of the deepest conviction. 'You have had seven years to think of me. That is a long, long time; an image can fix itself in the memory in that time.'

"'Yes, indeed, he who has nothing else to do for seven years save to think of a pretty woman's face must at last get tolerably familiar with it.'

"'Yes,' she answered, musingly, 'so it is; you said so *then*; you said you would think of nothing else.'

"'Seven years ago? Ah, then I was a sportive youth, and would have said anything. Did you really believe me?'

"She nodded thrice, quite earnestly, and answered, 'Why should I not believe it? I have in my own experience found that you were right. I have done nothing but think of you.'

"'Child,' said he, with a kindly expression, which sat well on his stern features, 'I am sorry to hear it. Seven years ago I thought every woman knew the value of tender words from men—what did I not think of women then! Now, to speak honestly, I seldom think of them at all. Dear child, believe me, we have much more serious matters to think of.'

"She was silent, as if she did not rightly comprehend what he was saying, and waited till he should say something intelligible to her.

"'I begin now to recollect,' he said, 'that I was here seven years ago. I should have known Treppi and this house again, perhaps, had

it not been for the mist. Yes, the doctor ordered me to the mountains, and like a young fool I was always risking my neck on the most precipitous.'

" 'I knew,' she said, as a touching gleam of joy spread over her face, 'I knew you could not have forgotten it. Why, the old dog has not forgotten you, nor his hatred; and how can love forget?'

"She spoke with so much conviction and animation that he gazed at her with increased amazement. 'I do remember something of a girl,' he said, 'who met me on the mountains, and prevented my passing the night there by bringing me to her parents' house. I remember also that this girl took my fancy . . .'

" 'Yes,' she interrupted, 'greatly!'

" 'But I remember that she took no fancy to me. I had a long talk with her; but all my eloquence extorted only eight or ten words from her. And as I thought at last to awaken the sleeping lips with a kiss—I see her now—she sprang aside, and in both hands caught such stones, that it was a mercy I escaped the martyrdom of St. Stephen. If *you* are that pretty girl, how can you have the face to speak to me of your love?'

" 'I was only fifteen, Filippo, and very bashful. Besides, I was afraid of my parents. Mother looked sharp after me, as you sat there—in the very place where you now are—and I went out, and stood by the window, that I might look at you. You were younger then, but not handsomer. You have still the eyes you then had, and with which you could gain all they chose to ask; and the same voice, which enraged Fuoco's jealousy. Poor beast! I had loved nobody but him till then; and that I loved you then, he discovered better than you did.'

" 'Right! He was like mad that night. What a night it was, Fenice! I know I had no rest when you would not come into the house, so I went out to seek you. But I only saw the white kerchief on your head, for you rushed into the room near the stable.'

" 'It was my bedroom, Filippo. You could not enter there.'

" 'But I tried. I remember how I stood there for hours tapping and begging for admittance, scamp that I was! and vowing that my head would burst if I did not see you once more.'

" 'Not your head, it was your *heart*, you said. Oh, I know every word.'

" 'Yet you would listen to none then.'

" 'I thought I should die. I stood in the farthest corner, and thought, oh! could I but summon courage to creep to the door, and lay my mouth near the hole through which you were speaking, that I might feel your breath!'

" 'Oh, the folly of youth! If your mother had not come, I should have stopped there till you had opened! I am almost ashamed of myself to think with what savage anger I was forced to decamp, and dreamt the whole night long of you.'

" 'I sat awake in the darkness,' she said. 'Towards morning, sleep overcame me, and when I awoke and saw the sun was up—where were you? No one told me, and I dared not ask. I hated the faces of

those around me as if they had murdered you, to prevent my seeing you. I ran into the mountains, and wandered there, calling out your name, sometimes with entreaties, sometimes with maledictions, because on your account I could love no one else. I was away two days; and when I returned home father beat me, and mother would not speak to me—she well knew why I had run away. My dog, Fuoco, had accompanied me; and whenever I called your name aloud he howled.'

"There was a pause, during which they gazed upon each other. Filippo then asked how long her parents had been dead."

"Three years. Then I went to Florence; for you had said you came from Florence. I lived there a month, trying to find you; at last I heard that you had long since gone away.'

"Filippo stood up, and began pacing about the room. Fenice followed him with her eyes, but manifested none of the agitation which seemed to move him. At last he came towards her, and said, 'And why do you confess me all this, *poveretta*?'"

"I have had seven years to gather courage to confess it. Ah! if I had but confessed it *then*, this poor heart would have been spared much misery. But I knew that you *must* come back to me, Filippo; only I did not think it would have been so long first. I am a child to talk so. What does all that matter now it is past? Filippo, you are come; and I am yours eternally, eternally.'

"Dear child,' he said, in a low tone, and then suddenly stopped.

"Many wanted to marry me,' she continued; 'but I only wanted you. No sooner did any one begin to say sweet things to me than your voice sounded in my ears sweeter than anything on earth. For a long while they have left me in peace, although I am still young, and as handsome as ever. They seemed to know that you would soon come back.'

"And suppose I am already married,' he said.

"She opened wide her eyes. 'Filippo, you are trying me. You have no wife. The fortune-teller told me so.'

"She was right, Fenice, I have no wife. But how can she, or you, know that I want one?"

"How can you help wanting me?" she said, with the deepest conviction.

"Listen to me, Fenice,' he said; and in quiet, earnest tones he told the history of his past life, and his present position. He had drawn upon himself the hatred of the Bolognese police, on account of his political opinions; and as they could not trap him, they had resolved to dishonour him. For this purpose a quarrel had been picked with him, followed by a challenge. The spot chosen for the duel was Pistoja; but his passport had been refused him; and when the day came, and his adversary was on the ground, he absent, the report would be industriously circulated that he had shown the white feather. To outwit them, he had engaged the contrabandistas to guide him to Pistoja over the mountains.

"As he concluded, she snatched his hand hastily, and exclaimed—'Do not go, Filippo; they want to murder you.'

"Assuredly they do; but how do you know that?"

" 'I see it here and here,' she replied, pointing to her brow and heart.

" 'You, too, are a fortune-teller, then?' he said, smiling. 'Your art will convince you that you must banish the old love out of your thoughts. Perhaps events have so fallen out in order that I should not quit the world without freeing you from your faithful bondage, dear child. Doubtless it is better so. We should not perhaps have suited each other. You loved another Filippo, a careless, light-hearted youth, who had known no sorrow but love sorrows. What would you have done with a solitary, sombre, thought-oppressed man?'

" He tried to take her hand kindly, as she said slowly, and without the slightest intonation—'You do not love me!' Then flinging back his hand with a scream, she uttered her words passionately: 'No, no, no, no, you do not love me. You cannot. You cannot. Will you rather rush to death than into my arms? Can you come after seven long years only to say adieu? Can you speak so calmly of your death, as if it were not also mine? Oh, better for me had I been blind ere these eyes beheld you, deaf ere these ears listened to you. Why did not Fuoco tear you to pieces ere I knew that you had only come to tear my heart in pieces? Oh, God! Oh, God!'

" She flung herself on the ground before the Madonna, and prayed fervently. The howling of the old dog was heard between her sobs. The moonlight strained in upon her despair. In a few moments her arms were round his neck, and her wet cheek rested piteously against his, as she sobbed out—'Do not leave me, Filippo. Go not to this murderous rendezvous. If you remain with me, who will know it? Let the wolf-dogs say what they please . . . Yes! you shall stay. The Madonna has given you to me that I might rescue you. Forgive me the angry word, Filippo; I don't know what I said. Let us sit down, and talk over everything. Will you build a new house here? Will you have new servants? We will send these away. Even Nina shall go. And Fuoco. Or we will fly from here together. I know these mountains, and will lead you anywhere. Before sunrise we shall be in the valleys, and can go to Genoa, Venice, where you will.'

" 'Stop!' he said, firmly. 'Enough of folly for to-night. Fenice, you cannot be my wife. If they do not succeed in murdering me to-morrow they will another day; come it must, I know.' He here gently, yet firmly unloosed her grasp from his neck. 'Look here, child; things are bad enough without our making them worse by folly. In after years, when you have a husband and children, you will bless me for being reasonable to-night. Now let me go to bed; and you, too, must get to sleep; and take care that we do not see each other to-morrow morning. You have an excellent reputation here, as I learned from my guides; and if to-morrow morning we should be seen embracing in this way, and you were to make a scene—is it not so, Fenice? And so, good night; good night, dear child.'

" He offered her his hand, but she took it not. 'Have I not suffered enough,' she said, 'during the last seven years because I was *reasonable*, as you call it, one night? And now do you wish that this cursed reasonableness should make me eternally miserable? No, no, no! I

will not suffer you to escape again. It will be my fault if you go, and are murdered.'

" 'Do you not hear that it is my will?' he said, imperiously,—'that I now intend sleeping, and *alone*. What are you talking about? If you do not feel that my honour calls me away from you, it is a proof that you were never worthy of me. I am no puppet to be moved as you will. My path is clear—and it is too narrow for us both. • Show me the bed where I am to pass the night, and then . . . let us forget each other.'

" 'If you strike me I will not leave you. If death himself came between us I would drive him away with these arms. In life and death you are mine, Filippo!'

"The colour mounted to his brow as with both hands he tore her from him, exclaiming—'Silence! And now all is over, for ever! Am I a *thing* that any one may clutch who pleases. I am a man; and to her who would have me I must *give* myself. You have sighed for me seven years—has that given you the right of dishonouring me on the eighth? Seven years ago I loved you, because you were other than you are now. But now all is over. For the last time, where is my room?'

"He spoke harshly; and as he concluded, the tone pained him, but he said nothing more. He awaited some stormy reply, but she passed him quite coldly, silently opened a door not far from the hearth, pointed to the iron bolt, and then seated herself once more at the hearth. He was annoyed at her silence, but entered, and bolted himself in. He paused some time listening. But no sound came from the room. The whole house was quiet; not a sound, save the neighing of the horses, and the occasional howl of the dog, reached his ears. He threw himself on the bed, and gazed round the room, gradually becoming aware that it was Fenice's bedroom, and a deep pity for the poor girl filled his heart; he regretted his harsh words, and half rose to go and unsay them, but second thoughts assured him all was for the best. The poor child had thought of nothing but him during these seven years; and now!—she would have been just the wife for him. So simple and loving; so careless of dress and idle frivolities, such as consume the lives of women; but now!

"At length he fell asleep. As he awoke it was still dark, but he soon became conscious that the darkness was not the twilight which precedes sunrise—a beam of light shimmered along the floor. He sprang up, and found the hole in the wall, which had overnight admitted the moonlight, was now stuffed up with hay; pushing it out, the broad sunlight streamed upon him. In savage anger with the contrabandistas for having overslept themselves, and with Fenice for having darkened his room, to make him oversleep himself, he unbolted the door, and walked into the next room. Fenice sat on her old place by the hearth, as if awaiting him. Every trace of last night's emotion had vanished from her face.

" 'You have made me oversleep myself,' he said, sternly.

" 'Yes,' she replied, indifferently. 'You were tired. You will reach Pintoja time enough, since you have to meet your murderers in the afternoon.'

" 'I did not tell you to trouble yourself about my weariness. Where are my guides?'

" 'Gone.'

" 'Gone? Do you want to drive me mad? Where are they? They would not go away without being paid.'

" 'I have paid them. I told them you were sleepy, and that I would guide you the rest of the way, for my stock of wine is out, and I must get more in Pistoja.'

" He was too angry to reply at once; at length he burst forth. 'No, with you I stir no step. Serpent! do you think I am to be held in your folds? We are now more separated than ever. I despise you for thinking so poorly of me as to suppose your miserable arts could fix me. Not a step will I go with you. Send one of your men—and there pay yourself.'

" He threw a purse towards her, and went to the door, as if seeking some one. 'It's useless looking,' she said, quietly; 'you will find no one in Treppi, except a few feeble old women and children.' He paused and stamped impatiently. 'And why should you refuse to go with me? I know you cannot be mine. I had a dream last night which told me so. But I still love you, and should like to spend an hour or two more in your company. That is why I sent every one away. You are free to leave me when and where you will. But you cannot reach Pistoja without a guide—you would infallibly lose yourself among these mountains, and then would never reach your rendezvous.'

" 'Pest!' he murmured, as he bit his lips in vexation. Then looking her full in the face, he was surprised to see how calm she was, how different from last night; and, to tell the truth, he was a little piqued at finding no trace of the storm. 'If you are really grown reasonable,' he said, coldly, 'I have no objection to your accompanying me.'

" Without any expression of joy she rose, and said, 'We must first eat something, for we shall get nothing between this and Pistoja, and there are some hours between this and there.' She placed a mess of polenta before him, and a jug of wine. She ate, standing at the hearth, but drank no wine. He swallowed a few spoonfuls, gulped down the wine with a somewhat contemptuous expression, as if its flavour were none of the best, and lighted his cigar at the fire. Up to this moment he had not vouchsafed her a look, but as he stood beside her he could not help a glance, and was half amused, half piqued to observe an expression of triumph in her eyes, and a flush upon her cheek. She moved to the table, and snatching up the jug, exclaimed, 'No one shall ever drink out of this now that your lips have touched it.' With this she dashed it to pieces against the flags.

" A lightning flash of suspicion, 'Can she have poisoned me?' disappeared as soon as it had startled him. He more rationally explained her act as a bit of the superstition of love; and moved quietly out of the house, preceded by Fenice.

" A lovely mountain path led them over rivulets, through valleys, and over precipices. Fenice walked on a few feet in advance, but spoke no word. Filippo could not keep his eyes off her. At last they began to talk. She answered him calmly, but with a perceptible sadness in her

tone. He walked and talked without once thinking of the duel which awaited him, but wholly given up to the emotions of the scene. Her beauty, her sad voice, the summer beauty of the place, the romance of the situation, filled his soul.

"At last he began to be aware, from the position of the sun, that she was leading him directly away from Pistoja, and that he was two hours further from his journey's end than when he started. 'Stop!' he exclaimed; 'you are deceiving me again. Is this the way to Pistoja, you serpent?'

"'No,' she answered, quietly.

"'Now by all the powers of hell, the devil himself might learn hypocrisy from you. Accursed blindness which prevented my seeing what you were.'

"'Love is mightier than devil or angel,' she said, in a deep, sad voice.

"'Love!' he shouted. 'You idiot! do you think that the will of a man can be coerced by what a mad girl calls love? Turn back with me at once; show me the shortest way, or I will strangle you with these hands. Idiot! don't you see that I must *hate* one who would disgrace me before the world?'

"He approached her with furious looks. 'Kill me,' she exclaimed. 'Do it, Filippo. But when you have done it you will cast yourself upon my corpse and weep tears of blood because you cannot make me live again. Your bed will be here beside me. You will have to fight away the vultures that would devour my flesh. The hot sun will burn you; the dews of night will fall on you till you sink a corpse beside me—for you can never more leave me. What, do you think that one who has lived among these mountains would throw away seven years as if they were one day? I know what they have cost me, and that I pay a good price when I purchase you with them. And shall I let you go to your death? Ridiculous! Try to leave me, and you will soon learn that you are bound to me for ever. In the wine you drank this morning there was a love-philtre which no man has ever withstood. You are mine!'

"She had an imperial air as she uttered these words, but he laughed scornfully, and replied: 'Your love-philtre has ill served your turn, for I never hated any one as I hate you in this moment. But I am a fool to hate such a fool. It may cure you of madness and love never to see me again. I can do without your guidance. There is a shepherd's hut, and smoke issuing from the chimney. They will point out the way for me. Adieu.'

"She said nothing, but seated herself in a shadow of a rock, and gazed into the rippling rivulet at her feet, as he hastened away. In spite of his exasperation he had not gone far before the words she had spoken began to affect his imagination; in vain he stormed at her, and laughed at her folly; her image pursued him as he wound along amid precipitous rocks, and through thick clumps of fir-trees. It was in vain that he turned and turned, clambered up this path and down that, the hut ~~was~~ either out of sight, or always seemingly further than before; and ever present was the image of Fenice. 'Simple child,' he

said, 'she sits up there firmly believing in the potency of her philtre.' On and on he went, but no nearer seemed the hut; and he began to despair of reaching Pistoja in time. He hastened his steps, and in his agitation often turned back to take a path he had previously rejected. At length, on turning a corner, he found himself but a few feet from Fenice, who sat where he had left her, and gazed at him with happy eyes.

"'Are you come at last, my Filippo?' she said; 'I expected you much sooner.'

'Devil!' he replied, 'do you mock me, because in my agitation I have lost my way? If I see you again it is but again to curse you. If I am here, on my soul it is not because I sought you. You will not have me, use what philtre you may.'

"She smiled, and shook her head strangely. 'It draws you without your knowing it,' she said. 'You would find me without seeking, if all the mountains in the world were between us, for I mixed in your wine seven drops of blood from the heart of a dog. Poor Fuoco! he loved me and hated you. So will you hate the Filippo you were when you rejected me, and only be at rest within yourself when you love me. Filippo, do you now see that I have conquered you? Come now, I will show you the way to Genoa, my love, my husband, my darling!'

"She rose, and held out her arms to embrace him, but suddenly shrunk back at his aspect. He was as pale as death, except the bloodshot eyes; his lips moved inarticulately, his hat had fallen, his hands waved her off. 'A dog! a dog!' he gasped. 'No, no, no! better a dead man than a living dog.' A wild laugh burst from him, and slowly, as if every step was an effort, with his bloodshot eyes fixed on her, he retreated backwards till he fell headlong into the ravine he had just left.

"Night was before her eyes. With both hands she held her heart, as she hoarsely murmured the word 'Madonna!' As in a dream she began the rapid but difficult descent of the ravine, helping herself alternately with the firs and boulders, till she reached the spot where he lay motionless against a tree, his brow bathed in blood, his clothes torn, his eyes closed. It was not until she had ascertained that he still lived that she gave way to a burst of tears—mingling grief and gratitude.

"As Filippo came to his senses, and once more opened his eyes, he saw two shepherds—an old man and a boy—sprinkling water in his face and rubbing his temples. His head rested on something soft. He knew not that it was resting on Fenice's lap. He seemed altogether to have forgotten her. Drawing a deep breath, he once more closed his eyes. After a long pause he said faintly, 'Will one of you honest fellows—go swiftly—to Pistoja. I am waited for there. God will reward you if you—tell the hostess of La Fortuna—what condition—I am in. My name——.' He here lost consciousness again. Fenice undertook to deliver the message, and gave instructions to the shepherds to carry him gently to Treppi, there to lay him in her bed, and send for La Chiaruccia, who would attend to his wounds. They obeyed her, and no sooner were they out of sight than, with a deep

sigh, she started along the rough path which led downwards from the mountains.

"It was nearly three o'clock when Fenice reached Pistoja. The tavern *La Fortuna* stood a few hundred paces from the town, and at this period of siesta was quiet enough. The host never moved from the bench on which he reclined, but merely asked her what she wanted. 'I bring a message from Signor Avvocato Filippo Mannini,' she said. He quitted her for a moment, and entered a pavilion, the windows of which were darkened by curtains. Into this she was presently afterwards introduced, and found there three men drinking wine.

" 'The Signor Avvocato will not come, then, as he promised?' said one of the men to her. 'But who are you, and what credentials have you?'

" 'I am Fenice Cattaneo, from Treppi; and as to credentials, I want none, for I speak the truth.'

" 'Why comes he not? We held him for a man of honour.'

" 'Nor is he less so because a fall from the rocks has broken his leg, and deprived him of consciousness.'

"The men exchanged looks, and the speaker then said—'You are a bad hand at lying, Fenice Cattaneo. If he lost consciousness, how could he send you here to tell us of it?'

" 'He recovered speech for a moment, and said he was waited for in the *Fortuna*, and ordered some one to narrate what had befallen him.'

An incredulous laugh burst from the other men. 'You hear,' said the speaker, 'these gentlemen do not seem to place entire confidence in your story. It is truly pleasanter to invent accidents than to act as a man of honour.'

" 'If that means that Signor Filippo is kept away by cowardice, it is a base lie, for which heaven will hold you accountable,' she replied firmly, looking at them one after the other.

" 'You are warm, little one; I suppose you are the Signor's beloved?'

" 'No; the Madonna knows I am not,' she answered in her deepest tones. They whispered together. She heard one say—'Treppi is Tuscan; and another reply—'Do you believe a word of this story?' the third said—'He is as much at Treppi as—'

" 'Come and see him yourselves,' she exclaimed. 'But lay aside your arms, or I will not conduct you.'

" 'Foolish girl! do you suppose we would hurt such as you?'

" 'No, but *him*.'

" 'Have you any other condition to specify?'

" 'That you bring a surgeon with you. Is there one among you?' They once more began whispering, and one left the pavilion, shortly returning with a fourth, who seemed not to know the men.

"It was evening before they reached the heights. Treppi seemed as quiet as usual. Only a few childish faces peered from the doorways as Fenice and her followers passed by. When they reached her house there was a group of contrabandistas talking before the door, and servants were busy with the heavily-laden horses. As Fenice and the

others approached, silence fell on the contrabandistas, who moved aside to let them pass. Fenice spoke a few words to her maid, Nina, and then opened the door of her chamber. The wounded man was seen stretched on the bed, and beside him, crouching on the ground, an aged woman from Treppi.

"How goes it, Chiaruccia?" asked Fenice.

"Not worse, thanks be to the Madonna!" replied the old crone, as she gazed upon the men who followed Fenice into the room. Filippo awoke, and the colour came into his pale face as he recognised Fenice.

"I have brought your antagonist here," she said, "that he might convince himself it was impossible for you to come. And a surgeon is also here."

"Filippo suffered his glazed eye to wander over their faces, and then said, feebly—"He is not there. I know them not."

"It is enough that we know you," said the one who had spoken to Fenice. "We have orders to arrest you. Letters have been seized from which it appears that you were coming into Tuscany not so much about the duel as about a conspiracy. You see before you the Commissary of Police; and here are my instructions."

He held a paper before the eyes of the wounded man, who, however, sank back in unconsciousness. "Examine his wounds," said the commissary to the surgeon. "If his condition by any possibility admits of his being removed, we must move him at once." Fenice disappeared. The surgeon commenced his examination, during which voices were heard outside, a tramping to and fro, and the sudden appearance of faces at the window, which quickly disappeared, betokened some unusual excitement. The surgeon on completing his survey, pronounced that the removal was possible, though dangerous; so dangerous, that he could take none of the responsibility on himself. He was assured this was unnecessary, and was ordered to bind the wounds, so as to permit instant departure.

"Molza," said the commissary, "go and seize those horses that are outside." As the sbirro obeyed, and opened the door, he started back at the sight of a room full of angry faces. In front stood two resolute contrabandistas. Fenice advanced, and said, firmly:—"You will be kind enough to quit this room without delay, and without the wounded man—or you will never see Pistoja again. Blood has not been spilled in this house so long as Fenice Cattaneo has been its mistress, and Madonna keep it pure! Go; and make no attempt to return, if you value your lives. You remember the pass where only one at a time finds footing over the precipice! A child could defend that pass by simply rolling down the blocks of stone which overhang it. We shall place a watch there till this gentleman is well and safe. Now go, and tell your fellow-citizens how you deceived a poor girl, and would have murdered a wounded man!"

"The faces of the sbirri darkened, and a long pause ensued. Then all three drew out their pistols, and the commissary said, coldly, "We come in the name of the law. Six of you will be shot if you force us to make the law respected."

"A growl ran through the assembly. 'Quiet, friends,' exclaimed

Fenice, with sublime courage. 'They *dare* not. They know well enough that for every man they shoot, they and their kin will have to pay tenfold. They dare not pull a trigger. You talk absurdly,' she said, turning to the commissary. 'The fear which speaks in your face speaks more sensibly; do what *it* bids you, and depart unharmed. The way is free, signori!'

She stood aside, and pointed to the door. There was a pause. The *sbirri* were irresolute. The peasants looked implacable. After whispering together, the *sbirri* with tolerable composure walked through the room, followed by the energetic curses of their conquerors, and were soon out of sight.

During the whole of this scene the wounded man, half raised on his elbows, looked on in amazement. La Chiaruccia now approached, settled his pillow, and said—'Quiet, my son, lie quiet. La Chiaruccia will watch while you sleep, and Fenice will take care that you are safe.'

Ten days and ten nights was Filippo under the care of the old woman. He slept well at night, and the greater part of the day he was at the open door enjoying the fresh air and solitude. When he was able to write he despatched a letter to Bologna, and received next day an answer, but whether it was pleasant or unpleasant could not be read in his pale face. Except with the Chiaruccia and the children of Treppi he spoke with none. He only saw Fenice in the evening as she drove the cattle home, for she rose at sunrise, and left the house during the entire day. Even when she came home she never spoke to him, and seemed to be quite unaware of his presence. Her face was pale and rigid; her eyes without fire.

"One morning she came into his room, and said, quietly—'You are now well enough to go home. La Chiaruccia says so. I have a horse and a guide for you to-morrow; and I only ask of you one thing—the promise that you will never return here.'

" 'I promise it, Fenice, on one condition.' She was silent. He looked in her eyes, and said tenderly—'If you go with me.'

"She looked angry, as she said, 'No jesting. I exact the promise without conditions; and I claim it from you as a man of honour.'

" 'What! will you reject me after making me yours for ever by a love-philtre?'

"She quietly and sadly shook her head. 'Henceforth there is no witchcraft between us. You lost blood before the philtre had worked—that destroyed it. And it is well so, for I did wrong. Let us speak no more of it. Only say that you are ready to go.'

" 'If this magic fails, then must another be employed, Fenice.'

" 'Silence,' she exclaimed; 'I am deaf. How know that one cannot buy a human soul, neither with services, nor with seven years' waiting. Do not think you have made me miserable; you have cured me.'

" 'Answer me,' he said, passionately. 'On your soul, speak truly! Have I cured you of your love?'

" 'No,' she said, firmly. 'But it is mine. You have no right or power over it. Go!'

"He was at her feet. Passionate and incoherent words issued from

his lips; deepest sincerity flashed from his eyes. Her own eyes began to rekindle, and her cheek to flush. And at sunrise on the following day, the lovers were seen descending the mountains on their way to Genoa, whither Filippo had resolved to withdraw. The pale man rode on a horse, and his radiant bride walked at the side, her hand on the bridle. On both sides rose the heights of the Apennines; the eagles screamed over the ravines; and in the distance shimmered the blue sea, like their own bright future to the wanderers."

Such an abridged version will serve better than any criticism to make the reader aware that in these tales an original writer is recognisable. Unequal the tales are, but none of them are the product of the circulating library. Heyse writes a story because he has some psychological problem which demands artistic expression. He does not "sit down to write," like contributors to the magazines; but he writes because impelled. A keen and subtle insight into the working of passion, and a very charming style, distinguish his stories. What an Italian colour there is in this story we have just retold! How the direct, simple, passionate nature of Fenice is exhibited in unforced, spontaneous touches! How *real* is this imaginative picture! Still more remarkable in this respect is "La Rabbia." In the "Blinden" and the "Kroisrichter" there is a want of steady psychological truth; in each there is a good idea, and some interesting pages, but we feel that the author has not mastered the secrets of his characters, and that a deeper experience of life would have given another turn to these stories.

The superiority of these tales led us to hope that perhaps in German "Novellen" (our equivalent for *novelle* is story) we should find the entertainment we could not find in German novels: a suspicion which was strengthened by the recollection of Auerbach's village stories; and "Die Leute von Seldwyla" was taken into our evening circle. The two first of the five tales in this volume were not very promising; but the third, "Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe," turned out a little *chef-d'œuvre*. We are introduced to two sturdy and respectable Swiss peasants, each of whom cultivates his own bit of land with loving diligence and success. One of these, Manz, has a son named Sali, the Romeo of the story; the other, Marti, has a daughter, the charming village Juliet. As the two peasants are staunch friends, the two children are constant playfellows; and perfectly exquisite is the description of these two children at play together in the field—a picture of child-life only equalled by Dickens's exquisite story of the elopement of the two children in one of the Christmas numbers of the "Household Words." The reader seeing Manz and Marti such good friends, will begin to wonder whence the Capulet and Montague bitterness is to come which will sadden the

lives of Romeo and Juliet; but a glimmering of the coming evil soon dawns. The parents are friends, but they are also men, and above all, landed proprietors. Between their land lies a field, which for years has been uncultivated, because no one can establish a rightful claim to it. This field is overgrown with weeds, and has long been the spot on which both peasants have shot their rubbish. It lies there, a good piece of arable land, profiting no one. As the years roll on, and the children grow up, this field gradually becomes smaller and smaller between the fields of the two friends, which grow broader and broader; the encroachments have been gradual, but silently effective. And now the corporation resolves on selling the field by public auction. Manz and Marti are the most eager bidders, and, after a hot contest, Manz becomes the possessor. "From this moment begins the strife which is to end only with their lives. No sooner is the sale completed than Manz, walking away with Marti, casually remarks:—"I have observed lately that you have driven your plough across the end of the field, which now belongs to me, and have cut off a good slice at the corner. You no doubt did this in the belief that the field would shortly be yours, and treated it as if it were your own. But since I have bought it, you cannot, of course, suppose that I shall allow so considerable a reduction of my property, and will not object to my making the boundary-line straight again as before. There wont be any quarrel about that." Marti replies with equal *sang froid* that he knows not what quarrel can arise, since the matter is very simple: "You bought the field as it is; and since it was put up to sale, it has not been altered a hair's breadth." It is but a brief interchange of words which follows, but enough to indicate the desperate struggle of obstinacy which will ensue. The friends separate without looking at each other, but fixing their steady gaze in the distant blue as if some marvel of nature were visible in the opposite side of the horizon, such as entirely occupied them. Early on the following day, Manz began clearing his newly-bought field of its stones and weeds, and having collected them into carts, tilted the whole upon that portion which Marti had so carefully ploughed. Marti flew in anger to the authorities, and then commenced the lawsuit, which finally ruined both. The whole of this struggle is admirably conceived and depicted. We are made thoroughly to participate in the embittered obstinacy which grows into deadly hatred, and brings with it first distress, then improvidence. Meanwhile the children have grown up into young man and woman, but have not seen each other for years, and have learned to share the animosity of their parents. Manz, who has a wife, and not a wise one, is the first to succumb. He is forced by poverty to quit house and land, and to settle in a

wretched beer-house in the town. The description of the once respectable family now fallen so low, and of the disappointment of the wife when she finds that, instead of being the hostess of a flourishing inn, as she had imagined, she is mistress of a squalid beer-house, is worthy of Balzac. Admirable, also, is the picture of Manz's further fall, when even this beer-house cannot be made to bring food. At length matters go so hard with the family, that Manz and Sali are reduced to the precarious extremity of angling in the river for a subsistence. Meanwhile, Marti, who has held out somewhat longer, and who still keeps a house over his head, is also reduced to fishing; and a fine scene occurs where the two men with their children accidentally see each other on the opposite banks of the same stream, and begin cursing and upbraiding each other with their downfall. From curses to blows the step is small, and the two infuriated old men meet on the bridge, strike each other on the face, and endeavour to throw each other into the stream; but are saved by their children, who meet once more after so long a separation, and silently press each other's hands, "which were moist and cold from the water and the fish they had handled."

Romeo and Juliet have thus come together again, and the love of childhood has in an instant sprung up into the love of lovers. The next day Sali cannot rest till he has sought out Vrenchen (that is Juliet's name), and spent with her a happy hour in that field where they were wont to pass so many happy hours. But her father surprises them, curses him, and beats her. This is more than Sali can bear; he snatches up a stone, strikes Marti on the head with it, and is alarmed to see the old man sink senseless on the heap of stones. The old man is not killed; but for some days he remains in a dubious state, and when he recovers the use of his speech, it is found that he has lost his reason. But, though insane, Marti is cheerful, and even merry. He has forgotten the past, forgotten his present evil. He is soon removed to an asylum, and then Vrenchen is without money or a protector. The lovers meet once more, but it is only to learn that there is no hope for them. Vrenchen must quit the house and seek a situation. Sali is too poor to aid her. They resolve, however, that their last day shall be spent together, and as it is Sunday, they will dance together at the *Kirchweih*. Very prettily and touchingly told is this part of the story, which is quite a little love poem, full of innocent passion and joy. Were our space less circumscribed, we would translate the whole of the description of this lovers' Sunday; but its length is too great, and an abstract would spoil it. We must therefore content ourselves with referring our male readers to the original, which they will find quite a bit of genius—a free poetic fancy in the

conception, and a thorough realism presiding over the execution. Indeed, the realism is, in one respect, carried too far. We have already hinted that it is our male readers to whom we recommend the original, and it is vexatious to think that a man of genius should write a story which, because of a few sentences that might perfectly well have been omitted without destroying the interest or reality of the picture, cannot be read aloud in the family circle. The story ends tragically, as its name leads us to anticipate. The lovers are intensely happy during one long summer day ; and rather than part on the morrow they seek union in death.

Very different, yet in its way scarcely less original and admirable, is the story of the "Drei gerechten Kammacher." It is a humorous, unforgettable picture of three hardworking, miserly, narrow-minded, narrow-hearted combmakers aspiring to the savings of Süss Bünzlin, a washerwoman, who may be described as the female of such males, and whose complacent platitudes are extremely amusing. There is but little of what is called "story" in this *novelle*, little incident and intrigue ; but the characters and situation are so presented that we seem to live in the narrow world, and watch every detail with untiring interest. Here, again, we have realism triumphant. The story is itself fantastic enough, yet one never feels that it is not literally true. That unpleasantly virtuous maiden, and those horribly virtuous combmakers, are like the people we have known and avoided ; their life, though altogether foreign to our experience, is made so real to us by the author's skill that we could almost vouch for its reality, though knowing it to be fiction.

Thus our experience of German fictions completely bears out the critical principles which assign the first place to Realism in Art ; only those works which are distinguished by any felicity of realism in their treatment are capable of conveying any durable pleasure to the cultivated reader, and this in exact proportion to the truthfulness of the treatment. If German novels are, for the most part, dreary inflictions, it is because they have so little realism that they resemble nothing on earth or under it.

ART. VII.—OUTBREAK OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION. 1642.

1. *The History of the Parliament of England which began November 3rd, 1640 ; with a short and necessary view of some precedent years.* Written by Thomas May, Esq., Secretary for the Parliament. Published by authority. 1647.
2. *Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow, Esq., Lieutenant-General of the Horse, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, one of the Council of State, and a Member of the Parliament which began November 3rd, 1640.* Switzerland: Vivay. 1698. 2 vols.
3. *Histoire de Charles 1^{er}, depuis son Avènement jusqu'à sa Mort.* 5^{me} édition. *Précédée d'un Discours sur l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.* Par M. Guizot. Paris. 1854.
4. *Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et de Cromwell.* Par M. Guizot. Paris. 1851.
5. *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations.* By Thomas Carlyle. Third edition, enlarged. 1850.
6. *Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times.* By Lord Nugent. Second edition. 1832.
7. *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers.* By Eliot Wurburton. London: Bentley. 1849.
8. *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion.* By John Langton Sandford, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.
9. *Memorials of the English Affairs ; or, an Historical Account of what passed from the Beginning of the Reign of King Charles I. to King Charles II., his Happy Restoration.* London. 1682.
10. *Historical Collections of Private Passages of State, Weighty Matters in Law, Remarkable Proceedings, &c.* By John Rushworth, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. 7 vols. London. 1659—1680.
11. *Jehovah Jirah—God in the Mount ; or, England's Parliamentary Chronicle, containing a most exact narration of all the most material Proceedings of this renowned and unparalleled Parliament ; the armies which have been or are in the several parts of the land ; the manners of the battails and sieges, from the year 1641 to the present month of October, 1643.* Collected and published principally by John Vicars. London. 1644.

12. *A Short View of the late Troubles in England, briefly setting forth their Rise, Growth, and Tragical Conclusion; as also some parallel thereof with the Barons' Wars in the time of King Henry III.* Oxford: Printed at the Theatre ——. 1681.

THE English Revolution of 1642 is justly regarded as the most prominent event in our political history. It has exercised over the whole English mind an influence which perhaps even yet has not been properly estimated. Liberty and despotism then met face to face. Then sprung up, stronger than ever, that war of Freedom against Oppression, Intellect against Stolidity, which in other forms, but with undiminished vigour, has been continued to our own day. Men's minds were then awakened from the fearful sleep that had bound them; they had then the courage to attempt to break their chains, and therefore broke them; the courage to think and act for themselves, without which no men or nation can ever be great. The men who then sprung up into existence—Hampdens and Miltons, Pym and Cromwells—men trained in the bitter school of suffering, battling and struggling with circumstances, but ever rising above misfortune, displaying the same steadfast, earnest character both in defeat and victory, testify to the greatness of that age. It was in fact an heroic age, an age of faith, and therefore a great age; manifesting its power not in works of art, but in the nobler forms of action and valour. Mr. Buckle has well said^{*} that this English Revolution was but the counterpart of the English Reformation; that the one necessarily followed the other. As the one was a revolt against wafer-cakes and stone-doll Madonnas, so the other was a protest against a mere golden crown with a man's head under it, against king-craft and state-craft. As the one protested against the religion of formulas and red letters, against the conscience being fettered by infallibility, and pleaded for the liberation of the soul from its prison-house of darkness into the life and light of the true gospel, so did the other protest against a man's goods and his person being at the mercy of a tyrant, against the slave's doctrine of non-resistance, and cried aloud that every man had rights of his own which could be taken away by no king.

This Revolution was in fact a war of classes, as Mr. Buckle adds, or rather, to speak more specifically, of two classes; the one loving that English spirit of Conservatism which, in its proper place, may act with good effect as a drag-chain to the wheels of society; the other cherishing that ardent spirit of freedom and inquiry which has ever marked the minds of the best thinkers of

* "History of Civilization," pp. 318, 600.

the best ages, and which, not content to take knowledge second-hand, thinks that the mind was given to man for some special purpose, and that he should use it, come what may.

For a moment let us look into what a state of serfdom England had fallen, what oppressions were laid upon the land, and the real puzzle will be, not that the people appealed to arms, but that they did not do so years before. The "Great Rebellion" was in reality that of the king, not of his subjects. If the people yield allegiance to their sovereign, he in return is under obligation to his people. But the history of kings, as in this case, too often consists only of the story of their offences and crimes against those whom they are presumed to govern.

Before proceeding to sketch the outbreak of the civil war as we propose to do in this article, we shall mention a few facts suggestive of the social condition of England at the period in question.

Living in our days we can hardly picture the England of our forefathers, with its vast fens, intersected only here and there by cultivated districts, and its forests stretching for miles, which Charles had increased into interminable jungles—those dreary fens now clothed with golden harvests, those wild woods now covered with factories and a forest of chimneys. The old towns have long outgrown their walls, like shells, and cast them off as useless; a few old picturesque timbered houses—monuments of departed greatness—still stand in what are now but back lanes. We turn to actual facts, and are surprised to find that Coventry, in 1642, only numbered 9,500 inhabitants, and that the population of Worcester was scarcely 7,800.

Communication between one town and another a few miles off was less frequent than that now between New York and a third-rate seaport. The common roads were in winter time impassable, and our ancestors were indebted for their best highways and waterways not to their own skill and labour, but to that of the Romans—the best roads for traffic being still the Fosse Way, the Icknield and Watling-streets, and the Fosse Canal. The conveyance of goods was very expensive, besides very uncertain, the cost seeming to have varied with the pleasure or avarice of every different carrier; thus we find that a kitchen jack, the price of which, by the way, was 30s., cost 2s. coming from Oxford to Hereford, whereas a very small parcel from London to Worcester was 1s. 4d. Charles had already established a rude postal communication, which was more skilful in losing than delivering letters, but which was swept away during the civil war, and we find, therefore, that the price for the postage of letters was equally uncertain; although, from London to Hereford the charge would appear, just at the commencement of the struggle, to have been somewhere about 1s., and

an answer could not be obtained much under ten days by the carrier. For any opportunity of purchasing goods in the country the people seem to have had no one else to rely upon but the passing pedler, whom Shakspeare, some years before, had exalted into something more than a stage character, in the "*Winter's Tale*."*

In the domestic economy of a country-house of that period, we find, as we might expect from the vast forests, that wood was extensively used for fires, and that a man would earn 8*d.* or 9*d.* a day for cleaving the blocks; charcoal, too, was much consumed, and was sold by the horseload of eight bushels, at 2*s.* 6*d.*, or at 18*s.* the waggon-load; for the carriage of coals made them an article quite unknown in the rural districts, and could only be seen in towns where some river afforded the means of carriage. Everything that could be well manufactured at home was always made there; so we find the village tailor engaged at the hall or castle at 6*d.* a-day with his meals; although, for the best things, a London artist was employed, who combined also the business of a milliner. Candles, too, were moulded at home, and the yarn of which the wicks were made was sold at 1*s.* 7*d.* a pound, whilst the raw tallow cost 2*s.* 8*d.* the stone-weight. Dresses, too, were spun at home, and the wool was bought at 14*s.* 6*d.* a stone, and 4*d.* a yard was the price given for weaving it; and superintending such employments as these did the ladies in their country-houses beguile the long winter evenings, diversified by the celebration of the old Romish festivals which still lingered, with their entertainments of "seednes cakes," and "braunc," and "barrells of sturgeon," for books were rare and very expensive—a small broad-sheet of a few pages costing from one to four shillings. But often to avoid the dulness of a winter in the country, our ancestors would emigrate to the nearest town for the sake of the festivities; and we find that the rent of a tolerable house there averaged from five to eight pounds a year; the best grange land let from one to three shillings an acre, and the landlord was often too glad to be paid in kind, receiving half-a-score of bullocks or a drove of sheep for his year's rent; for money was scarce, most of it being lent out upon mortgage on property at eight per cent., which was the very interest we find guaranteed on all sums advanced to the Parliament.

Turning to other matters, we find that the price of shoeing four horses, in 1642, amounted to eight shillings; but so little communication was there between one county and another, that each

* See also Chettle's and Munday's "*Robin Hood*," where, an inferior but still interesting character of a pedler is given.

had a peculiar fashion of shoeing not practised by its neighbour, and owing to this circumstance, Charles II., after the battle of Worcester, in 1651, was nearly detected by the different shoes on his horse's feet. The price of labour, which varied very much in different counties, is rather difficult to arrive at; but in the spring of 1642 we find that the highest wages paid to agricultural labourers in the midland counties, were 9*d.* a day, or if they had their food, only 6*d.*; a weeder only received 4*d.*, and a watchman, whom we should have thought worthy of better pay, received but the same. The price given for fallowing an acre of land was 3*s.*, and something like 6*d.* more for ploughing and sowing an acre of wheat, and about two bushels and a peck were sown to the acre. Badly managed and ill-stocked the farms were, the very best of them undrained in every sense of the term; many of them nothing but a wilderness of weeds, with a little corn springing up in the midst, and the best not growing "a waine's-load" of pulse upon an acre. Skilled labour, of course, commanded proportionately higher wages; thus we find that carpenters received 1*s.* 1*d.* a day, but domestic servants seem to have been the best off: a maid-servant's wages were 2*l.* a year; a manservant's, 3*l.*, and a coachman's even higher; whilst a kitchen-maid's, however, sunk as low as 15*s.* The price of meat was not so dear as might be expected: a fat bullock was worth six pounds; a fat wether only six or seven shillings; and pigs still less; and we read of legs of mutton at the cheap rate of a shilling a-piece, and of other things in proportion. With such facts before us we cannot agree with those writers who represent that meat was quite beyond the reach of the working-classes, and that they never tasted it from one year's end to another, except when the squire might have a sheep killed at Midsummer, or a fat heifer at Michaelmas, or give a "beef" or a "braune" at Christmas to be consumed among his dependents. True, that much of the labourer's scanty pittance, which we have seen was at the highest 4*s.* 6*d.* a week, was eaten up in the attempt to clothe himself and family, especially when we know a pair of worsted stockings at that date cost 5*s.*, and other articles of clothing in proportion; true, that of late years he had fared worse; unjust taxes had pressed heavily on his landlord, and, as is always the case, the weight falls heaviest on those at the bottom of society; still he lived on his coarse fare flavoured only with a draught of rough cider or hard heady beer, in a shed called a cottage, possessing, though, that "best inheritance,—a manly, honest heart, which should soon be tried in the war, and from the ordeal of which he should come forth victorious, having sown on its battle-fields the seed of liberty, the harvest of which

his descendants should some day reap. Such were some of the features of English life when the ever-memorable Civil War broke out.

No man ever had a more loyal people than James I. when he ascended the throne. Language has always been found quite forcible enough to express the virtues of the best princes that ever breathed, but it certainly has never been strong enough to depict the tyrannies of despots, and, therefore, will fail to do justice to the acts of James. Under his fostering influence judges became executioners, and bishops torturers; under his inventive genius torture assumed its most ingenious aspects, and with consummate skill he contrived, whilst carefully sparing the base and the mean, to sacrifice the best and noblest of his subjects. A tyrant at home, he was a coward abroad; he enslaved the English Parliament, but made an ignominious peace with Spain: absolute in the councils at home, he was outwitted in all his foreign diplomacy. His death was deplored by every bad man, as his life had been hated by every good one. Affairs could not well be worse, and therefore Charles was gladly welcomed to the throne, and, with the least capacity, for understanding the English people, might have bound all hearts to him for ever. He succeeded to the vices of his father, but he judiciously contrived to vary them with some of his own. He could not agree with his first Parliament, and, therefore, dissolved it, and endeavoured to replenish his exchequer by the memorable Cadiz expedition. A second Parliament was assembled, and immediately dissolved; and the revenue raised by such collectors as the engine and the rack. Apparently emboldened by his unsuccessful campaign against Spain, Charles now declared war against France; and at Rochelle his favourite Buckingham displayed as much incapacity as even Charles himself could have done. Misery now had been fairly and equally dealt out over England; the soldiers could not complain that the navy was better paid than the army, for the sailors were starving. A third Parliament was assembled. Then the Great Petition of Rights was passed into a law, which Charles took the very first opportunity of breaking. For eleven years there was no Parliament. To narrate the events of these long years is but to give a list of crimes, one varying from the other only in degrees of iniquity. The rack was busy throughout England. Religion meant persecution; and the law was founded upon the first principles of injustice. Men were flying to the New World, but Charles could not allow his victims to escape so easily, or he would soon have been deserted altogether, and so an embargo was laid on all outward-bound vessels, proclaiming that no man had a right to escape from torture. Then came all the cruel imposts; and now Charles, not doing justice to his own originality, copied

the old Norman forest laws; men were turned from their homes and hearthsides to create forests for the king; monopolies were laid on all the necessities of life, until even the king's ingenuity was taxed to discover fresh enormities, and only the genius of a Noy discovered the ship-tax. The Long Parliament at last met. Wrongs make patriots, and injuries make even dumb men eloquent. Strafford and Laud first fell, as it was right that they should, because they were the greatest criminals. The reforming axe was being laid at the roots of this upas tree of royalty. Then followed in quick succession the "Scotch incident," and the fearful tragedy of the slaughtered Protestants in Ireland, as if every part of the realm should be convulsed at once. Finally came the Grand Remonstrance with its long list of grievances, all of which should some day be atoned for by their author. Then was it that Charles, showing how little he understood the temper of the Commons, made his abortive attempt to arrest the five members. Cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" are heard as he returns, and the next day the ominous sermon, with its text, "To your tents, O Israel!" is flung into the royal carriage.

The character of Charles may luckily be easily gauged, for it is in some points one of those everyday characters, which in private life bankrupts a man, but in public may lead him to the scaffold. Endowed by nature with fair abilities, which were all, however, eclipsed by his great talents for deception, he seems to have believed not so much in the theory that words are to conceal men's thoughts, but that oaths are to mean nothing whatever; not so much in the doctrine of mental reservation as in a fixed belief that he ought to disclose all on which he ought to be silent, and to keep back all he ought to declare. If the proverb, *qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*, were the test, Charles was the best king England ever had. A scholar, with the manners of a gentleman, temperate in his habits when temperance was an exception at court, he possessed many good qualities, which fortunately, though he did his best, he could not entirely eradicate, or else Charles were to be abhorred as much as he is now to be despised. Weak and unprincipled, yet like weak people obstinate and revengeful, he was ever trying to overreach an opponent by the arts of cunning or flattery, and failing in these, having recourse to threats and violence, he wavered between the policy of a tyrant and a coward. Heartless he was, not so much from a lack of love to his friends, as from being engrossed in self-love; without any determination of character, even when employed upon his favourite task of unconstitutional government, he had all the wish, but little of the ability, to be a consummate tyrant. Full of all the strange inconsistencies of weak men, with a fair outside he was thoroughly rotten at heart, and if his enemies could not trust in

him, his friends could not believe in him. Apologies we know are rife enough for Charles; there are writers who try to draw a distinction between the man and the king. We could have understood this in the case of a bricklayer, that as a private character he was a rascal, but as a bricklayer he handled the trowel with consummate skill, or that as an individual he was most attentive at chapel, though as a bricklayer he could not understand the use of the plummet. But in the case of a king it is different; what the man is in the main that will also the king be. We are told of Charles's morning and evening devotions, and all we can reply is, that in his case prayers seem to have been to very little purpose; we are reminded of the excellent instruction and advice he gave his children, which certainly appears to have done little good for his sons Charles and James; we are then at last appealed to by the woman's argument, *ad misericordiam*, and are told of Charles's behaviour on his trial, and his bearing at the scaffold, and triumphantly asked if this is not proof of his virtue? If such arguments are to be allowed, the late Mr. Palmer was a saint. A good man may in his kingly office make a mistake, but he will never daily commit cruelties and injustice; a religious king is not exempt from blunders, but he will never make hypocrisy the whole duty of man, or frame injustice into Acts of Parliament.

Reluctantly did the Puritans enter upon this great contest: they entered upon it in no wild paroxysm, but with that earnestness and sadness which marks the resolute English character: they entered upon it not till after long considerations, with prayers and tears, knowing full well the greatness of the stakes, but feeling assured that the cause of the people was the cause of God. They saw the whole peril, but having once chosen the path, Hampden's own motto, *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, was inscribed on the banners of the Parliament army. Time after time they had believed in the promises of Charles, which he had as systematically broken, and would have tried him again, but they knew from bitter experience that it was of no use. Charles had forfeited on every occasion his word and honour; he had deliberately entered into treaties for the mere purpose of breaking them; he had pledged his word to the Great Petition of Rights, and then disregarded it as a piece of waste-paper; he proffered peace with one hand, and seized the garrisons with the other; one day he pledged himself to remain in London, and the next started for York; a very Janus of letters, he wrote one thing on one side of a sheet of paper, and the very contrary on the next page. A Papist one day, he was a Protestant the next, till we doubt whether he was a Christian on either. Dear to an Englishman above all things is his word and honour, and it could no longer be that England should be governed by a man whose promises

were broken as soon as made, whose words were no sooner pledged than forfeited, whose solemn oaths, as soon as they were uttered, were perjured. Charles now, for the first time in his life, had to deal with men who knew no such thing as equivocation or double-dealing, but loved truth dearer than life itself, to whom falsehood were worse than death. Above all, too, let us beware of imagining that a paltry quarrel of pounds, shillings, and pence, made Hampden resist the ship-money, or that a poor vainglory to exalt themselves caused the Commons to take up arms. Higher aims than this were in these men's breasts, or else had they achieved nothing. They had a firm hatred of all injustice and cant, and loved truth and reality, and had hope both in God and in themselves that this world should be a different place to what it had heretofore been, and that iniquity and evil should not last for ever. They had true Reform in their hearts—not a mere superficial Reform, but one going to the root of things, full of that hope and aspiration which every good and earnest man feels for humanity. They had, too, a real belief in God and goodness, a stern faith which gave a character and a tone to every word they uttered, becoming, as it should do, a part and parcel of themselves, the very fibre of life and existence. Much, no doubt, was there, especially in the Puritan, which we cannot admire. Dwarfed by a too literal adherence to the letter of a noble gospel, he was ever trying to make an impossible Christian Utopia. His views were cramped and shorn of their lustre by a narrow-minded Judaism, but yet, differing widely as we do from him in his scheme of salvation and his religious doctrines, we shall ever love him for his noble patriotism and heroism; however much his views of life may differ from ours, he was sincerely striving for light, earnestly striving to serve God in the best way he knew.

Let us for a moment look at the two combatants. The Parliament army, with a few exceptions, could not boast, like its opponents, of high descent; its men knew not that feeling of innato chivalry which so distinguished the cavalier; they had none of those old associations so inevitably connected with nobility; they came not plumed nor scarfed into the battle-field, but with a sense of bitter wrongs, with a zeal burning in their breasts which outshone all earthly chivalry, with a patience that would outlast all mere impulsive excitement, and which gave them strength that more than compensated for their want of discipline. They felt that God was looking down upon them with especial protection, and they marched to the battle-ground singing no love-songs, but chanting solemn psalms, going to their grave as to a long-wished-for home. On the other hand, came from his ancestral halls and parks the cavalier, reckless and witty, yet generous and tender-

hearted, profligate and daring, yet learned and polished, with the pennon that his father bore flaunting above him, and a thousand stories of the desperate valour of his ancestors at Cressy and Poitiers, which stirred his soul like a trumpet, looking upon loyalty as his religion, and war as some new mistress, as the cavalier poet, Lovelace, sings: regarding wounds and death itself with a contempt that excites admiration.

Both parties, of course, altered much during the war by that operation of time and suffering which always works upon the mind, changing manhood into old age, and along with it the thoughts and feelings. But it must be ever steadily remembered that the more high-minded of the cavaliers regarded not the king's person so much as the kingly office; that they, too, as much as the Puritans, abhorred, as all Englishmen ever have done, tyranny and despotism. They seem to have known, at least in latter years, what evil counsels governed the king, and that they who were willing to lay down not only their property, but life itself, had no voice with him; that Papacy was daily gaining ground, and yet, strange to say, seeing and feeling all this, they had not the courage to speak out. Many of them would willingly have come to terms with the Houses; many of them, too, though they never would have engaged on the Parliament side, would still willingly have left the king, could they have done so with honour, for it was this that bound them in his ranks stronger than any oath of allegiance or love to him; and they remained there many of them fearing a defeat, and yet dreading a victory, for in the one case they would be ruined at the hands of the Parliament, and in the other entirely superseded by the Papists.* It was a terrible choice whether to support the king or no. What turned the balance in their minds this side or that we dare not say; only this, that they, too, had noble English hearts, and fought steadfastly and died earnestly for their cause, which they believed to be true.

After his attempt on the persons of the five members, there could be no reliance in Charles. Every one now felt that no mere bond, however sacred, could bind him. There must be

* We would, in support of these opinions, refer the reader to two touching letters from Lord Robert Spencer, who was killed at the battle of Newbury, to his wife, written in the autumn of 1642 from Shrewsbury, in Sidney's "*State Papers*." London. 1746. Vol. ii. The considerations there stated weighed deeply also with such high-minded men as Lord Falkland, and the king's standard-bearer, Sir Edmund Verney, who is said to have declared that "he engaged on the king's side not out of any good opinion of its cause, but from a sense of duty, which he thought lay upon him in respect of his office and relation to the king," and so fell gallantly fighting at Edgehill in defence of the standard he could no longer save.

something for the future stronger than promises. The Parliament had now reluctantly to apply itself to that last arbiter, Force; and it remained to be seen which should conquer,—Force armed and inspired by the idea of self-sacrifice and truth, or Force backed only by selfishness and lawlessness. But let any one beware of supposing for one moment that this attempt on the members was the cause of the Revolution; this was only the outward visible cause, the lever to the motion, the spring of which lay far back; this it was that simply let out the waters of strife which had been for so long pent up, each year steadily accumulating, and which poured forth slowly at first, and then quicker and fiercer, till they swept away the very monarchy itself. All great movements have deep causes. The tree is only high and strong in proportion to its roots. And this Revolution, ripened though by the cruelties and heartlessness of the Stuarts, sprung, as we have said before, from that spirit of free thought and inquiry which also brought about the Reformation, and gave us the Baconian philosophy. If we fail to see this, we have not solved the problem. The human mind, when once the spirit of inquiry enters it, resembles ground which having been laid down for many years is broken up, and instantly a number of different plants spring forth in every direction, never before seen there, but which still have been lying there dormant all the time, waiting only for an opportunity to develop themselves.

The queen had already crossed over to Holland under pretence of accompanying her daughter, but in reality to pawn the Crown jewels. The king had fled to York, taking with him the strongest weapon of science—the printing-press—but even that is weak and useless when in the support of injustice and untruth. Broadsheets were flying over the land. Superstition and credulity, too, had their full sway amongst the ignorant. Streams of blood were seen in various parts of the kingdom. The Tewkesbury carrier declared that late at night, coming over the lonely Cotswolds, he had seen armies fighting in the heaven above, and had heard the clash of spears and the thunder of artillery.* Men hid these things in their hearts, and times were

* These appearances of blood are frequently mentioned, both in ancient and modern history, and were always regarded with superstitious awe. Modern science, however, resolves them into nothing else than a species of *algæ*, most probably either *palmella* or *hamatococcus*, which develops itself very rapidly in hot weather, and as suddenly disappears when the causes of its growth are withdrawn. The signs in the heaven seen by the poor carrier were, in all likelihood, nothing more than the Aurora Borealis, but are, however, worth noticing, as showing the power they had over the youthful imagination of one of the greatest men of that age, who, in his "Reformation touching Church Discipline," Book ii., thus writes:—"Let the astrologer be dismayed

looked for with ominous conjectures, such as had never been before, and such as in truth have never since been in England. The king having reached York, with his usual bad judgment dismisses Lord Essex from his office of chamberlainship, who now joins the Parliament, and is appointed commander of the army, whilst Warwick is made admiral of the fleet. Towards Hull all eyes are directed. It was the great northern seaport, the third or fourth most important in England. Sir John Hotham, the governor, was ordered by the Parliament to deliver it to Warwick; whilst on the 23rd of April, 1642, the king set out from York with a retinue of some three hundred Yorkshire gentlemen, and at Beverley-gate demanded the town to be surrendered to him. The mayor and burgesses would have admitted him, but Sir John summons up courage, mounts the walls, and forbids the king to enter, though still protesting he is at heart loyal. Cries of "Traitor!" "Kill him!" are heard from the cavaliers below, but the king is obliged to retreat discomfited, proclaiming Sir John a traitor. Both sides now set themselves in earnest to the task of making levies. On the 15th of May the king held a public meeting of his supporters at York, but Sir John Fairfax thwarted his measure by assembling the parliamentarians in front of the hall where the meeting was assembled, demanding to know why they, too, should not be consulted on the affairs of the nation. The king parleyed with them, and fixed a meeting on the 3rd of June at Heyworth Moor. The day came, and with it some eighty thousand to one hundred thousand men. Not a word was spoken; all ominous silence. At last it was whispered that a petition from Parliament praying the king to come to terms was to be presented. The cavaliers charged at the petitioners. Charles tried to make his escape, but young Fairfax dashed through his body-guard, and thrust the paper into his hands.

The Parliament had fixed the 16th of June as their day for levies, for which they are vilified by the Royalist writers, which is something like blaming a man for arming himself in the afternoon when he is certain his house will be attacked at night. The question who struck the first blow has been angrily contro-

at the portentous blaze of comets and impressions in the aire, as foretelling troubles and changes to States;" and again, "*Paradise Lost*," Book ii., 533:—

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

verted by writers of both party, each vehemently affirming that the other commenced the war; but the real question is not who struck the first blow, but who caused the war; and as we have seen, it was the king by his treachery and tyranny. The people are appealed to by the Parliament for contributions, and joyfully the appeal is answered. Nobles bring their plate and jewels, whilst the poorer offer their silver; women bring their earrings and their very thimbles, showing how deep the "good cause" lies in the hearts of the people.* The Parliament's offices are glutted. Charles tries to imitate their example, but with indifferent success. Oxford molts down her plate for him, and Cambridge would subsequently have done so, but was prevented by Oliver Cromwell. All disguise was now thrown off; men must now choose on which side they will fight. On Charles's side stood the large majority of nobles and old families, with the universities and the Established Church of England. All the counties to the west of England and on the Welsh border supported him, most probably for the reason that, being at so great a distance from the capital, they knew less of Charles's misrule, whilst their poverty had guarded them from his avarice; for where Charles's character was best known, there do we find his bitterest opponents. On the side of the Parliament were all the middle and lower-classes of England, with a few noblemen and gentlemen, and all the Puritan and dissenting ministers; thus showing the line of demarcation, and proving what we have said before, that this was a war of classes and of class-feelings.

On June 22nd, the Royalist, Colonel Hastings, was at Leicester raising the train-bands, with his flag flying, and on it the ominous motto, "*Quasi ignis conflatoris.*" The king's proclamation is read outside the walls, but Archdale Palmer, the high sheriff, is there also, and reads the Parliament's counter-order. Hastings himself is nearly seized, but his followers rally round him; blows are struck, and with difficulty he retreats to his inn, which is strongly barricaded, and in the darkness of the night escapes from the town. The king is delayed at York for want of money, which the queen, however, sends over from Holland,

* On the Parliament's side the very women worked in defence of the towns, and individual heroism, as in the case of Mrs. Purefoy, in her gallant defence of Caldecote Manor House, was by no means unfrequent. Thus, at Northampton, the women worked with the men in the trenches; and at Coventry, in 1643, we find the following singular scene:—"Women filled up the quarries at the great park that they might not harbour an enemy; marched there with matlocks and spades, led by a good wife Adderley, with a Hercules club on her shoulders, and they were brought from work by one Mary Herbert, with a pistol in her hand, which she discharged when they were dismissed." Nickson's "MS. Annals of Coventry," in the possession of Mr. Eld, of that city.

with several thousand stand of arms, seven or eight field-pieces, and two hundred barrels of gunpowder; and he now sets out on a tour to the neighbouring counties. In the meanwhile, Lord Digby, disguised as a Frenchman, has been taken prisoner at sea, and is in the charge of Sir John Hotham, whom, however, he persuades not only to let him escape, but to surrender Hull to the king. Charles, therefore, on the 7th of July, once more marches to Hull: here he makes a proclamation against the town, which on the 12th is sent to the Houses, stating that on the 27th he will take Hull, if it be not previously surrendered, and in the interval makes another tour,* and on his return to Beverley, finds Lord Holland there with a message from Parliament. Again, another expedition, on the 21st, to Nottingham, and on the 22nd to Leicester, where the assizes are being held. The king makes a speech to the authorities, and tries to gain possession of the magazine; but, backed by the grand jury in a body, they beg that the magazine may be broken up, and the arms distributed, to which the king assents; and on the 26th we find him at Doncaster. Digby had, at the risk of his life, in disguise, entered Hull; and, on the 27th, five hundred men, on the Parliamentary side, under Sir John Meldrum, had arrived there from Boston; and on the same morning, too, the king marched to the town with trumpets sounding, seemingly expecting that its walls would tumble down at that well-known signal; but the sluice-gates had been pulled up by the Parliamentary forces; the country was everywhere under water, except a narrow causeway along which they came, driving back the king's outposts. For two days did Charles remain in a hostile attitude before the town, vainly expecting its surrender; but on the second night a sortie was made: some of the cavaliers and the train-bands were slain; the king's magazine was captured, the ammunition taken, the victors returning by the light of the burning arsenal; and the next morning, the 30th of July, the king returned to York, remaining there for a fortnight at the Deanery. On the 12th of August he published another declaration, with a recapitulation of his supposed wrongs, and finally requiring "all his subjects who could bear arms, northward of the Trent, and twenty miles to the southward, to meet him at Nottingham on the 22nd," where he himself, on the 16th, arrived at the Earl of Clare's, with some three hundred train-bands, under Sir John Digby, and some six hundred cavalry—the artillery, from want of horses, being left at York.

On the 18th he again set out on an expedition through War-

* Charles was at Leicester on the 14th of July, as appears from the corporation books of Coventry, as he had ordered the mayor and sheriffs to appear before him on that day at the former city.

wickshire to obtain levies, and on his march tidings came from Lord Northampton that the Parliamentary forces are about to occupy Coventry, but that as the Earl had been Recorder of the town he could promise the king admission, and had set off to keep his word. The people of Coventry, however, were not so easily gained over, and in spite of their Recorder returned answer, "that his Majesty's royal person should be most respectfully welcome to them, but that they humbly besought his Majesty to pardon them if they could not with safety permit his cavaliers to enter with him."* In a subsequent message, however, they said they would allow the king to have a retinue of two hundred men. In vain the Earl endeavoured to change their minds, and in vain tried to collect a force, until party spirit rose to such a pitch that he was forced to escape by a back-door out of the city. In the mean time, the king on the 19th approached the city from Stoneleigh, but the inhabitants had gallantly manned their walls for a siege, reinforced by four hundred men who had come from Birmingham.† The king sent to Nottingham for petards and battering-trains. So little was the town prepared for a siege, that Lord Brook for safety had lately sent all the ammunition to Warwick castle, but stout hearts can fight with any weapons, and patriotism is a better defence than steel armour. On the 20th the king's guns soon made a breach in the walls, and the gallant townsmen repulsed, but not defeated, retired to their streets, which they barricaded with the first things that came to hand. Rallying here, they drove the cavaliers in confusion beyond the city gates, and, following up their success, stormed the king's lines, playing his own guns on his men now in full retreat to Leicester.

War had now in fact begun. The first blood had been shed as long ago as the 15th of July, when Lord Strange, in an attempt on Manchester, killed a poor weaver.‡ Prince Rupert now had come across to England to support his uncle. He was then barely twenty-

* The corporation books of Coventry well illustrate the state of feeling there as elsewhere, and how completely Charles contrived in a short time to alienate himself from the affections of those well disposed to him. On the 17th of August, 1642, we find by a Council Chamber order, that as the King and Prince Rupert are expected, it is agreed that 200*l.* be borrowed for their entertainment, and that a purse with 200*l.* be presented to the king, and another with 100*l.* to the prince. Charles does come, but in the extraordinary manner related in the text, and the consequence is that in the very next Council Chamber order, dated October 1st, 1642, we find the town advancing "200*l.* in money, and 50*l.* in powder, match, and bullets, for guarding and defending the city in these times of danger, for the better advancement of the public cause." Those who wished Charles well, and who had at heart his real welfare, could not readily forgive such a wanton attack upon their property as Charles made, showing how little regard he had for his subjects.

† Oldmixon by a misprint says Buckingham.

‡ May, Book ii. chap. vi. p. 109. Heath's Chron., 38.

three; tall and handsome, in the bloom of youth, with bright eyes, and a fine expressive mouth, and long flowing curls reaching down over his shoulders, his beauty must have attracted the attention of all women, as his gallantry would soon strike all men. As Sir Philip Warwick said of him, *Il estoit toujours soldat*: and as he rode at the head of his eight hundred cavaliers which his uncle had given him, with his white plume flying in his hat, and his scarlet cloak just fluttered by the wind, he must have looked the finest, as he was the bravest of them all. He was far too good for the cause which he adorned. His strength of character soon brought him into collision with the king's advisers, whilst by the cavaliers he was as much disliked for his habits of discipline as he was feared for his valour by the Puritans. On the 22nd of August, Charles raised his standard at Nottingham, and delivered an ill-written proclamation. The night was stormy, and the standard was blown down from the castle turret where once the flag of Richard III. had waved. Again it was raised, this time not on the old castle but in the park, heralds digging with their daggers a hole in the hard rock for the flag-staff, and supporting it with their hands; the proclamation was again read, and the king's flag streamed out in the wild storm like a blood-red meteor hanging over the wide vale of Trent, portending wars and troubles. Many a cavalier saw the signal, and obeyed, leaving his homestead never to return, or if to return, with ruined fortune and misery. Once more in England was there a clank of steel, and the armourer was busy. Old armour came down from the church walls where it had rusted since the wars of the Roses. England was torn with dissensions. Before us lie various documents which all testify to the unsettled state of the country. The diaries of the day are turned from domestic matters to those of State. Many church registers that we have examined, from 1612 to 1619, are scarcely kept during this exciting time; the very marriages cease, showing how stern was the conflict, whilst the few notices that occur are some pregnant sentence referring to the church now turned into a fortress. The city corporations cease to hold their council chambers, or if they do, it is but to provide arms for their besieged city.

At this important crisis Charles amuses himself with holding a chapter of the Order of the Garter, at Nottingham. In the midst of it there comes a message that Goring can no longer hold Portsmouth.* The king is panicstruck, and writes a piteous letter to the Parliament with various solemn protestations, the value of which the Houses know too well, and which even Clarendon admits

* We are sorry we cannot enter into the events in the South and West of England, but must, from want of space, confine ourselves strictly to the movements in the midland counties.

was simply to gain time. A second whining and equally deceptive appeal is made, in which the king states that though he has raised the standard at Nottingham, he did not intend to do so; and though he has called the Commons traitors, he really meant nothing offensive; but the Parliament was not now in the humour to enter upon what every one knew would be but useless negotiations. Charles was ready to promise anything, because he meant to perform nothing. He was like a man who owed a large sum of money, and was ever willing to pay in valueless bills and notes of hand; all these might be had for asking, but no genuine banknotes or gold.

And now there comes rumours of a battle fought at Dunsmore, some ten miles from Warwick, which turn out to be false,* but there has been one on the twenty-third at Southam.† The Houses had sent down Lord Brooke to the relief of Coventry. He had arrived after a long march late on the evening of the 22nd at Southam, some twelve miles from Coventry, where he was joined by Hampden, who had set out to defend Northampton, and their united forces amounted to some six thousand men, three hundred horse, with seven field-pieces. The men, ~~are~~ being billeted when news is brought that the clergyman of the place is disaffected to them, and has lately been entertaining large bodies of Cavaliers; his house is searched, and large stores of ammunition are found and taken. Quietude is again restored, and the men are sitting down to their rations, when fresh news arrives that Lord Northampton is only two miles off. The men spring to their feet, hats are flung up, and cheers are heard, and they march out into the fields outside the town. No thought of food or sleep that night; one spirit animates commanders and men. Through the cold watches of that autumn night do they all stand under arms, with the clear stars encamped above them. Morning slowly breaks, and the Parliament standard might now be seen floating in the air with its

* These false battles were frequently invented during the war, and reports of them were printed and circulated by both parties for their own purposes.

† As appears from an entry in the Southam Register,—“Buried 23rd day of August, John Browne, souldier under Captain Jones, in the regiment of Lord Brooke, the same day the battle fought between the Lord Brooke and the Earl of Northampton.” We may notice that many of the entries in the churchwardens’ books of Southam are very interesting: thus, we find, “paid to the king’s footmen who sealed up the church doore for not ringing when the king came to towne, 0*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*.” And again, “paid also to them for not ringing when the king went out of the towne, 0*l*. 5*s*. 0*d*.;” the king’s footmen being the king’s foot soldiers, as is explained by a duplicate entry of the same event. Against these two singular notices is written, in the handwriting of a later period, the date 1641, but it should more probably be 1643, as we know that Charles was at Southam the Friday before the battle of Edgehill, by the date of his manifesto there declared to his army, and published in London for William Gay, 1642.

five bibles, and the words, "God with us," written in golden letters. About eight o'clock Lord Northampton is advancing along the Dunsmore road with five thousand horse, three hundred foot, and two pieces of ordnance. Hampden in person led his Buckinghamshire men, having taken up his position on a slight rise, with Lord Brook and the cavalry in reserve. In silence the two armies watch each other; the soldiers of the Parliament become impatient, raise their hats on their pikes, and shout to draw on their enemy, who are now moving more troops, with their pieces of ordnance, on Hampden's right, against which Lord Brook opposes his cavalry. At last the signal is given by Lord Brook; Hampden's men immediately firing into the advancing columns, whilst at the same moment the cannon opened upon them. The Royalists faintly answer with their guns, but a panic had seized them, and they fled, Lord Brook pursuing them with his cavalry as far as the little stream of the Itchin, and capturing their ordnance. Captain Legge, mistaking Hampden's "Green-coats" for his own regiment, is taken prisoner. Captain Clark, and seven other Cavaliers, are captured in the flight. The country people of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire come to the help of the Parliament, rising upon the defeated Royalists in their retreat with flails and stones, and when the skirmish is over, bringing the Roundheads provisions, thus showing on which side was the country feeling. The Parliament army retires to Southam for the night, and Lord Brook marches on to the relief of Coventry the next day. So ends this skirmish between the two forces, of which so little is known; it was evidently a much more serious affair than is generally supposed. The title of "battle" is given to it in the Southam register, which we have quoted. Skeletons have been dug up in the fields adjoining the spot where the hostile meeting took place. The easy defeat of the Royalists is to be attributed not so much to their slightly inferior force, but to the presence and tact of Hampden, seconded by the brave and good Lord Brook.*

And now the war begins to spread, enclosing every one within its fearful circle. Events follow one another in quick succession.

* Clarendon disingenuously omits all account of this engagement. The only modern writer who describes it correctly is Lord Nugent, in his "Life and Times of Hampden," vol. ii. pp. 230, 231. Mr. Warburton's account in his "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers" is not only inaccurate but unfair. Our narrative has been drawn partly from Vicar's "*Jehovah Jireh*," p. 140, and Oldmixon's "*History of the Stewarts*," but chiefly from the scarce tract, "*A true and perfect Relation*," printed for Matthew Walbank, August 27, 1642, where, however, it is stated that the King and Prince Rupert were present, which seems most improbable, as the king was certainly at Nottingham off the morning of the 23rd, and Prince Rupert would never have remained a silent spectator.

The king still holds his court at Nottingham. Lord Lindsey had come from Lincolnshire with six hundred men, followed by his son, Lord Willoughby, with the same number. From Yorkshire Sir William Penniman and John Bellasis had arrived with six hundred foot and a troop of horse, and the artillery had also come from York. And now, marching from Nottingham on the 13th of September, for Derby, Charles's wish was to encounter Essex, who had set out from London amidst the cheers and prayers of the people.

News of the defeat of the Royalists at Coventry and Southam had spread. Men and women worked day and night at Northampton, strengthening the walls and raising earthworks.* Thither Lord Brook had gone, leaving Warwick Castle defended by Sir Edward Pelo. Lord Northampton having heard of his departure, marched against it with the ordnance he had just taken from Banbury. Sir Edward refused to surrender though twice summoned. The attack commenced from the town side by Lord Compton, whilst his father and Lord Dunsmore threw up a battery in the park. Sir Edward ordered all to leave the town, and a red flag flaunted out from Guy's Tower. The siege had lasted now for two days, but the strong massy walls of the castle were proof against all cannon-balls. On the third day Lord Compton placed a battery in position on the tower of St. Mary's Church, or as it is still called, Warwick High Church, from whence, however, he was dislodged by the fire from the castle, which soon brought down one of the pinnacles. The besiegers now trusted to the hopes of starving the garrison out, and sat down with that intention before the castle; then it was that Sir Edward hoisted the quaint device of a bible and a winding-sheet, implying that as he put his faith in the one, he was not afraid of the other. At last the Cavaliers in despair raised the siege, and joined the king's forces.†

Meanwhile Rupert was not idle. One Sunday morning, just before the villagers were going to church, he with five hundred to six hundred men led the attack upon the old Manor House at Caldecote, the residence of Mr. Purefoy, a member of the Long Parliament. Purefoy himself was from home, but his wife was there, and her son-in-law, Mr. George Abbot, with only some eight men and maid-servants. Abbot refused to surrender. The house, like most of the houses of the time, was strongly built of stone, and well suited for a siege, and Abbot, placing his men at the window and loopholes, determined to hold out to the last. The women loaded the guns, and as Rupert burst through the

* Vicars.

† Tracts in the possession of W. Staunton, Esq., of Longbridge House, Warwickshire, quoted by Lord Nugent.

court gates no less than three of his officers fell from the deadly fire. Bravely for several hours did this heroic little garrison stand the siege, the women running the pewter vessels into moulds for bullets. Rupert was obliged to retreat with severe loss; and now, as a last extremity, fired the outbuildings, and under cover of the smoke made a final attempt. The flames were now reaching the house, the ammunition was all gone, when Mrs. Purfoy descended through the fire and smoke, flung herself at the prince's feet, and pleaded for the lives of the defenders. Rupert, when he heard her account, was struck with admiration, and not only spared their lives but would not allow their property to be touched, at the same time offering Abbot a commission in his force, which was of course declined. Old Caldecote Manor House has long passed away, but there still stands a monument in the parish church to the brave Abbot, testifying not only to his gallantry but his other virtues.

On the 17th of September we find Charles at Stafford, where he receives intimation that he will be welcomed at Shrewsbury, whither he continues his march, taking Wellington on the way, where, on the 19th, he holds a review, and reaches Shrewsbury on the 20th. At Stafford, however, he learns that Essex intends to besiege Worcester, and therefore on the 17th, Rupert, who had rejoined his uncle, was dispatched with eight troops of horse and ten of dragoons to hold the city, and therefore moves on to Bridgenorth, where he receives fresh orders from the king at Shrewsbury to protect Worcester, and support Sir John Byron. On the 19th, the prince sent a challenge to Essex to meet him on Dunsmore Heath with his army, or to decide the matter by a single-handed combat, two offers not very likely to be accepted by such a man as Essex. Fiennes had in the mean time been sent on by Essex to the relief of Worcester,* but not finding the reinforcements he expected from Shrewsbury, retires. Once more, on the 22nd, he returns, and again fails to meet the Shrewsbury volunteers, who in his absence had come and returned.† With him were some ten troops of horse and six of dragoons under Colonel Browne and Colonel Sandys. They approached Worcester by the Upton-road, crossing the narrow Powick-bridge some mile and a half from the town,‡ and drawing up in a green meadow beyond. Behind them rose the Malverns, purple from head to base with the tints of evening, and close to them flowed the Teme, with its waters dark-green and slate-coloured from the Welsh mountains, into which poured the little clear English Langhern brook; before them were narrow green lanes, over-

* *Special Passages, September 21 to 24, 1642.*

† Corbet's "*Military Government of the City of Gloucester.*"

‡ Lord Nugent, who also incorrectly gives the 22nd as the date of the battle, says four miles.

topped with high straggling hedgerows, leading to an eminence, which half hid the town of Worcester from their sight. Here they waited till the next day, the arrangement being, that when Essex should arrive on the other side of the city they were to endeavour to cut off all the Royalists who should attempt to escape that way. Rupert, however, being informed of their arrival, sent a spy to say that Sir William Balfour was on the other side of the town, and that on the signal of the firing of a cannon they were to advance and stop the fugitives. The Parliamentarians fell into the trap; at that moment some of the Royalist dragoons showed themselves, and without waiting for even the signal, Colonel Sandys pushed on, although Fiennes and Captain Wingate tried to dissuade him, and was instantly attacked on the flank by the infantry in ambush, who opened a galling fire, and charged his men with poleaxes. Fiennes came to the rescue, shot the advancing Royalist officer dead, and drove his men back to their lines; but it was too late. Fresh troops poured down upon the surprised Parliamentarians, who were in a narrow lane, in which they could not form more than four or five abreast. Rupert charged down upon them with unerring precision. Over the Powick bridge, and into the Teme itself, they fled in terrible confusion, galloping wildly along the Upton road, never drawing rein till they reached Pershore,* some ten or twelve miles off, and there throwing Essex's life-guard into a panic. The Parliament lost some fifty or sixty men, with a few prisoners, and horses, and six standards.† The Royalists lost four or five troopers, and every officer, with the exception of Rupert, was

* Curiously enough Ludlow calls this place Parshot, evidently misled by the local dialect, which still pronounces the word somewhat similarly. Lord Nugent, generally so correct, has followed him in the error. In Corbet's "*Military Government of Gloster*," Parshowe; in the Jefferie's MS., Parshare; all variations of the provincial tongue.

† It is with pain we must notice the misstatement of the late Mr. Warburton, who tries to prove that Prince Rupert was totally unprepared for the attack, whilst the best authorities go to show that he planned it. The one-sided statements of old party-writers are quite bad enough, without any further additions by modern writers. We must notice, too, several minor inaccuracies in his account, such as Brickfield, which is on the other side of the city, for Wickfield. Had Mr. Warburton looked in *Mercurius Belgicus*, he would have seen it spelt Wickfield, or in the *Mercurius Rusticus*, Wickefield. Again, he falls into an error in calling the road the Parliamentarians took the Pershore-road instead of the Upton-road, and in making Pershore only four miles from Worcester, whereas by the nearest route it is nine or ten, and by the road the defeated party took most probably thirteen or fourteen.* Again, too, he greatly exaggerates in stating that the number slain was three hundred. Viers, in his "*Jehovah Jireh*," pp. 163—6, says between twenty and thirty, upon the authority of Captain Nathaniel Fiennes, who was an eye-witness; but this is probably below the mark. Mr. Warburton should have known, too, that Lord Falkland's letter, which he quotes as his authority, was burnt by order of the Parliament for its misrepresentations.

wounded. The brave Sandys was mortally wounded, and lay lingering at Worcester till Essex arrived; pathetically did the dying man inquire after Wilmot, whom he remembered to have struck at in the fight, and being told that the wound was not dangerous, exclaimed, "he had not that blood to answer," and so with prayers for the "good cause" died happy; so was it in this war that friend smote down friend, and even the son fought against his father.

Ludlow, who was in Essex's life-guard when the fugitives, unhelmeted and panic-stricken, reached Pershore, went over the ground a few days after to see where his companions had been defeated, and admits in what a wretched position they were entangled. And on that eminence from which Rupert charged with such effect till within the last few years there stood an old hawthorn, which tradition called "Prince Robin's tree," and from under which it is said he gave the word of command to charge the Parliamentarians, wedged and hampered in the narrow lane. So ended the skirmish at Powick Bridge,* in the rout of the Parliament, on the very spot where nine years hence, in the stubbornest fight of that series of stubborn fights, Cromwell should victoriously end the struggle, which his party had here begun in defeat. That same night Prince Rupert with the garrison retired from Worcester to Ludlow, taking with him Captain Wingate, who had fought to the last,† and who is said to have been most cruelly treated by the Royalists; but of this there is no sufficient proof. And here let us say once for all, that in attributing cruelties to each other, both sides grossly exaggerate. But instead of entering into the alleged cases, the truth of which it is impossible to discover, let us console ourselves by the fact that this Revolution was freer from excesses than any other, and that through the whole of it the English character for generosity and humanity conspicuously shone forth, rather remembering the noble traits that were exhibited, how Falkland, at the hazard of his life at Edgehill, saved those who had thrown down their arms, and how the Cornishmen at Braddock Down, when urged to pursue the disarmed enemy, pathetically replied, "they could not find it in their hearts to hurt men who had nothing in their hands," than taking a pleasure to discover which of two parties of Englishmen most resembled Sepoys.

Rupert reaches Shrewsbury on the 26th, and the news had

* In some of the accounts of the time, as in the corporation-books of Droitwich, this skirmish is called "the siege of Worcester," and hence the endless confusion in subsequent histories. Greene's account in his "History of Worcester," is hopelessly wrong in every particular.

† "True but sad and doleful news from Shrewsbury; imprinted at York, and now at London, Oct. 10th, 1642."

been forwarded to the king at Chester, where he is busy making levies. His circumstances were now in a much better position. Cartloads of arms are brought from Flintshire and Denbighshire.* Recruits poured in from the Welsh borders, rough and rude, with no better arms than scythes and clubs, in strange contrast with the famous "show troop," glittering with armour in the sunlight, and their straight, keen Andrea Ferrara blades, with their inscription under the hilt, *pro rege et arà*, and their matchlocks inlaid with silver and pearl, such as is still now preserved in many an old family as a relic of the times. Contributions, too, flowed in from the wealthy Cavaliers, and the mint at Shrewsbury was busy coining down the old silver cups and christening bowls. A most warlike coinage this, for the pieces were engraved with cannons, and flags, and piles of cannon balls, curious emblems for a currency. Charles, too, drives a profitable trade by the sale of titles; a peerage may be bought for 6000*l.*, whereas the honour of knighthood is as cheap as a purse of gold, the size not being specified.

On the 27th the king returns to Shrewsbury, and finds Fleetwood waiting there with proposals from the Parliament; but which, owing to Charles's evasive reply, are never presented. And now, on the 12th of October, all the preparations being made, and having borrowed 600*l.* from the school-chest, he sets out for London. His spirits were high. All the country, from Shrewsbury to the north of Cheshire, and again from Shrewsbury to the West of England was his. Prince Rupert's victories, too, had inspired the army with confidence, whilst his very name, or "Prince Robber" as he was generally called, filled his opponents with terror. His vigour and decision of character stood in fine contrast to Charles's imbecility, who resembled a timid rider, who pulls up in the middle of a leap, and brings both himself and horse to the ground. True, that trained in a different school of warfare, Rupert seems to have looked upon booty as the be-all of a battle, and he will ever preserve the unenviable fame of having introduced the word "plunder" into the English language; but whatever limitations we might, from his subsequent conduct, have to make in estimating his character, there can be no doubt that just now he was the life and soul of his party. He flew from post to post, surprising outlying garrisons, ever willing to lead either the van or head the forlorn hope. It was first proposed to march to Worcester, but this was altered for Bridgenorth, where Charles stayed three days, and from thence to Wolverhampton. Here it was that Madame St. Andrew entertained the king, whilst her brother or nephew received the two princes. The old cavalier

* Perfect Diurnal, Oct. 12th.

was asked to contribute to the royal cause. He refused, unless he could have an interview with the king alone at night, when, drawing from beneath his cloak a purse with 1200*l.* or more, he presented it to his sovereign, refusing at the same time the honour of knighthood, which, however, a grandson of his accepted from Charles II.* On the 17th the king proceeded to Birmingham, or Bromicham, as it was still then written, to that very Aston Hall, which the people of Birmingham, to their honour, have lately made their own,† and where still the room Charles slept in is called the "King's Chamber." As he was leaving the town he harangued his troops from a mound, near Sutton Coldfield, which to this day is known as the "King's Standing;" and, though nearly gone, is marked by a clump of trees. Prince Rupert was still in advance, and on the 17th was before Coventry, summoning the citizens to surrender; but a second time they gallantly close their gates, and prepare for a siege. On the second day, news comes that Denzil Holles had, on the 18th, defeated Lord Digby with great slaughter. Rupert raises the siege, and sets out to join the king, who, on the 18th, was at Sir Robert Fisher's, at Packington Hall, and on the 19th, at his "own house," at Killingworth; and on the 21st at Southam, where his forces had been previously defeated by Hampden and Brooke, and where tradition still points out an old timbered house as the one the king slept in; the country-people were still no better disposed to him than before, as we find by the fines the churchwardens had to pay for not ringing the king into and out of the town,‡ and by the fact, that further up in the country, the very blacksmiths hid themselves that they might not be compelled against their will to shoe the royalists' horses. On the night of the 22nd we find Charles at Edgecote:§ as he was going there in the morning, he saw some one in the fields hunting with his pack of hounds; Charles sadly sighed, and asked how any one, when such misfortunes oppressed the land, could take pleasure in sport, and ordered him to be brought into his presence. It turned out to be Mr. Richard Shuckborough, who, leaving his hounds, returned home and armed his tenantry, and gallantly fought at their head at Edgehill.||

We must now turn to Essex, who had entered Worcester on the 25th of September, two days after the skirmish at Powick

* Shaw's "Staffordshire," vol. ii. p. 158.

† The common tradition that the attack was made upon the hall during Charles's stay is erroneous; it did not take place till Dec. 18, 1643, as may be seen in Sir William Dugdale's diary. The marks of the cannon-balls are still visible upon the walls and the old oak ballustrades.

‡ See note, page 535.

§ Edgeworth, in Warburton.

|| "Dugdale's Warwickshire," Ed. Thomas. 2nd Ed. Vol. i. p. 309.

Bridge. The Royalist writers represent that the city was sacked and pillaged, but for which there seems to be not the slightest foundation; on the contrary, we find various entries in the corporation and other accounts to quite a different effect.* But Essex was by no means the man to have been head of the Parliamentarians. Instead of acting decisively, he was generally for temporising. Instead of boldly cutting the knot of the difficulty with his sword, he was ever trying to disentangle it, when to disentangle it was clearly impossible. He did not seem to see that the end and aim of war is peace, and that the quickest road to peace is by a decisive victory. He was the Cunctator of the Parliament when activity was needed. He used a cruel moderation, when moderation only prolonged the evil. At Nottingham, as even Clarendon admits, he might have taken the king prisoner, but allowed him to slip through his fingers to Shrewsbury, and was repeating the same feat at Worcester. It would be unjust to say he had done actually nothing here: he had done much; had settled the militia in the district;† kept up a communication with the Royalist party at Gloucester;‡ dispatched Lord Stamford to Hereford, to hold Lord Herbert in check;§ had also removed some suspected aldermen from their posts at Worcester;|| but he had done nothing to break the king's power, who, as we have seen, had now by a flank march got between him and London. Peremptory orders came down from the Parliament that he must, by forced marches, intercept the king; and on the 19th of October, Essex marched out of Worcester, towards Stratford-on-Avon, which Hampden and Brook held, and on the 22nd halted at Kington. Neither army were aware of the other's presence. Rupert had come up to Wornleighton on the 22nd, about eight miles from Edgehill, and as his quartermaster entered the town to billet the soldiers, Essex's appeared also for the same purpose. The Cavaliers fell upon the Parliamentarians, and took twelve prisoners, and in this way learnt the first tidings of one another.

* Thus, in the Worcester corporation books, we find, "Paid by force of a Chamber Acte unto Mr. Thomas Essex, who was by the Earl of Essex, at the time of his invading the said city, appointed governor thereto, and was given unto the said Thomas Essex, at the hour of his departure, to free this city from plundering, 40*l*." And again, in the churchwarden's books of St. Michael's, "given to captains and soldiers for preserving our church, goods, and writings, 10*s*. 4*d*."

† Heath's "Chronicles." Part I. 40.

‡ Steward's "Accounts at Gloucester," MS. 1642, quoted in the "Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis."

§ Common's Journals, Dec. 13, 1642, "Letters of a Subaltern Officer, in Archaeologia," xxxv. p. 332.

|| "Chamber Order Book of the City of Worcester," MS. Vol. ii. Oct. 17, 1642.

Rupert's men turned out at once, whilst he rode off with the news to Charles at Edgcote, five miles off.

Sunday morning is breaking, and Charles is on the top of Edgehill, close to the "Sunrising," a lone wayside inn, which still exists under the same name, and is a well-known landmark in Warwickshire. Below him spreads the vale of the Red-horse and the valley of the Avon, stretching from the Castle at Warwick to the old Abbey at Evesham, till the eye can rest upon the dim peaks of the Malverns in the distant horizon, and out on the far north the three spires of Coventry: a thorough English landscape, one wide range of fields, broken only here and there by the long hedgerows and the scattered villages, with the Avon flowing like a tangled skein of silver through the midst; and as the sun gleams out fitfully through the October mists, Charles gradually marks the masses of the Parliament army being drawn up in front of the village of Kington, on the grassy plain at his feet. The harvest had been reaped, and the few stubble fields are bare and forlorn; a few old stumps stand here and there on the hill-side, covered thick with yellow autumn leaves, wet with the dews of night, now nipped by the first early frost, and falling silently on the ground, even as those very men on the plain should fall; and as Charles leant against one of these old decaying stumps, melancholy and sad, some one asked him on what he was musing:—"I never saw rebels in a body before," he replied. It was a sight indeed that might well shock his notions of the "divine rights" of kings—these stern, earnest men coming forth to teach him that they too, as well as he, had divine rights which also were worth regarding.

And now, on this quiet English Sabbath morning, the village bells come pealing from the parish churches, ringing many a brave man's death-knell. The Royal army was divided by internal dissensions. Rupert and Falkland had disagreed with respect to a message the latter had delivered to him, and now at the council of war Rupert and Lindsay quarrelled; so that Lindsay refused to command an army whose operations he might not control, and was seconded in his views by his son, Lord Willoughby. In addition to this, the famous troop, commanded by Lord Bernard, being taunted as "a show-troop," begged that they might wipe out the supposed blot by heading the charge under Rupert.

The Parliament's forces amounted to nearly 13,000 men, whilst the king's were above 2500 stronger, and he possessed heavier artillery, as well as the advantage of position. The army of the Parliament was drawn up in three simple lines. Essex's regiment was in the centre, supported by Lord Brook's men in purple, and Helles's red-coats in the rear. On the left wing were the main body of horse, under Sir James Ramsay, supported by the regiments of Lords Wharton and Mandeville, and in the rear Colonel

Charles Essex's regiment, and still in the rear again Colonel Ballard's "gray-coats." On the right wing was Essex's life-guard, all armed in mail, under Stapylton, and Sir William Balfour's men, who did such execution that day in the van, supported by Sir John Meldrum's brigade, strongly flanked by artillery.

The wind blew keenly down the hill, thus giving a great advantage to the Royalists, who about two in the afternoon were marching down the hill-side. Prince Rupert led the right wing, and with him was the famous "show-troop," of which Sir Philip Warwick was one, modestly adding that he was the least amongst them. On the left wing might be seen Lord Lindsey at the head of his men serving as its colonel, as he could no longer be the commander of the army, and his son, Lord Willoughby, leading the Red regiment, in the midst of which floated the king's standard, borne by Sir Edmund Verney. The centre was composed of three brigades of foot, drawn up in bodies. Sir John Byron with his regiment acted as a reserve force, whilst the rear was brought up by the wild recruits from Wales. In this order they marched. Confidence of victory was in every man's breast. Even Charles, too, for that day, once laid aside his vacillation, and clad in steel, moved among his men, encouraging them with words. "Your King is both your cause, your quarrel, and your captain," he cried. And now the two armies were face to face; a pause as terrible as death ensued. Then was it that Sir Jacob Astley prayed, "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me;" then rising, he added, "March on, boys!" On the other side might be seen the earnest Puritan ministers riding from rank to rank exhorting their men with the words of Scripture. Then suddenly thundered out the guns of the Parliament, re-echoed by the King's artillery. On came Rupert and his Cavaliers. From the Puritan ranks a horseman dashes forth, flings from him Essex's orange scarf; it was a lieutenant from Sir Faithful Fortescue's troop, who, with his commander, traitorously betrayed their cause. On swept that cavalry charge, righteously slaying some of those renegades, though by mistake. Right into the Puritan ranks, bearing everything before it, like some mighty hurricane, it drove on. The Puritans fled into the town of Kineton, but not so fast as their pursuers, and the sword-blades were red with blood. In vain Lord Wharton and Sir William Constable attempted to rally their men, in vain Colonel Essex tried to stop his soldiers who were panic-stricken, and so marched alone to the front and fell gallantly leading the charge.

On the left wing the struggle was the most severe. Sir Arthur Aston with his dragoons had charged the Puritan cavalry, but tempted by success, like Rupert, gave himself up to plunder, and was followed by Sir John Byron, and the reserves; thus leaving

the king's infantry quite exposed. Then was it that "Balfour charged, cutting down the Royalist gunners at their guns, severing the ropes and gearing—for he had no spikes to spike the cannon—and then on, pursuing the fugitives. Essex's body-guard had before charged Lord Lindsay's Lancashire regiment, penetrating as far as the king's infantry, but could not break their line. Again Stapylton and the Life-guard charged, but in vain; until Balfour, returning from his victorious onslaught, charged in the rear; this time the Red regiment broke, every man in it was slain or taken prisoner. Right on the Roundhead horse cleft their way, up to the royal standard itself, where the standard-bearer, Sir Edmund Verney, cut down by Lionel Copley, fell as he defended it, amidst a heap of slain. The king, too, was nearly captured, and was saved only by the courage of Adam Hill, of Spaldwick, who, rallying a troop of horse, checked the enemy for a moment.* Lord Lindsay fell, too, hit in the thigh by a musket-ball, and his son, Lord Willoughby, refusing to leave his aged father, was taken prisoner with him. Meanwhile Holles' "Red-coats" and Ballard's "Grey-coats," who had rallied, also came up, and gallantly charging with their comrades, wiped out the stain of their previous cowardice, whilst Hesilrige's cuirassiers cutting down the King's Blue regiment completed the victorious movement. As the smoke-wreaths cleared away, there might have been seen sitting under a hedge the two young princes with the famous Harvey, their tutor, who, like the poet-philosopher of modern times, whilst the balls were ploughing up the turf close to his feet, was absorbed in some favourite book.

The royal cause now seemed hopeless; only two regiments of the king's foot remained on the ground. The victorious cavalry had defeated themselves; the men, gorged like vultures, could hardly be dragged away from their prey; and when Rupert at last returned, harassed in his retreat by Essex's body-guard, he found the tide of war completely turned. Then it was that Captain Smith, one of the "show-troup," snatched up an orange scarf and advanced with two others into the enemy's body, where the Lord-General's secretary Chambers was waving the flag over his head. Smith rode up to him, saying that a penman should not carry such a flag in such a field. Chambers innocently gave up the hard-earned trophy, which Smith soon carried back to the king, and was knighted, the first knight-banneret in England for a hundred years, under its shadow. But a braver deed was that of the good Lord Falkland, who at the risk of his life was busy saving those who had thrown down their arms.

Evening had now drawn on; and night closed over a battle fought with true English bravery on both sides. Charles retreated

* See "Royal Presents to the Denny's," by the Rev. A. B. Rowan.

to the hill-top again, but the Parliament held their ground. Not a man there had tasted food since Saturday. Ludlow relates that he had to pass the night in his cold iron armour, and when, on the next evening, he procured food, his jaws had nearly lost their natural power. The mists were rising, and here and there the light from a lantern struggled out on the field, showing where some wretch was rifling the dead, or where friend was seeking out friend. A bitter cold night, and the keen wind swept pitilessly across the plain, where lay a mass of beings, the wounded—their wounds frozen—mingled with the dead. Very touching is the story* of Sir Gervase Scroop and his son, with whom he had bitterly quarrelled, and whose face he had refused ever to see again; but on the night before the battle, by the king's intervention, they were reconciled. Father and son through that terrible day fought side by side, but in the evening the brave old man could not be found. Amongst the dead the son sought for him, and found him with no less than sixteen wounds, which he had received in defending the standard. He still breathed, and his son carried him on his back from the field, and had the happiness to see him recover. More touching still, perhaps, is the story of the dying Puritan soldier, who with his last breath told how he had received his death-blow from his own brother, whom he had recognised in the Royalist ranks; in vain did he try to turn the blow aside; the hand that had never been pressed but with brotherly affection now blindly smote him down.

The loss on each side was about a thousand; but was strangely exaggerated by both parties.† Hampden arrived from Stratford the next morning with fresh troops and artillery.‡ He was for vigorous operations, but Essex was as usual timid, and, supported by Dulbier, allowed the opportunity to slip by, and on Tuesday marched to Warwick, where the citizens of Coventry had generously sent provisions for the army after the battle.

* Bulstrode.

† The accounts of the battle are very conflicting; but we are surprised that Mr. Warburton should state so high a figure as five thousand as the number of the slain. Dugdale, who was present, and who afterwards visited the battle-field for the express purpose of gaining information, estimates the number as low as one thousand. (See "Dugdale's Diary," Ed. Hamper. London. 1827. pp. 20, 21.) Mr. Sanford's account is as accurate as any, though we are astonished not to find amongst his authorities the name of Ludlow, who gives a very clear and detailed description, deriving considerable value from the fact that the author was one of the combatants. Kinton, however, is eleven miles from Warwick, and not six, as Mr. Sanford writes. • Echard's story of Cromwell's being on a church-tower, and in his fear escaping down the bell-ropes, is still current in the neighbourhood, Burton Dassett church being fixed upon as the scene. Nath. Fiennes' account refutes all this. In the Chamberlain's Books at Stratford, is an entry of 2s. 6d. paid to a soldier, of Captain Cromwell's, "wounded in Kinton Batell."

‡ Ludlow.

We need scarcely enter into the question with whom the victory lay. Sir Richard Bulstrode's saying is so well known, *victor uterque fuit, victus uterque fuit*. Both sides offered up public thanksgivings, the one for being victorious, the other for not being beaten. But the question lies deeper than this. The real victory after all rested with those who out of disaster should evolve ultimate success, who should turn a dubious fight into a stepping-stone to future victory. Cromwell saw this plainly, saw into the heart of the matter, and told his cousin Hampden that "decayed serving-men and tapsters could never be a match against gentlemen of honour and courage." And he himself set to work to weed out the ranks, and introduce a better and a higher discipline. One thing both parties must have learnt, if they ever indulged in the fallacy, that the matter would not be decided by a single battle, but that they must prepare for a long and obstinate war. And the interest now centres itself in watching how one by one the adverse elements, like scales, fell off from the Parliament body, how its incompetent commanders one by one dropped off, how genius and merit rose from the rank, how the democratic spirit took life and form, going forth to conquer, and how, too, the very men who fled this day at Edgehill before Rupert's charge were gradually changed into Cromwell's Ironsides; and on the other hand how the chivalry all ebbed away, how the imbecile king turned a deaf ear to the counsels of Falkland and his truest advisers, and how everything good and great in the royal cause festered into corruption, telling the same tale in broad lines that ever will be told, that plain courage and resolution will ever beat princely imbecility, and that good will ever surely prevail over evil though it be ensceptred and enthroned.

Such was the battle of Edgehill. It was well that it was fought in the centre of England, in

"That shire which we the heart of England well may call,"

as Drayton says, that all England might be roused to a sense of the danger. The news soon spread far and wide. That very night the beacon-fires were lit up one after another on the hill-tops, and with fiery tongues told the news from the hill overhanging Burton Dassett to the high ridge over Ivinghoe, and from thence to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and so to London. And then soon after came the tidings from some of the deserters that the Parliament was defeated; great was the panic, and could scarcely be appeased when the more truthful accounts arrived. The news spread, too, by the next day as far down as Tewkesbury, which was garrisoned by a small party from Shrewsbury, who expected to be instantly attacked by the Royalists.* Ever

Corbet's "Historical Relation of the Military Government of Gloucester."

as far as Scotland did it quickly penetrate, and a general assembly was instantly held at Edinburgh to consider what steps ought to be taken.*

And now to this day the memory of the battle survives in the names of the places. There is still a farmstead called the "Battle Farm," and the spot known as "the Big Grave," where the foes who had fought so bitterly were laid so still side by side in one common home, and "Rupert's Headland," or "Addling,"† as the peasant calls it, is still pointed out where the Prince pulled up after his charge, and the place, too, where the beacon-fire was lit on Burton Dassett Hill; and the ploughman to this day turns up with his plough bullets and cannon-balls, and the broken sword-blade, all testifying how fierce the contest was when Englishmen met Englishmen; and tradition in the neighbourhood will tell how on that Sunday morning, as Baxter was preaching in Alcester Church, some twenty miles off, he suddenly paused in his sermon, and cried, as he heard the distant roar of the cannon—"To the fight," and the congregation rushed out with him to the battle-field.‡ And some six miles off is Barford Church, where Captain Ward, who fought on the king's side, and whose father was rector of the parish, planted a staff on the church-tower, ran up the king's flag, and there defended it; and to this day may the marks of the bullets be seen against the stones. But the whole country round is interesting; and there is many an old farmstead that has its own tradition to tell—how, perhaps, it even stood a siege, and the inmates, to save themselves from the fire, covered the walls with wet sheepskins.

And now, as we are writing these lines, the sun is setting, and the dark shadows lie thick on the Edgehills, and the purple autumn mist rises up over the fields just as on the night of that terrible battle, and we thank God in our heart that there were such spirits as the first leaders of the Revolution, who after this battle could take fresh courage, and rise with freshened strength to engage in the long conflict which awaited them.

* Scotch MS., entitled "Observations upon the Arise and Progress of the late Rebellions against King Charles I., as the same was carried on by a mal-contented party in Scotland, and all under the pretence of Reformation," in the possession of Mr. Grainger, of Worcester.

† We should be sorry that these old names should ever go out of fashion. Many of them are there in England telling a history in a word. Thus there is the "Bloody Meadow," at Tewkesbury; the "Royal Meadow," near Atherstone, where Richard encamped his army before the Battle of Bosworth; and the "Soldier's Piece," near Shrewsbury, where Charles harangued his army; nor must we forget "Cromwell's Gap," near Marston Moor. We have before alluded to "Prince Robin's tree," at Powick; and there was once also outside Coventry a "Prince Rupert's elm," where it was said beneath which he ordered the city to be besieged in 1643, but that also is gone.

‡ The true account of this is given in "Baxter's Life."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

IT is not possible, even with the utmost laxity of non-natural interpretation, to reconcile the letter of various parts of the Bible with ascertained facts of natural history, of secular history, and of psychology. But so great is the traditional reverence for that volume, and so great the spiritual value of much of its contents, that the attempt to make its words accord with the results of experience and observation is continually renewed. Very few are, in reality, endowed with the qualifications necessary for success in such an undertaking. Some are too flippant, some too ignorant, some too prejudiced. Dr. Kalisch¹ unites in a rare degree the accomplishments requisite for a successful Biblical expositor in modern times. His tone is reverential, his learning ample, his purpose conservative, his method honest, and his conclusions free. On some points, indeed, we think he has held back from expressing the inferences to which his premises would lead; and sometimes he has been led to attribute to Mosaism more elevated theological conceptions than appear to us to have belonged to it. The undertaking of Dr. Kalisch presents, as might be expected, a critical or destructive side, and a conservative or constructive one. And, although it may sound paradoxical to say so, his destructive process is accomplished by bringing back the interpretation of the words of the Hebrew records to a close adherence to their letter. It is the only sound principle upon which an interpreter can proceed, to endeavour to ascertain what his author did say, not to make him say what one should be glad if he had said. The misty expositions of would-be conciliators having been thus blown away, and the narratives of the Biblical writers unfolded according to their natural and genuine meaning, literal truth cannot always be found in them: the truths they convey must often be sought in the domain of idea, and not in that of actual history.

The method of interpretation which seeks for an inner sense in the biblical histories is not new either to Jewish or Christian commentators. It was followed by Philo, and employed by St. Paul when it suited his argumentative occasions, as in 1 Cor. x., Gal. iv. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews explains the whole Mosaic ceremonial of the Christian dispensation, and in an allegorizing spirit; and in the Second Epistle of Peter, and that of Jude, the catastrophe of the Deluge, the ruin of the Cities of the Plain, and the story of Balaam, are dwelt upon, not as supernatural events, but as furnishing moral warnings and examples. Nevertheless, the general current of Christian

¹ "A Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament," with a New Translation, by M. Kalisch, Phil. Doc., M. A. Genesis—Exodus, London: Longmans. 1855, 1858.

interpretation has been in the direction of resting in the literal sense of Scripture, and among ourselves the Puritan influence has for many generations led to the ignoring of any but the literal sense. Of late, however, it has been felt, even by Puritans themselves, that in order to maintain the literal interpretation, the words must be much strained in many miraculous and other narratives, if they are to be brought into agreement with themselves and with common sense. To maintain the truth of the letter of the Bible, is to put its authority upon an issue which even Puritans begin to understand is very perilous to it; whether they will embrace such solutions as those which are attempted in the work before us remains to be seen.

Dr. Kalisch treats, as we think, those portions of the books of Genesis and Exodus which illustrate what are sometimes called the natural attributes of the Divine Being with greater success than those which exhibit Him in a moral character. That God is One, that His only will pervades the whole universe, that all mankind are children of the Supreme Father, are doctrines which it will always be to the glory of the Hebrews that they were the first among the nations distinctly to infer. If these doctrines were notwithstanding clogged, all through the history of the people, with gross anthropopathic conceptions, and even if there were imported into them corruptions of a Persian dualism, we can distinguish the genuine metal from the alloy, that which is excellent from that which is base; and it is the duty of the commentator to assist the student in making separation between them. If the Pentateuch were supposed to be, as a whole, the work of Moses, and of the age of 1500 years before the Christian era, then the whole must stand or fall together, and the passages which exhibit inferior spiritual and moral conceptions must drag down the more eminent portions. But Dr. Kalisch recognises the Pentateuch as a compilation. In the earlier parts of it, which are now before us, he fully acknowledges the Elohist and Jehovistic sources; and, more than that, points out indications of the age at least of Joram the son of Ahab (compare Gen. xxvii. 40, 2 Kings viii. 20). With respect to the Elohist and Jehovist, he expresses himself at several times with great judgment and moderation, and does not pretend to unravel a mystery which antiquity has left in impenetrable obscurity. Thus on comparison of Gen. xxv. with Gen. xxvii., he arrives at the following result,—that the older or Elohist document gives to Jacob an unconditional blessing, and cannot well be later than the time of David, when the Idumæans were subject to the Israelites; but the later, or Jehovistic writer, embodying this unqualified benediction of Jacob in his narrative, adds a qualified or partial benediction upon Esau. And our author subjoins:—

“Nothing can more strongly prove how closely and almost inseparably the documents of the Elohist are interwoven with the composition of the Jehovist; how unsafe it is to decide by the mere external mark of the divine names; and how incorrect it is to assert that we have in Genesis two documents which we are still able to resolve into their component parts. The contents, the historical allusions, the progress of the ideas, and similar internal considerations, can alone decide.”—Gen. p. 520.

It is very unfortunate for the English reader that the Divine name

Cawnpore, may be briefly characterized as picturesque, pleasant, and pious.

Equal in piety, but (to resume our alliterative verdict) unparalleled in pretension and unrivalled in platitude, Mr. Frederick Cooper's "*Crisis in the Punjab*,"⁴ may win a momentary attention. He, too, deprecates centralization with divided responsibility, and pronounces the result to be neutralization of force and waste of power. The Punjab system, with a recognised responsible head to each district, has his decided approbation. Of his philosophy and grammar some notion may be formed from his recorded opinion that "the loyalty of the Punjab once assured, every subsequent mutiny in the territories *were* absolutely Divine blessings;" of his language and sentiment in combination with the previous categories, the reader may judge from the quotation that "but for God's lightning" (alluding to the electric telegraph) "simultaneity had been added to spontaneity, and the empire was not worth a week's purchase." The book, however, as a recital of events in which Mr. Cooper seems to have borne an honourable part, is not without value and interest.

Believing that the unhappy revolt, which has already been sufficiently discussed by English authors, was the result of misconception of the true character of British rule, Dosabhoj Framjee, a Parsee and native of Bombay, has instituted a comparison between it and its predecessors.⁵ In his review of the Mahometan and Maharatta power in India, he establishes, without difficulty, the despotic violence, the atrocious and sanguinary cruelty, the fanatic intolerance of the former, the corruption, injustice, avarice, and wasteful luxury of the latter. The British raj, on the other hand, he describes as equitable and beneficent; asserts that the revenue and judicial departments are based on good foundations; commends the Government for its abolition of many great social evils; for its encouragement of art, science, and education; for its extension of commerce, resulting in the increased employment and improved condition of the Indian population; for its religious tolerance and political impartiality. He strongly condemns the conduct of the Bengal soldiery, and deploras the injuries, "temporary, he will hope," which the native interests have sustained from the work of a few of the miscreant sons of India herself."

Educated at the Elphinstone Institution, in the Presidency of Bombay, with the command of correct and even idiomatic English, the vindicator of the British Government, whose *brochure* we have just noticed, again comes before us as the author of a book entitled "*The Parsees*."⁶ Dosabhoj Framjee, himself a Parsee, sympathizes with his fallen compatriots; chronicles the events of their history; records their manners; expatiates on their virtue, and defends their religious views. The numerical strength of the followers of Zoroaster, he informs us,

⁴ "*The Crisis in the Punjab from the 10th of May until the Fall of Delhi.*" By Frederick Cooper, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

⁵ "*The British Raj contrasted with its Predecessors*," &c. By Dosabhoj Framjee. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay: Smith, Taylor, and Co. 1858.

⁶ "*The Parsees, their History, Manners, Customs, and Religion.*" By Dosabhoj Framjee. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

Without pursuing these remarks any further, we will briefly turn to another point, concerning the theological and moral conceptions which our learned commentator thinks he finds in Judaism. For we do not apprehend that the Mosaic conceptions of the Deity are in all respects so elevated as he states them to be; nor are the moral sentiments which emerge in the patriarchal histories at all refined. Thus there appears to us some weakness in the note on Exodus xx. 5, and the rendering of נָפֵץ by "zealous" instead of "jealous" there, and in xxxiv. 14, though it be the better word, does not in fact much abate the difficulty, such as it is. נָפֵץ is a word of considerable range of meaning, including such usages as these; if "*he be jealous of his wife*," "*the envy of Ephraim*," "*I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts*," &c. But even when there is no mixture of ἐν θύμῳ in it, as there is in the jealousy of the sexes and in envy, yet there is θύμος, and it is a vehement passion. The characteristic implied by it as belonging to Jehovah is well expressed by the words of Isaiah, "*My glory will I not give to another*," and is in keeping with the *heat* which the Hebrews throughout their Scriptures ascribe to the Deity. In fact they could not have realized the distinct conception which they entertained of the Deity as personal, unless they had clothed His personality with attributes closely analogous to the human passions. It is not by modifying the force of any particular figurative expression, which appears to ourselves harsh or odious, that we can reduce the Jewish anthropomorphism to passable dimensions. And it would be misleading, after all possible extenuations, if we received it as conveying absolute truth. We must acknowledge on reflection that He is impassive, *impassibilis*. Truly, as we ourselves should be the objects of the passions of the Deity, if He had any, we are more readily persuaded that He may be merciful than that He may be wrathful; but neither class of passions is admissible by the philosophic theologian, while it was very natural and almost necessary for the authors of the Hebrew Scriptures to attribute to Him both the one and the other.

Still more, however, must we take exception to the special pleading with which our author seeks to reconcile with morality, or to excuse the absence of morality in, the conduct of Abraham, Genesis xii. 20. Evidently the compiler of the book of Genesis, whatever his date may have been, was unconscious that he was representing the patriarch in an unfavourable light. His own moral sense was not shocked by the stories which had been handed down from an earlier age. There might even be embodied in the traditions concerning the rescue of Abraham's wife from the danger to her honour on two occasions, and of Isaac's wife, Rebecca, from a similar risk—which three events it is impossible to suppose have a really historical value—there might be involved in these traditions an idea flattering to the descendants of the chosen seed, that their family was the favourite of Heaven. There might even be involved a further idea of the sacredness of the marriage tie, according to the polygamous notions of a rude age and people. Nevertheless we must not seek for recondite meaning in all the ancient Hebrew legends, or we shall fall back into a superstitious theory of inspiration. Much less must we be led to extenuate evil because it is found in con-

nexion with such a name as that of Abraham. We cannot, therefore, concur in such a view as the following:—

“His (Abraham’s) conduct was exemplary wherever the path was clear, or wherever it was prescribed to him; all his greatness consisted in his *obedience*; it was the tendency of this narrative (Gen. xx. 10—20) to show, that when he was beset with difficulties without being aided by the immediate guidance of God he was subject to the common errors of humanity; and that, as the eternal standard of virtue and moral action, the law was not yet revealed, the personal direction of God was necessary in every individual instance. . . . It would therefore be a perfect mistake to attempt a reconciliation of Abraham’s conduct in Egypt with the precepts of morality not yet known to him. Just as he saw no crime in marrying his sister, the daughter of the same father, so he was not aware of the sinfulness of the expedients in which his despondency took refuge in regard to his wife.”—p. 338.

Yet after all, that which startles us the most in this narrative is not that Abraham—supposing there is a historical basis for the transaction—should have acted as he is described to have done, and should have been unconscious of his own moral degradation, but that the compiler of the book of Genesis, perhaps in the earlier years of the monarchy, should have framed the story, embodying the traditional denouement, and have added no trait implying condemnation of the patriarch’s conduct.

Unable to notice many portions of this exceedingly important work, we must say a few words concerning the prophetic passages which occur in the books now illustrated. Under critical exposition they altogether collapse as historical predictions, but as illustrations of history they have a high value; they are later facts of history represented in the form of prophecy. The most remarkable passage of this kind which occurs in the book of Genesis is to be found in the last address of Jacob, of which Dr. Kalisch gives a masterly analysis (pp. 720—766). He discovers in it several indications of the age of composition, which he fixes to the period of the divided monarchy. With this date he considers to coincide the true interpretation of the celebrated passage, xlix. 10. He justly observes that the Messianic interpretation must rest on exceedingly feeble arguments, when such interruptions of national independence must be made consistent with it as those which took place during the Babylonian captivity and during the Maccabean period, when the power, such as it was, was in the hands of persons of the tribe of Levi. There is, moreover, no authority for interpreting “Shiloh” as the appellation of a person, nor in any other way but as the name of the place where the tabernacle was set up. (Joshua xviii. 1.) And Dr. Kalisch renders, “*The sceptre shall not depart from Judah even if many flock to Shiloh*,” considered as a centre or gathering place for those who acknowledged the crown of Joseph. The translation we prefer as more in accordance with the facts of history is, “*A sceptre shall not govern (שֵׁטֶל for שֵׁטֶל) out of Judah as long as they flock to Shiloh*,” for the kingdom did not come to the tribe of Judah till after the removal of the tabernacle from Shiloh. (Compare Psalm lxxviii. 60, 68; also for the phrase Num. xxiv. 17, and Is. xi. 1.)

Dr. Kalisch studiously avoids polemics, or he would have said more on two other predictions, Genesis iii. 15, and xvii. 7, the former of which is constantly referred by Christian interpreters to the Saviour, and the latter is expressly applied to him by St. Paul, in Gal. iii. 16. On both these places indeed Dr. Kalisch might well have pointed out, that in Biblical Hebrew *אֲדָמָה* is a collective noun, and when understood of progeny may include, but not designate, a particular descendant. We heartily wish Dr. Kalisch success in the further prosecution of his arduous undertaking. He is producing a work of sterling value, although we consider that he frequently discovers in the primeval narratives ideas of which the authors little dreamt. *

The various Churches which have issued from the great Reformation movement of the sixteenth century perceive before them, says M. de Pressensé,² serious problems for the future to resolve. Is the Reformation to be continued and developed, and developed in what sense? Presuming Christianity to be divine, in some acceptance of the phrase, is its vigorous future to be sought in new forms, or by reverting to its earliest type? and for those who think its future best hopes to lie in the reconstructing Church, and discipline, and doctrine as they were in the apostolic and immediately post-apostolic period, how and where are the forms of primitive and genuine Christian life and thought to be ascertained? The origin, or earliest manifestation of Christianity concerns the future as much as the present and the past. On all accounts the primitive age of the Church must be recovered to history and presented such as it really was. It does not indeed follow that if the belief and practices of the earliest Christians could be accurately reproduced to us we should be able on their authority to adopt altogether either the one or the other. But their belief and practice will assist us in divining the facts on which they were founded, and on which, in turn, we must found our own. M. de Pressensé has been anxious, though a profound believer in the divinity of Christianity, that his belief should not fetter his examination of the facts of his history. Of the volume now published, the introduction embraces a sketch of the religious and philosophical systems which preceded the advent of the Gospel, with many of which it found itself more or less in relation, either as preparatory for, or in antagonism with, itself. In the pagan systems generally M. de Pressensé observes a twofold process of preparation for Christianity, that is by way of opposition or contrast to that which is spiritual in the grosser religions, and also by way of education for its better teaching on the part of the more refined philosophies. The true preparation for the spiritual teaching of Christianity M. de Pressensé finds in Judaism; he is determined, with some other moderns, to perceive the very foundations of the Gospel in Abraham, and interprets the promise recorded, Genesis xii. 1, 2, as a Messianic prediction. In approaching the commencement of Christianity, properly so called, M. de Pressensé does not ignore the criticisms which have been directed against the

* "Histoire des Trois Premiers Siècles de l'Église Chrétienne." Par E. de Pressensé. Le Premier Siècle. London: D. Nutt. 1858.

Gospel histories by Strauss, Baur, and others, but he disposes of their hypotheses and of that of M. Salvador in about six or seven pages. In what he there says he does not appear to think it possible that, though there may be an historical basis for the narratives in the Gospels, considerable portions of them may, consistently with that admission, be rejected as incredible. In his note upon the Pentecostal miracle he shows himself perfectly capable of appreciating the sort of difficulties which have struck other critics as apparent in the Gospels; we do not, however, gather that, for his own part, he perceives them in the Gospels themselves. In this respect we must be permitted to doubt, whether M. de Pressensé has succeeded in approaching the New Testament accounts with all the impartiality which he desired; we are disposed to think that, if he had, he would have been led somewhat further in his account of the conversion of St. Paul than the observation—"Paul, a réellement vu et entendu Jésus Christ, mais le fait qu'il a été seul à le voir et à l'entendre montre combien la disposition morale importe pour la perception d'un tel miracle;" or than the quotation from Augustine, so truly suggestive:—*Si Stephanus non orasset, ecclesia Paulum non haberet.* M. de Pressensé employs a pleasing tone and style, and is at all events free from hierarchical and sacerdotal prepossessions.

The persecution of the French clergy in the last decade of the last century is a passage of history well deserving of note and full of instruction. Like some other persecutions, it led the way to a reaction; it was followed by the concordat of Napoleon I., upon which has been built the ultramontaniam prevalent in France under Napoleon III. The work of the Abbé Barruel, *l'Histoire du Clergé dans le temps de la Révolution Française*, is still tolerably well known; it was dedicated to the English nation in token of gratitude for the hospitality exercised by this country towards the clergy of a foreign creed in time of their suffering. England indeed was not solitary in the kindness she showed towards men who were expelled from their native soil for conscience's sake, although the extent of relief which was afforded in England to the *émigrés*, and the circumstance of the hospitable nation being Protestant, made her benevolence the more remarkable. But there was one government which, according to Father Theiner,³ has never hitherto had justice done it for its charity and zeal in succouring the unfortunate ecclesiastics who emigrated from France rather than take the oath of submission to the State required by the *Constitution civile du clergé* decreed by the National Assembly July 12, 1790. This government is the Papal one; and Father Theiner avails himself of his opportunities as *Préfet des archives secrètes du Vatican* to bring to light many documents illustrative of the paternal care of Pius VI. for his clergy—documents hitherto unedited, as we are assured, *par un sentiment d'humilité chrétienne*. Another motive is, however, indi-

³ "Documents Inédits relatifs aux Affaires Religieuses de la France, 1790 à 1800," extraits des Archives Secrètes du Vatican." Publiés par le R. P. Augustin Theiner, Prêtre de l'Oratoire, &c. &c. 2 tomes. London: D. Nutt, 1857, 1858.

cated in the paragraph with which the reverend editor concludes his introduction prefixed to the second volume of his collection :—

“ Dans les pièces que nous avons parcourues, en lisant la touchante correspondance des ecclésiastiques Français et réfugiés à l’abri de la paternelle protection du Saint-Siège, rien n’est plus fréquent que de rencontrer, parmi les formules de leur reconnaissance la promesse solennelle et sacrée de publier dans leur patrie les bienfaits dont ils furent l’objet, et l’inépuisable tendresse du vicaire de Jésus Christ. Ils partirent, et certainement, dans les causeries intimes de la famille, dans les vieillées du presbytère ils auront raconté, les yeux humides de larmes, à leurs confrères plus jeunes tout ce que l’Église de Rome fit pour eux en ces mauvais jours d’autrefois; mais ces récits sont oubliés depuis longtemps sans doute. Puisse donc le présent ouvrage, écho tardif, mais sincère, de leurs pensées, solder d’une manière plus durable la dette de leur reconnaissance ! ”—Tome ii. pref. lvi.

It is very possible that some light on reflection broke upon the émigrés when they came to consider what cause for thankfulness they really had to the Holy See. At all events there are some documents in the collection of Father Theiner which do throw light upon it. By the *constitution civile du clergé* the ecclesiastics were required to take an oath acknowledging the supremacy of the State; they were to be placed in some such relation to the civil power as the clergy of this country were by the Act of Submission, 25 Henry VIII. Some new dioceses were also to be erected, consultative councils were assigned to the bishops, and some of their dispensing powers reserved to the metropolitans, but no interference was intended with respect to the doctrines or formularies of the Church. When the course the Convention would pursue became unmistakeable, the Pope was urged by Louis XVI. to give his consent beforehand to that which was inevitable; and after the decree it was suggested to him that the bishops should be authorized by him to consent to the new arrangements provisionally. The Papal policy, however, was unyielding; perhaps as a policy it was the best, but there does not seem reason to magnify the charities of the Pope towards exiles whom he himself had made such. The documents now published by Father Theiner are extracted from a collection of papers comprised in more than sixty thick folio volumes, entitled “*De Charitate Sanctæ Sedis erga Gallos*,” now preserved in the Vatican. The several pieces in the present publication are ill-arranged, that is to say, neither according to chronological order nor order of subject, but for the most part according to the dignity of their authors. Thus we have first the Papal allocutions and letters, then letters of royal persons and statesmen, of archbishops, of bishops, of other ecclesiastics, and laymen. Nor is there any guarantee that the selection made from an immense collection has been made upon any principle of fairness, or upon any principle but that of glorifying the Roman See. Each paper has prefixed to it a reference to the volume in which it is to be found, but not its own number in the volume; there is therefore no clue to the relation in which the published papers stand to the unpublished. Father Theiner’s more recent works—his “*Life of Clement XIV.*” and his “*Position of Sweden relative to the Holy See*”—have had for their

special object the exaltation of the Papal chair, and are one-sided. This is the more to be regretted as an earlier work is much more free in its treatment, and is an excellent and standard production on the "Compulsory Celibacy of the Clergy and its Consequences."⁴

The selection, therefore, which is now published, will be perused with a recollection of the position of the editor, and of his declared purpose in editing it. He need not fear that any doubt should be thrown upon the genuineness of the papers which are put forth. Many of them, indeed, would not now have seen the light unless it had been supposed to be a time when the extreme pretensions of the Romish See might be courageously put forward with prospect of advantage to its cause. Such a "Mémoire" as that presented by Archbishop Maury to the Pope (tom. I. p. 381) would not have been produced unless its production had been thought likely to be of service—at least not to be injurious. There is a time, in Papal policy, for saying "these things are obsolete," and a time for saying "these things never become obsolete." Monseigneur Maury's observations are instructive at the present day. Glorifying Louis XIV. for his revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he vindicates the necessity for that measure by the disturbances made by the Protestants in the provinces where they were strongest, *after the massacre of their brethren*—nay, he justifies it by the excesses of the French Revolution itself. Protestantism, free-thinking, and philosophy are heads only of one Cerberus. If Protestants are tolerated in the least, they will not be satisfied till their toleration is complete. The co-existence of different forms of religion, equally recognised by the State, is as fatal to the glory of France as it is contrary to the prerogatives of the Holy See.

"Un grand roi que tout le monde reconnaît à ce seul titre, Louis XIV., qui avait si bien étudié l'esprit de sa nation, avait appris par les désastres de ses prédécesseurs, et par son expérience personnelle, que le caractère moral des Français ne pouvait pas s'allier avec l'exercice public de deux religions parallèles, et que pour eux il en était en quelque sorte de l'unité d'un culte national, comme de l'unité de l'Être Suprême : c'est à dire que, si l'on veut en admettre plusieurs, il n'en existe plus aucun : *aut unus aut nullus*. Les philosophes n'ont pas manqué de se liquer avec les Calvinistes pour s'élever contre la révocation de l'édit de Nantes. Depuis un siècle on n'a cessé de multiplier les déclamations philosophiques en faveur de cette secte républicaine par essence et qui durant cent cinquante ans de guerres civiles qu'elle a excitées, aspirait à ériger la France en république."

He adds, with an effrontery almost more than Roman :—

"Les massacres des Catholiques n'ont pas tardé de faire l'apologie du grand roi."

And concludes that subject by saying—

"Il serait impossible de maintenir l'exécution de cette loi sans accorder bientôt, par une conséquence inévitable, à ces mêmes Protestants dont elle reconnaît et légitime l'existence politique, des écoles publiques, des temples, l'admission aux emplois civils, enfin la tolérance la plus illimitée et la plus funeste au gouvernement."—pp. 394, 5.

⁴ "Ueber der erzwungenen Ehelosigkeit bei den Christlichen Geistlichen und ihre Folgen." Altenburg. 1828.

In two discourses by the Rev. T. S. King⁵ the arguments against the doctrine of endless inflicted punishment are forcibly put, and the uncertainty, to say the least of it, of any critical inference from such words as *αἰώνιος* very fairly pointed out. Mr. King is a little too fond of strong language, but an occasional excess in that way does not detract from the real cogency of his statements. In particular, we would direct attention to the observations which he advances concerning the fragmentary and meagre character of the Gospel histories. The accounts which we have of the Saviour's discourses are too uncertain to permit the building upon them of any doctrine which does not cohere with what we can otherwise reasonably deduce concerning the attributes of the Great Being. Whether the longer or shorter computation of the ministry of Jesus Christ be adopted, the discourses of Jesus which have been saved are spread very thinly over the period. All which has been handed down could be put into the compass of an ordinary pamphlet. But neither are his words spread evenly over the supposed period of his ministry; and if the Gospels were to be read with reference to their supposed chronology, the blank spaces, in which nothing is recorded of the Divine teacher, would be very striking. And Mr. King asks—

“Do preachers and critics deal fairly with records of this character, thrown with such disorder into literature, that an undisputed chronology of the Saviour's life cannot be deduced from them, and so detached that scarcely a chapter is ever devoted to a single subject—mere crumbs and dribblets from a great career and soul—do they deal fairly with them when they treat them as if they were one cool, consecutive, systematic discourse or treatise from a divinely-appointed professor of theology for all time?”—p. 11.

The like may be said also of the Epistles—they are fragmentary compositions for temporary purposes, and the authors of them set up no claim to be considered as uttering doctrines which are to be measures of Christian truth for ever:

“We say that no one can appreciate this fractional character of the New Testament records, and especially of the records of Jesus's instruction, without coming to this conclusion. Providence intended to give us, through these pages, *hints* of truth, and not a scheme of truth; seed thoughts and not developments or systems, a few principles kindled into vividness to be unfolded and applied by the growing mind of the Church, and not rigid conclusions to which its intellect in all ages was to be tethered.”—p. 12.

Hence is very apparent the unfairness of bringing texts together by the method of concordance and dictionary, and then pressing the signification of words to their utmost limits, as well as tying them down to an uniform signification in the most varying connexions.

The whole pamphlet is extremely well worth reading by those who have not as yet formed a decisive opinion on the subject of which it treats.

⁵ “The Doctrine of Endless Punishment for the Sins of this Life Unchristian and Unreasonable.” Two Discourses delivered in Hollis Street Church by the Rev. Thomas Starr King. Boston: Crosby, Nichols and Co. 1858.

De Wette⁶ occupied, as he said of himself, a somewhat singular position relative to the history of New Testament criticism. Twenty-two years elapsed between the publication of the first and fifth editions of his "Introduction;" at the former date of 1826 he was in the van of the critics, and considered by many as altogether destructive in his views. But at the publication of the last edition in 1848, about two years before his death, his position was comparatively conservative. His work is, indeed, peculiarly fitted to initiate English students into the modern criticism, and a very great service is rendered to them by the American translation which we have noted below.

The late Beda Weber,⁷ of Frankfurt-on-Main, had published in a collected form before his death a number of papers and articles which had previously appeared separately in periodicals. We the rather indicate the volume, because from its indifferent title it might mislead. Both the sketches which it comprises, as well as the Essays, are conceived in a thoroughly ultramontane spirit. The purpose of the author has been to recommend that type of "Church-life" which is found in some parts of Middle and Southern Germany; to exalt the partisans of the Austrian Concordat, to stigmatize Prussia, Protestantism, and the settlement of the Peace of Westphalia as standing in the way of Romish aggrandizement. There is a bitter tone in the book, which does not surprise those who have dipped a little into ultramontane polemics, but would surprise any who meet with it for the first time. We have one or two Protestant prints in England of which the tone is generally reprobated; but even they do not exhibit so much gall and deep hate as do these extreme Romish publications. We by no means share all the opinions of Baron Bunsen: we may think him mistaken on many points—fluctuating, undefined to his own consciousness, pietistic, or what not. But the personalities which mark the article entitled, "Bunsen, Stahl, Schenkel, und Laboulaye," ought to be injurious to any cause which permits its advocates to employ such weapons. Stahl, the high Lutheran, is indeed spoken of with some moderation; in High Churchism of any confession there are openings left for Roman accommodations. But Bunsen is beyond hope or conciliation, and Schenkel is sunk even lower than Bunsen. Schenkel is hated the more, because his logic is more severe. It is quite beside the points really at issue, in any criticism of such writers as Bunsen and Schenkel, to taunt them with the reproach that their Christianity is not the Christianity of the Creeds, nor of the Bible interpreted according to the Creeds. The question with them and with many others, even in less revolutionary England, is not whether the Creeds are or are not an anachronism in modern Christianity, but how to be rid of them, and what, if anything, should be put in their place. The Athanasian orthodoxy has done that for Christianity which Talmudism did for Judaism. It has kept it together while it was necessary it should be

⁶ "An Historico-Critical Introduction to the Canonical Books of the New Testament." By Wilhelm Martin Leberecht De Wette, Doctor of Theology, and regular Professor in the University of Basel. Translated from the Fifth, Improved and enlarged edition, by Frederick Frothingham. Boston: Crosby, Nicholls, and Co. 1858.

⁷ "Cartons aus dem deutschen Kirchengleben." Von Beda Weber. London: Di. Nutt. 1858.

* kept together by some external protection. It has acted as swaddling-clothes for the infant, or, according to Dr. Arnold's well-known simile, as its shell to the kernel. Stahl, as well as Beda Weber's fraternity, is of the number of those who busy themselves in striving to keep the shell on, when in the course of nature it has opened to let forth the fruit within, and is about to fall away.

We trust that the highly important work of Dr. Schenkel⁸ will meet with due attention from thoughtful and inquiring persons in this country, particularly from those who, with all admiration and affection for Schleiermacher, are not satisfied with his theory of the dependence feeling as the sole root of the religious consciousness. No more valuable contribution to subjective theology has appeared since the day of Schleiermacher himself. Religion is peculiar to man. He is distinguished from all other beings that we know of, as much by his religious consciousness as by his reason and his will. There must be some spiritual faculty, some inner organ proper to this special capacity. Strictly speaking, this must be a faculty of the spiritual, and not of the sensual soul, according to the defective conception of Schleiermacher. Moreover, if such a faculty or organ is required as shall give an immediate relation between God and man, it can be neither reason nor will; for these immediately are stimulated by and act upon that natural system of things which surrounds us. But the "conscience" is a specific spiritual faculty, testifying to the consciousness, not by inference, but immediately, of Him from whom it proceeds. "Ought," and "ought not," are imperative and unmistakable, not indirect and syllogistic.

So far, indeed, does Professor Schenkel's doctrine contrast itself with that of Schleiermacher, that he says:—

"So little does the spirit receive from the world its awakening to a consciousness of God, that rather is this consciousness continually darkened and oppressed by it, and the truth of the proposition is undoubted—Consciousness of God and consciousness of the world are conversely related to each other; as this becomes stronger that becomes weaker, and as this becomes weaker that becomes stronger."—p. 140.

Nevertheless the conscience has a double function; it is both the spiritual faculty whereby we are immediately conscious of the presence of God in us—this is its religious function; and it is also a regulative power, when, by reason of our relation to a sensible world, we fall away, or are in danger of falling away, from God. This is its moral function. We might say of it on the one side, that it is a witnessing spirit, and on the other, that it is a striving spirit. Religion is thus that consciousness of his own being which reveals itself to man in his conscience, and certifies him of his immediate personal union with God, whose voice the conscience is. And morality is the expression of the necessity for the restoration of that perfect union when it has been interrupted or impaired. The religious function of the conscience is generative or productive. Its moral function is restorative, regenerating, or renewing. So there are two important distinctions between

⁸ "Die Christliche Dogmatik vom Standpunkte des Gewissens aus dargestellt." Von Dr. Daniel Schenkel. Erster Band: Die Lehrgrundlegung. London: D. Nutt. 1858.

Dr. Schenkel and the school of Schleiermacher—one respecting the origin of the conception of God, which, with Dr. Schenkel, is not dependent on the external world, but internal and immediate; the other in the coincidence or inseparableness of religion and morality.

Our learned Heidelberg professor has a great horror of Pantheism; he esteems the doctrine of Schleiermacher to be essentially Pantheistic; and he is not content with modifying or supplementing it, but he must absolutely be rid of it. Yet if he were not frightened with that bug-bear we think he would allow to Schleiermacher's dependence theory a place at least in the formation of the religious idea. Historically, as it were, the sense of forces manifested in the external world is the source to man of his conception of the superhuman, of the divine. The perception of his relation to those forces, and of his own comparative feebleness in their presence, by generating a sense of dependence, supplies a rudimentary conception of God—a God regarded, it is true, with awe and fear—a God not known as yet either to be good or bad.

The moral part of the conception of God supervenes: and when the moral sense has been developed, conscience plays an important part. It will appear, however, on discussion, that the appeal to the conscience as an evidence of the presence of God with the human spirit is neither conclusive against a Pantheistic scheme, nor conclusive of that presence being immediate. The Pantheist will undoubtedly admit that the phenomena of the conscience, as well as the other inward phenomena, are manifestations of the Deity. But he will demur to the assumption that the phenomena of conscience should be considered immediate manifestations of Deity, more truly than any other functions of the soul on which man can reflect; he would also have much to say on the genesis of conscience itself. Dr. Schenkel must likewise expect it to be pointed out that he has not supplied any proof of the "personality" of God, for though the conscience be admitted as an evidence of the presence of God with the human person, it does not thence follow that He is a person. The question of personality is, however, discussed, pp. 25—27. Further, while Dr. Schenkel attributes the disturbance of the union between the divine and human spirit to the influence upon the latter of an external world, his adversaries will probably be able to thrust him logically into the admission of a dualism.

We have only been able to indicate the "stand-point" itself occupied by Dr. Schenkel, and cannot follow throughout the scheme which he traces from it. We should especially have desired to have made some extracts from the section wherein he treats of the combination of the divine and human elements in the Biblical writings, and undertakes to supply a key for their discrimination. But we can only once more cordially recommend the work to the examination of unprejudiced theologians.

We welcome the continuation of Dr. E. Röth's^o learned and comprehensive history of the origin and progress of Philosophy, which

^o "Geschichte unserer abendländischen Philosophie Entwicklungsgeschichte unserer speculativen, sowohl philosophischen als religiösen Ideen von ihren ersten Anfängen bis auf die Gegenwart." Von Dr. Eduard Röth, ord. öff. Professor der Philosophie a. d. Universität zu Heidelberg. London: D. Nutt. 1858.

had been interrupted for many years by the serious illness of the author. The first part of this work appeared as long ago as 1846; it embraced the investigation of the Egyptian and Zoroastrian sources of religion and philosophy. The second part, now published in two volumes, contains an investigation into the earlier Greek philosophical doctrines, those of the Ionian school and of Pythagoras. The peculiarity of Dr. Röth's views consists in the preponderance which he gives to the Egyptian element as a source of Western religion and speculation, and to the important part which he makes the Phœnicians play as intermediaries between Egypt and Greece. He identifies the Phœnicians with the Pelasgi. The Hyksos, a Phœnician race, occupy Lower Egypt for a period of five hundred years, and on their expulsion carry, as Pelasgi, the Egyptian theology or mythology into the islands and Greece. Hence the first layer of popular religion in those regions. More speculative doctrines were afterwards transplanted thither by the "wise men," and especially by Pythagoras, from Egypt also, combined with ideas received from Persia.

As far as the name Pelasgi is concerned, Dr. Röth's derivation of it from a root extant in Ethiopic, *pulash*, *migravit*, is as reasonable as any other. It is thus the same word, in fact, with Philistines (the 't' or π is not a radical letter), and signifies "wanderers," or "foreigners," as the Philistines are translated in the LXX. version by ἀλλόφυλοι. It does not, however, follow from hence that all Philistines, Pelasgi, or wanderers were of the same origin. In like manner as our Saxon ancestors gave the appellation of "Weallas" to the British occupants of the island, and the Germans of the present day call the Italians "Walsch;" that is, in each case, men of very different races are equally strangers to those who call them so. That Phœnician wanderers occupied in very early times the islands of the Mediterranean, such as Crete and the coasts of that sea, both in Greece and on the Continent, is evident enough; and that these visitors were called Pelasgi, not as a gentile name, but as an appellative, is extremely probable. But there were other Pelasgi who came into Greece by other routes—namely, by land transit, by way of the Hœmus—and it is not possible to identify these with Phœnicians. To the Philistines, Phœnicians, or Pelasgi, Dr. Röth attributes the transplantation of the Egyptian mythology into Greece. He acknowledges very little of that mythology to be of native and of Aryan origin. In this portion of his work his conclusions are open to much exception; he has not given its due weight to the fact that Greece during a long period reacted upon Egypt, and he has adopted too unhesitatingly the opinions of Greek writers themselves, particularly of later authorities, such as Plutarch. It is indeed true that both the Egyptian—or, as it may rather be called, the Ethiopian theological system—and the Aryan were cosmical religions. They were alike founded upon the impressions made on men issuing from distinct ancestries by the observation of external nature.

It is, however, of more importance to trace how there grew up side by side with the cosmical mythology of Greece, whether this were of Indian or of African origin, a system of philosophical speculation. For it is through its philosophy or speculation, and not through its

mythology, that Greece has exercised a permanent influence on the philosophy and religion of the West even to our own day. It may be allowed that the earliest Greek philosophers, as Thales and Pythagoras, visited Egypt; and the story is well known that the latter submitted to be circumcised, in order to be received as a disciple by the priests of Thebes. It must by no means be inferred from this, that those philosophers acquired their speculative hypotheses in that country, although they may have learnt there much practical knowledge, and gathered material on which their speculative powers were exercised. The Egyptian religion was, as has been said, a cosmical one, and the Egyptian worship a nature worship. But that people were not led backwards from their observation of nature to the investigation of causes and principles. The furthest advance which they made in this direction is possibly in their resolution of the universe into two substances and two conditions (Neph, or wind; Neith, or water: Pascht, space; and Sevech, time). But the Greek mind, when its speculative powers were once awakened, was too abstract to be long fettered by Egyptian physiology, even if for awhile it might be in some degree influenced by it. Nevertheless, the first effort which even Greek speculation made in the search after principles—namely, that which sought to find the cause of things in the abstraction of number—was singularly hopeless and unfruitful. It need scarcely be said that there is no connexion whatever between the above-mentioned “quaternity” in the Egyptian mythology and the τετρακτύς ζαθέη of the so-called Pythagorean or Orphic verses. There is, moreover, no evidence of Pythagoras himself having arrived at any conception even remotely approaching the doctrine of the Unity of God. And in his endeavour to connect Pythagoras himself with the Orphic hymns, Dr. Röth exhibits his besetting failing of attributing undue weight to late and untrustworthy authorities, relying, for instance, on scraps from Diogenes Laertius, Jamblichus, Proclus, and the extracts of Stobæus. Likewise it must be said, that when he has an unexceptionable authority to produce, he discovers in him, by reason of his own preconceptions, more than any other person can. Thus he quotes a passage from Aristotle (Physic. III., c. 4, § 2) respecting the Pythagorean doctrine of the Infinite:—

“All those who seem to have applied themselves in any way worth speaking of to this kind of philosophy have treated of the Infinite, and all settle it to be a kind of principle of things—just as the Pythagoreans do—not as an Attribute to any other (subject), but so as the Infinite itself be Substance (*Οὐσία*). For the Pythagoreans have asserted the Infinite to be in objects of sense, and also that that which is beyond the heaven is infinite.”—Röth, II., 2. Notes, p. 256.

We cannot perceive here the slightest trace of a Deity in the most extenuated sense of the word, much less of a self-conscious Being. But Dr. Röth finds in the passage—

“Das Unendliche wurde also von den Pythagorcern als eine Substanz und ~~sehr~~ als eine sinnlich wahrnehmbare Substanz betrachtet, welche die Unendlichkeit ~~füllt~~ um das äusserste Himmelsgewölbe anfüllt.”

The italics are Dr. Röth's. His especial endeavour is to exalt Pythagoras as the transmitter from Egypt to Greece of the doctrine of an "Urgottheit," "Urgeist." But it could not escape him that Aristotle is not speaking of Pythagoras himself, but of Pythagoreans, as he does, if we are not mistaken, invariably throughout his works. His words supply no evidence whatever concerning the personal teaching of that philosopher, and his practice rather inclines us to think that he considered the history of Pythagoras to be mythical. Dr. Röth has gathered together the results of an immense learning and research. The arrangement of his materials is systematic; his work altogether is highly interesting and instructive. With many of his speculative conclusions, as far as we can foresee them, we should probably coincide. He has been weighted, however, with two serious drawbacks—he has made his theory too complete at starting, and he is by far too little discriminating in the value which he attaches to his authorities.

Adolph Cornill¹⁰ subjects the current idealist and materialist theories to a thorough sifting. His object is to show that idealism and materialism, in none of their forms, are *pure*; that they mutually interlace each other; and he thus purposes to prepare the way for a realist doctrine which shall supersede both the one and the other. The interest of the inquiry as to the truth and value of these several theories turns mainly upon their applicability to the phenomena presented by that which we call the human soul. Is it a sufficient account of these phenomena, of consciousness, of reasoning, of will, to say that they are functions of an immaterial personal being? On the other hand, is it a sufficient or more consistent and complete hypothesis to say that these functions are the result of some unknown powers of matter? The very entrance of the term matter, "material," and "immaterial," into each hypothesis is sufficient evidence that neither hypothesis is satisfying; for it is acknowledged on all hands that we only know of matter, that we are affected in certain ways by something which is external to ourselves. What relation these properties of matter, as we call them, have to the essence of matter itself is entirely unknown to us. But we suppose, conceive, according to the laws of our own subjective being, and form an idea, that there is a substratum or essence which carries these properties. We are, indeed, warned, after a little reflection, against imagining that our conceptions of the material can give us any precise or really truthful measure of it as it is in itself, for we not only come to distinguish between the qualities which we call primary and secondary, qualities in the external things themselves, and the same qualities as they affect us, but we also notice that the same primary qualities do not produce the same secondary effects upon subjectivities which are different from our own. Certainly the subjectivity of a dog contributes an idea to his conception of a rose or of a piece of carrion very different from that which is formed by a man. Much more uncertain is the idea which we form of

¹⁰ "Materialismus und Idealismus in ihrer gegenwärtigen Entwicklungskritik beleuchtet," von Adolph Cornill. London: D. Nutt. 1868.

a substratum which carries the properties of matter; and it is evident how men in different stages of mental development conceive differently of the essence or power which underlies matter and its parts. The supposed resolution of all material things into the four elements as ultimates depended upon the idea which the human mind could, in former ages, contribute to its observation of the outward world. Sometimes, indeed, the human idea makes a leap forward, anticipates discovery, interprets nature's sentence before it is finished. Sometimes it lags behind, or observation outstrips it; but never does the human idea anticipate all discovery, or embrace a whole kosmos within itself, knowing the All which must be, before sensual perception has revealed to it that which is. So great, then, is the uncertainty as to the material, and as to the extent in which the human mind modifies to itself that which is presented to it; and even this would differ—*ἀμύχανον ὅσον*—whether the objective existence be the wax, and the subjective mind the seal, or the mind the wax, and the objects the seal. All this uncertainty as to the material must enter into the conception of the non-material, and more besides; for if we may be justified in following the common consent, according to which man is divisible into an immaterial soul and a material body, we do not know but that some of the properties at least of that which we call material may enter into that which we call immaterial, as some which are properly immaterial cannot be excluded from the material. Extension, for instance, may be common both to the material and the immaterial; or if there be not such community or interchange of properties, nevertheless in our theories, as they have hitherto been framed, it does not seem possible to prevent the intrusion of notions which belong to one region of conceptions into that of the other. The materialist must admit a force as the source of his brain-function, and allow a vegetative and germinal life at least to the animal cells; he must grant forces of polarity, attraction, repulsion, and the like, to his material atoms; but these are ideal conceptions. On the other hand the idealist attributes to the unknown "soul" immateriality and personality, which are merely subjective conceptions, and indivisibility, which is a notion taken from observation of matter.

The remedy for these contradictions it is the purpose of A. Cornill to suggest in his present essay. It is to be found in the recognition—at least hypothetically—of real "soul," as well as real "matter." The term "immateriality," as applied to the soul, disappears—not because he holds the soul to be material, but because, with respect to it, it is unmeaning; personality likewise, because of its idealism; while consciousness is acknowledged to belong to it as an observed fact. Neither will "immortality" be a proper expression for the durability of the soul. And here, as in all other departments of being, induction must be the guide to truth. A true psychology must be founded upon, or verified by it. In the meantime, Herr Cornill adopts as a starting-point, or hypothesis, a monadology like that of Beneke. We confess we do not see as yet, how the theory of a soul monad, round which are gathered, as it were, the components of the mature and perfectly developed soul, or which develops itself from a germinal into

a perfect soul, is free from the objections which have been alleged against materialist and idealist theories; it seems to borrow an analogy from a materialist theory of atoms; and an unknown substratum, and unknown forces from idealism. Herr Cornill will, no doubt, develop his views further. The searching and detailed criticism to which he has subjected the opinions of other eminent philosophers and psychologists, renders his present essay not so pleasant a study as it might have been with less of a polemic form. For the future he will perhaps deliver himself more independently, with less express reference to the opinions of others. On this occasion it may have been wise for him to throw his performance into the form which he has given it. He has effectually vindicated a place to himself, and his right to be listened to. But it is certainly a weakness which besets German authors, that whatever subject they choose to illustrate they must tell one everything that everybody else has before said upon it.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

"**MAHARAJAH,**" I said, "the Almighty has given you great power, and I trust——" "My Almighty," interrupted the old king, "is the Company." This characteristic reply is quoted by Mr. Raikes, in his "*Revolt in the North-West Provinces of India*,"¹ as an illustration of the fidelity and devotion which the native princes cherish for the British power. In his judgment, the origin of our recent and still existing disturbances in India is attributable to a mutiny in the Bengal army. He does not deny the existence of a revolution, but he maintains that the revolution grew out of a military revolt, and not out of a national discontent. The constituents of the rebellious combination were three: Sepoy ambition, predatory predilection, and Mahometan rivalry. The Sepoy of Bengal, though treated with justice and liberality, and without any excuse for a Prætorian career, made a blind rush at supreme power. This conduct was not prompted by religious enthusiasm, but by the lust of gain and the love of rule; and the rudimentary disaffection of the Sepoy may be traced back to those reverses at Cabool, which first taught the natives of India that an English army might be annihilated. By the predatory class, the Goojurs, the Mewathes, the military insurrection was the signal of revolt. Their hereditary vocation was plunder, and this they now exercised with a rigid impartiality. The green flag of Mahomet, too, was unfurled. His followers believed that under the auspices of the Great Mogul at Delhi their lost ascendancy would be recovered, and, in their deep hatred to the Christian, they rushed forth to kill and destroy. Although the quick success of the insurgents led the mass of the people to conclude that England's day was gone by,

¹ "*Notes on the Revolt in the North-Western Provinces of India.*" By Charles Raikes. London: Longman, Brown, and Co. 1858.

the great agricultural communities regarded the English race with unfeigned compassion, and at first lamented the lost social order. But as the course of events hurried on, as magistrate and impost disappeared, passive disaffection increased; for in the suspension of government the people saw the arrival of that long-desired millennium when there should be no quarter-day. But even this natural feeling yielded to a few weeks' experience of anarchy, and the bulk of the taxpaying proprietors in the Doab, after the fall of Delhi, cordially welcomed back their English masters. In discussing our future policy in India, Mr. Raikes deprecates all territorial expansion, and advises that every independent or protected state be instructed that we prefer faithful allies to doubtful subjects. Next in rank to the princes of India come the Talookdars of our own provinces. Throughout the North-Western provinces the Talookdar, at the various periods of cession and conquest, was treated tenderly, and when his fall came, it was gradual and not unexpected. In Oude the case was different. The Talookdar class all over the country was suddenly thrown into a state of collapse. Forty years' possession was treated as nothing; old ejected shareholders were endowed with beneficial interests which they had never even claimed. The consequence was that, when the mutiny broke out in Oude, the Talookdars rose *en masse* to reinforce it. The Hukdars or rightful owners surrendered at discretion, and swelled the rebel ranks or were hunted down and killed by their village lord. The grand mistake in the Governor-General's proclamation, however, was not so much the threatened confiscation of the landed property of rebellious Talookdars as the extra-legal cession of full rights in their holdings to certain men named in the notification. For the future this village oligarchy must be made amenable to law; but its absolute extinction is not consistent with the safety or durability of our empire. In his more general survey of the Indian question, Mr. Raikes proposes entire religious freedom, affirming that our vocation is to keep the public peace, not to govern the public mind. To attempt to force the policy of Europe on the people of Asia he pronounces a fatal error. The distribution of power in the Regulation provinces only retards social progress, and the quasi-Oriental or Punjab system, in which a distinct chief is invested with all legitimate power, is the only form of administration which is appreciable by the popular intellect, or is calculated to advance the public interests. In his chapter on the reconstitution of the police and native army, Mr. Raikes advises the employment of regiments of organized police, embodied on the plan of the Punjab Guides, with a strong infusion of Hindoo or quasi-Hindoo tribes; a rural constabulary absorbing the old Khalsa Sikhs with a Hindostanee complementary element. The numerical force of the regular army of the North-Western provinces is eventually fixed by Mr. Raikes at 18,000 foot and 4500 horse. The proportion of European to native soldiers need not, he thinks, exceed one-fourth of the regular military force; and the Europeans might be Germans, Italians, or Swiss mercenaries. Mr. Raikes "protests against the absurdity of a free press among the natives of India;" insists on the necessity of inflicting severe punishment on the mutinous Sepoys, while observing moderation and recog-

nising the distinction of criminality; and lays great emphasis on the personal character of the British officer. He must judiciously combine the opposing attributes of ardour and gentleness; or in the Oriental vernacular he must be at once *murru* (soft) and *gurru* (hot). The Punjab, he says, must garrison Hindostan, and Hindostan the Punjab, and he that aspires to a complete ascendancy over Sikhs must be just, inflexible, benevolent, and bold. "The tramp of his war-horse should be heard two miles off." We have only to add that Mr. Raikes's experience as Judge of the Sudder Court at Agra, and Civil Commissioner with Sir Colin Campbell, entitles him to give an independent verdict on many questions of practical importance to our Indian empire.

Colonel George Bouchier, C.B., in his "Eight Months' Campaign,"² has produced a connected narrative of our late military operations in India from the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny to the defeat of the Gwalior contingent. The book does not pretend to be a composition, but it is at least a readable soldier-like production. The story of the campaign is related with simplicity and brevity, and though occasionally interrupted by the insertion of professional details, sustains its interest to the last. The rebellion, with General Nicholson, he attributes neither to greased cartridges, the annexation of Oude, nor the paucity of European officers, but to the long-cherished determination of the Sepoys to make England's weakness *their* opportunity, and to the patriotic aspirations of the native population. It was, we believe, Theodore Hook who said that six-and-eightpence was at the bottom of everything. Conformably to this rather commercial view of life, Colonel Bouchier attributes the hostility of Nana Sahib to the discontinuance of the pension granted to the late Peishwah Bajee Rao, his adopted father, and to the conversion of a five into a four per cent. loan by Lord Dalhousie.

These views are confirmed by the evidence of Mr. Edwards, Judge of Benares, in his "Personal Adventures."³ This gentleman was sole European officer in charge of the Budaon district, in Rohilcund, when the mutiny broke out. There the people rose in a body, exasperated by the decrees of the civil courts and the operation of our revenue system, murdered and expelled the auction-purchasers, and resumed possession of their hereditary estates. According to Mr. Edwards, the rural classes hated the Sepoys, evinced no sympathy in the sacrilegious cartridge-movement, and could not have been acted on by any cry of their religion being in danger. Only questions involving their rights and interests in the soil and hereditary holdings—interests dearer than life—excite them to a perilous degree. Mr. Edwards's narrative, drawn up under circumstances of great personal danger and considerable anxiety, and transmitted to his family in England after his escape into

² "Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoy Army during the Mutiny of 1857." By Colonel George Bouchier, C.B. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

³ "Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion in Rohilcund, Futteghur, and Oude." By William Edwards, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

Cawnpore, may be briefly characterized as picturesque, pleasant, and pious.

Equal in piety, but (to resume our alliterative verdict) unparalleled in pretension and unrivalled in platitude, Mr. Frederick Cooper's "*Crisis in the Punjab*,"⁴ may win a momentary attention. He, too, deprecates centralization with divided responsibility, and pronounces the result to be neutralization of force and waste of power. The Punjab system, with a recognised responsible head to each district, has his decided approbation. Of his philosophy and grammar some notion may be formed from his recorded opinion that "the loyalty of the Punjab once assured, every subsequent mutiny in the territories *were* absolutely Divine blessings;" of his language and sentiment in combination with the previous categories, the reader may judge from the quotation that "but for God's lightning" (alluding to the electric telegraph) "simultaneity had been added to spontaneity, and the empire was not worth a week's purchase." The book, however, as a recital of events in which Mr. Cooper seems to have borne an honourable part, is not without value and interest.

Believing that the unhappy revolt, which has already been sufficiently discussed by English authors, was the result of misconception of the true character of British rule, Dosabhoj Framjee, a Parsee and native of Bombay, has instituted a comparison between it and its predecessors.⁵ In his review of the Mahometan and Maharatta power in India, he establishes, without difficulty, the despotic violence, the atrocious and sanguinary cruelty, the fanatic intolerance of the former, the corruption, injustice, avarice, and wasteful luxury of the latter. The British raj, on the other hand, he describes as equitable and beneficent; asserts that the revenue and judicial departments are based on good foundations; commends the Government for its abolition of many great social evils; for its encouragement of art, science, and education; for its extension of commerce, resulting in the increased employment and improved condition of the Indian population; for its religious tolerance and political impartiality. He strongly condemns the conduct of the Bengal soldiery, and deplores the injuries, "temporary, he will hope," which the native interests have sustained from the work of a few of the miscreant sons of India herself."

Educated at the Elphinstone Institution, in the Presidency of Bombay, with the command of correct and even idiomatic English, the vindicator of the British Government, whose *brochure* we have just noticed, again comes before us as the author of a book entitled "*The Parsees*."⁶ Dosabhoj Framjee, himself a Parsee, sympathizes with his fallen compatriots; chronicles the events of their history; records their manners; expatiates on their virtue, and defends their religious views. The numerical strength of the followers of Zoroaster, he informs us,

⁴ "*The Crisis in the Punjab from the 10th of May until the Fall of Delhi.*" By Frederick Cooper, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

⁵ "*The British Raj contrasted with its Predecessors*," &c. By Dosabhoj Framjee. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay: Smith, Taylor, and Co. 1858.

⁶ "*The Parsees, their History, Manners, Customs, and Religion.*" By Dosabhoj Framjee. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

does not exceed 150,000 persons, including the Parsees of Persia. The greater number is found in Bombay, and some of the cities in Gujerat. The scattered Parsees of the continent are the descendants of the ancient Persians who emigrated to India on the conquest of their country by the Arabs. They form an important link between the English in India and the native inhabitants; maintain an unshaken loyalty to the British, and while asserting their own religious independence, desire the consolidation of *their* rule. Under the influence of Western civilization they eagerly embrace the opportunities afforded them for individual improvement or social amelioration. Untrammelled by the restraints of caste, enterprising in commerce, intelligent, benevolent, and industrious, they already occupy an honourable and distinguished position in the eastern empire of Great Britain. Their professional and industrial success is attested; their generous spirit, exemplified by the Parsee baronet, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy and others, variously noticed; and their integrity and moral purity commended. Their early history, their emigration at the period of the Mahomedan conquest, their domestic habits, their marriage festivities, funeral ceremonies, internal government, and commercial pursuits, are carefully described. Monogamy is the prevailing and legal institution among them; but bigamy, though generally prohibited, is exceptionally allowed. Education is backward, but the more advanced minds promote, and the less advanced accept it. The chapter on religion will be found to contain some interesting remarks on an obscure and controverted subject, the origin and progress of Zoroastrianism, with the collated opinions of eminent authorities, such as Bopp, Hoeren, Rask, Grotefend, and Adelung, on the antiquity of the Zend language and the sacred writings of the Parsees. The final judgment of our author is thus expressed:—

The Zend Avasta itself contains intrinsic evidence of its being composed more than 2500 years ago, in the reign of Gushtasp. The Parsees adore one God only, eternal and almighty; they reverence the heavenly bodies and fire, as visible images of the invisible Deity, but emphatically repudiate their worship. They acknowledge in Ormuzd the Principle of all Righteousness; in Ahriman the author of all evil. They believe that the most acceptable sacrifices to God are good actions; that the best court of equity is a pure conscience; that truth is the basis of all excellence. To exalt the glory of Ormuzd, to enfeeble the power of Ahriman, is the foremost duty of man. To resist the temptations of the Evil Principle we must have recourse to prayer. Prayer must commence with confession of sin. God, the Doer, the Creator, the Governor, and Preserver of the world, will also be the Judge of men. In the General Resurrection every one will be rewarded or punished according to his merits or demerits. For the good a place of happiness, called paradise or heaven, is prepared; for the wicked a place of torture. Diamonds and rubies, flowers and fountains, the scent of roses and the songs of birds, symbolize the happiness of those who worship none other than one God, and walk in the ways of holiness all their lives. On the other hand, the abode of the sinner, the evil disposed, and the wicked, is described in the darkest colours imaginable.

Barth's researches,⁷ from the moment of their publication, render all

⁷ Barth's "Travels." Vols. 4 and 5. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

the previous books, on which we have been used to rely for information on the subject of Central Africa, obsolete. Though ideas and knowledge among the people of these regions are stationary, power, and the vigour to wield it, is perpetually changing hands. Political revolutions are as frequent and more violent than in Europe. Their favourite notion of a Christian, that he is a barbarian who sits still eating raw eggs all day, is as prevalent now as it was in the time of Park. On the other hand, a whole province in Western Bornu, which on his first visit Dr. Barth saw populous and flourishing, was, when he passed it only two years later, a mournful waste of deserted villages, and ruins overgrown with reed-grass.

The two concluding volumes, now published, will be found of even superior interest to their predecessors. Timbuktu and the Niger are here brought into actual existence before us out of the romance-land in which they have hitherto lain. Instead of any highly-coloured work-painting, Dr. Barth gives, in the plainest language, the events which occurred to himself day by day. The interest excited in the reader by his straightforward simplicity far exceeds any that can be produced by all the arts of newspaper rhetoric. Readers who are weary of the grand style, the everlasting effervescence of professional "Travels," will find in Dr. Barth the refreshing variety of plain truth and solid fact. The difficulties with which the traveller has to contend are so varied, and call forth such a display of resources on his part, as to lend an interest quite dramatic even to a proceeding so simple as the movement from one town to another. Besides climate, incessant attacks of fever, and occasional rheumatism and dysentery, there are predatory bands, and regular robbers to be avoided in crossing the country, extortionate governors, and treacherous servants in the cities. Worst of all is the fanatical religious antipathy of the Mahomedan populace, from which a friendly Sheikh is hardly able to protect the Christian, who must rely on his own revolver and courageous demeanour. The rulers of Arab Negroland are more enlightened than the population, and show a great disposition to open up a communication with the English. Timbuktu, situated on the edge of the desert, and in a very unsettled district, does not offer the same field for commerce as the more industrious regions of Eastern Bornu. On the other hand, its accessibility by the Niger will doubtless invite attention to it in the first instance, as it is now ascertained that there is no water communication by the Benuwé with Lake Tsad. Meantime the French are pressing upon the north, and making themselves felt as a contiguous power, notwithstanding the interposition of the Great Desert. If the English and French could agree on a certain line of policy with regard to the tribes of the interior, those regions might be easily opened to peaceful intercourse. Mungo Park, in his voyage in a lone bark up the river, adopted the policy of firing at any one who approached him in a threatening attitude. A most selfish proceeding, which did not secure himself, and made all after-communication doubly difficult. The ferocious attack of the Tawarek upon Major Laing is supposed to have been stimulated by the desire of revenge for the mischief thus inflicted by Park, as much as by the prospect of plunder. Everywhere Dr. Barth found

traces of the excitement caused among the surrounding tribes by the mysterious appearance of the Christian in his solitary boat. The lapse of fifty years had not obliterated the remembrance.

Dr. Barth set out from Tripoli, March 24, 1850, and returned August 28, 1855. The whole cost of his five years' wanderings, including the presents given to, or extorted by, governors, as well as the payment of the debts left by Richardson's expedition, was only 1600*l*. Is it too much to expect that Parliament, which lavishes thousands in pensions to royalty, or the peerage, should bestow a modest acknowledgment on the humble traveller who has ruined his health and constitution in services of solid value to this country? • •

Bagnères-de-Bigorre forms with Luchon a sort of Second Paris—a Paris two hundred leagues from Paris, says M. H. Taine, in his agreeable little volume, entitled, "*Voyage aux Pyrénées*,"⁸ In addition to the attractions of this demi-capital of elegance, the author enumerates the amenities of many other towns in the Pyrenees. In a light, descriptive style he recounts his travels from Royan to Toulouse; gossips about men and manners; life at watering-places; the landscape, and the country people. He relieves and varies his traveller's tale with the recital of legends of the Middle Ages, or with sketches of the bourgeois happiness of the seventeenth century. His book contains little that is important, but it may be recommended to those readers who wish to acquire superficial though necessary information on "La Vallée d'Ossau, la Vallée de Luz, Bagnères, and Luchon."

A valuable manual of the History of Italian Diplomacy,⁹ from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, has been compiled by Alfred Reumont. His essay commences with a brief notice of the nature and progress of this peculiarly Italian institution. Its Florentine, Venetian, and Roman varieties are delineated; the titles, instructions, credentials, ceremonials, dispatches, and financial conditions,—in fact, the entire aggregate of ambassadorial requirement and circumstance,—are succinctly treated; and an ample appendix relating to the literature of Italian diplomacy, and containing historical illustrations and documents, enhances the worth of Mr. Reumont's disquisition.

A comprehensive view of the position and the resources of the Ottoman Empire, and of the relations of Oriental Christianity to Turkish supremacy, may be found in F. Eichman's calm and impartial work on the "Reforms of our Moslem Ally."¹⁰ The persecutions which the Christian subjects of the Porte formerly underwent, the author imputes to the general spirit of the times and the religious character of Islam, rather than to official violation of conceded privileges. He asserts that the Sultans have always in principle respected the concessions made to the Christian Churches in their dominions; and that all recent modifications in their enactments have essentially promoted the

⁸ "*Voyage aux Pyrénées*." Par H. Taine. Deuxième édition. Paris, 1858.

⁹ "*Della Diplomazia Italiana del Secolo xiii. al xvi.*" Di Alfredo Reumont. Firenze Barbera. 1857.

¹⁰ "*Die Reformen des Osmanischen Reiches mit Besondere Berücksichtigung des Verhältnisses der Christen des Orients zur Türkischen Herrschaft*." Von F. Eichmann. Berlin. 1858.

interests of the Christian population. He contends that the Porte is anxious to recognise in all her subjects citizens of the Grand Seigneur, equally indebted for their political and religious rights to the equity of the Sultan; that she is desirous to abolish all partial immunities, and to effect an absorption of races into one Ottoman Empire. Whether the Porte has the power, as well as the wish, he does not undertake to pronounce; but he declares all return to the ideas of "old Turkey" impossible, and asserts that western civilization, through the various media of religion, politics, traffic, and industry, has already made itself so deeply felt, that any attempt to revert to the old heroic system of Islam would be crushed in the bud. An iron necessity compels the Porte to continue in the path of reform, to assimilate her political constitution to that of the great European Powers; to aim at the annihilation of the old Moslem principles. To accept reform is the only way of escaping the embarrassments and dangers in which the antagonistic position of her Christian subjects threatens to involve her. Against Greek development, Catholic ambition, French and Russian diplomacy, the Porte endeavours to defend herself with all the resources of Oriental subtilty and European statesmanship. She thoroughly comprehends the exigencies of her position, the secret of her preservation. For her support and restoration she looks to England. The policy and aspiration of Turkey are, *Fleur Eichmann* maintains, perfectly intelligible: the power and vitality of Turkey are questionable. He refrains, however, from all judgment on this point, pronouncing only the approaching extinction of Mohamedan institutions, and leaving the political development of Turkey "in the hands of Providence." Essential preliminaries to a comprehension of her destiny are—1. The study of the organization of the Greek orthodox Church, and of the relations in which Russia stands to this Church. 2. The study of the organization of the Catholic Church, and the protection accorded it by France. The reforms which Turkey is necessitated to accomplish, or at least to attempt, are—Equalization of rights for all her subjects; improvements in the army, finance, means of communication, commerce, and industry. Another class of reforms relates to the constitution of the Christian Churches. If Turkey can accommodate herself to the European standard, the breath of life may be infused into the almost paralysed body of Mussulman civilization, but not otherwise. Such is the general view of the author of this book. His more special views are clearly stated in a series of chapters on the Greek Church, Russian influence in the East; the Catholic Church and French influence; in sections in which he gives us much useful information on the united Armenians, the united Greeks of Syria, the Chaldeans and Maronites, and the Latin Church in the East. The question of the Holy Places, England's position in regard to the Ottoman kingdom, the Vienna Note, and the Hatti-Houmayoun of the 18th of February, 1856, are considered in detail; while an appendix of a hundred pages presents us with a copious, if not complete collection of all the State papers, firmans, and circulars of recent and paramount interest to an ordinary political student.

**M. Jules Le Bastier*, already known to us by his works on Property,

Commercial Protection, and Organization of the Public Service, now publishes a theory of economical forces¹¹ at once unique and original, which may be regarded as a reactionary protest against the alleged imperfection of the reigning school of economists. The respective dogmas of this school, and that of the Socialists, he pronounces alike fatal to personal freedom and aspiration. The former he accuses of withholding material guarantees for the free exercise of the liberty which it concedes; the latter of sacrificing the individual to society, and of attempting to realize their visions of fairy palaces and perpetual festivities by chimerical expedients and legalized spoliation. Panegyriizing political economy for making individual liberty its point of departure, he condemns it for its want of philosophical principles. Admitting that it registers facts, he complains that it never elevates them into laws. On the other hand, repudiating Socialism for its dreams of brotherhood and equality, he commends it for the general correspondence of its ideal with the wants and sorrows of mankind. To supply the scientific basis wanting in both these systems is the declared object of M. Le Bastier's book. This basis he finds in the principle of equilibrium or balance of social forces. Though the human will is free, society is subject to law. The movements of the social world answer to those of the astronomical, and the laws which regulate the forces of the former are the counterpart of those which determine attraction and establish equilibrium in the latter. The function of government is to institute on a real scientific basis a rational balance of productive forces, acting not directly on the individual, as in Socialism, but mediately on the aggregate of individuals. This balance implies the equitable distribution of the products of labour, and a just division of the common burthens. Destitution is the consequence of a failure of equilibrium between wealth and wants—i.e., between wages and the means of subsistence. The value of wages is liable to continual diminution, either from deficient supply of commodities, or the reaction of a purely nominal increase of wealth on the purchase power of a stationary income. The working-classes, therefore, suffer whenever labour is misdirected. Man's wants are of two kinds—physical and moral. The physical—food, clothing, shelter—are primary and imperative. The moral are the sources of all amelioration, but must be subordinated to the primary. To ascertain and preserve the proportion in which luxuries and necessities may be legitimately produced would be to solve the social problem in its material phase. The wealth that implies utility must take precedence of that which has only an artificial value, or which merely gratifies personal vanity. A suspension of equilibrium between production and consumption must leave the popular wants unsatisfied, and is therefore immoral. Under the present system, says M. Le Bastier, poverty increases as wealth increases, and crime and pauperism move in parallel lines. In a period of ten years, continues our author, 24,700 Irish died of starvation. The average number of those who perish annually in England is 100. * From an exposition of

¹¹ "Théorie de l'Équilibre Économique, ou Esquisse d'une École Nouvelle d'Économie Sociale." Par Jules Le Bastier. Paris. 1856.

the theory of Equilibrium, Le Bastier proceeds to investigate the causes which destroy the balance of Consumption and Production. In his Second Book he denounces the exaggerated concentration of capital, and severely censures the unrestricted application of the credit-principle, which he accepts with qualifications. Le Bastier then describes the means by which the economic equilibrium is to be realized. Its institution depends principally on the method of taxation. All direct imposts are condemned, and a tax on consumption, bearing a certain ratio to the amount of consumable commodities individually enjoyed, is declared to be the sole approvable way of raising a revenue, and the only expedient for introducing and maintaining an economic equilibrium. The Protectionist and Free-trade policy are pronounced alike detrimental to the national welfare. The one is a mere emanation of the mercantile theory; the other, a contrivance for enriching the capitalist at the expense of the operative. The work which we are now reviewing concludes with a violent declamation against materialism, and a strong recommendation to concentrate capital on agriculture. By this contact with the soil will Humanity, Antæus-like, repair its exhausted energies.

In happy correspondence with this recommendation a large and handsomely printed volume on "French Agriculture"¹² lies before us. M. Louis Gossin, a landowner, gentleman-farmer, and scientific agriculturalist, has presented us in this work with a treatise on the art of husbandry, with a reference to its topographical applications in France. This treatise is at once philosophical and practical. It has two principal divisions. In the first, agriculture is studied in its moral, social, and religious aspects; in the second, in its material phenomena. Under this last category, vegetation, soils, and climates are discussed; the more important agricultural operations are described; plants, cereals, and cattle are reviewed in detail; and a closing section on *combinations* deals with questions of capital, large and small farms, organization of labour, succession of crops, and climatic influences. The work now before us is the second portion of a larger work, whose completion depends on the reception accorded to the present instalment. The second volume will treat of the cultivation of trees, poultry, bees, silkworms, and fish. We have only to add that this publication derives an adventitious interest from the illustration contributed by Isidore and Rosa Bonheur, and MM. Rouyer and Milliau.

From the farm we are summoned to the factory. As an illustration of the new social economy expounded and advocated by so many French and English writers, as well as an attestation to the value of the principle of "Self-help by the People," Mr. Holyoake's "History of Co-operation in Rochdale,"¹³ is entitled to emphatic notice. The origin of the Rochdale movement is to be traced to the effort of certain weavers to improve their wages. A dozen Lilliputian capitalists put down a weekly subscription of twopence each at the close of the year

¹² "L'Agriculture Française." Par Louis Gossin. Paris. 1858.

¹³ "Self-help by the People; History of Co-operation in Rochdale," By George Jacob Holyoake. London.

1843; in December, 1857, these poor men own mills, warehouses, and keep a grocer's shop, where they take 76,000*l.* a-year over the counter in ready money. The new community was registered October 24th, 1844, under the title of the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers, eventually divided into seven departments—grocery, drapery, butchering, shoemaking, clogging, tailoring, wholesale. In business transactions the "ready-money" principle was adopted; sales were conducted at a profit, an honest average price being charged; in opinion entire toleration was proclaimed. All the obstacles created by prejudice, sectarianism, and ignorance have been surmounted. The Society has no debts, and has never had a lawsuit. Its success is to be attributed primarily to the inspiration of popular common sense, and to the upright and generous character of its members; secondarily, to its judicious management and ready-money sales; and lastly, to the legal protection afforded by Parliamentary legislation. The Society's capital is turned over five times a-year at a rate of 8 per cent. on the returns gross, and 35 per cent. net upon the capital. The co-operative societies within ten miles of Rochdale include five thousand members, representing twenty-five thousand persons. The influence of this association in promoting the intellectual and moral education of the people is well exhibited by its historian; his assertions are corroborated by the appropriate documents; the quarterly reports of the Society are subjoined; while the narrative itself, so satisfactory as an exposition, has the additional attractions which a pleasant, genial manner, and a generous, tolerant, and appreciating spirit always impart.

SCIENCE.

THE title of Professor Rymer Jones's last new book¹ is a little puzzling. Are we to take the word *aquarian* in its limited and technical sense, as relating to the animals fitted to inhabit the artificial aquaria now become so fashionable? or are we to understand it as referring to the inhabitants of ~~that~~ great natural aquarium, the ocean? Perhaps the ambiguity is intentional; at any rate, it would appear from the preface that the author has had each object in view; for we learn from its first paragraph that the work is "written professedly on the subject of the marine aquarium," and is intended to comprise a sketch of the natural history of its inmates; whilst the second, which we quote as giving a fair idea of the contents of the book, would seem to point to a wider range:—

"In the following pages we have collected the principal facts connected with the ascertained habits and economy of various ~~rac~~es of animals inhabiting our own shores, with a view of directing the attention of the amateur naturalist to

¹ "The Aquarian Naturalist. A Manual for the Sea-Side." By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.R.S., Professor of Natural History and Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London, &c. With eight chromo-lithographs. Post 8vo, pp. 524. London: 1868.

subjects most likely to afford useful and instructive observation, and likewise in the hope of supplying the student of nature with a manual sufficiently comprehensive to serve as the basis and foundation of more elaborate research. In the treatment of our subject we have sought, as far as possible, to steer a middle course between the two extremes of more elementary shallowness on the one hand, and scientific technicality on the other, omitting, it is hoped, little that will be deemed of importance by the general reader, and at the same time studiously avoiding such details as might be unintelligible except to the initiated. We have endeavoured, in short, to comply as far as possible with the requisition of our lady friends—to write as much as possible about what they do want to know, and as little as possible about what they do not want to know. How far we have succeeded in our task we leave to their merciful consideration."

The introductory chapter is devoted to the general management of the marine aquarium; but the rest of the work reads like a series of chapters from the author's larger systematic treatise, with their scientific details let down to the capacity of the general reader, the biographies of particular species considerably extended, and the whole seasoned by the introduction, at intervals, of a little personal adventure or legendary gossip.

In the description of the different tribes of animals that are successively passed under review, so little is said of the suitableness of each respectively to be kept in confinement, that the reader may easily be led to suppose that they are all alike capable of being thus naturalized. Even supposing he could collect a "happy family" of the rare forms enumerated by the author, he would soon find himself woefully disappointed by the death and decay of no inconsiderable proportion of them; and he would learn, too late, that those who have best succeeded in keeping the more delicate marine animals in a healthy condition, have done so by isolating them in limited collections of water, so that the unhealthiness or death of one shall not affect another.

We might, if disposed to hypercriticism, make out a pretty long list of omissions, for which space might easily have been found (if the want of it were the excuse) by curtailment elsewhere. There are a few, though not many, of the animals that are somewhat minutely described, whose rarity is such that none but extreme and zealous naturalists are likely to meet with them. But there are a good many pages filled with a sort of amiable twaddle, which is obviously introduced for the gratification of the author's lady friends, but which we cannot but believe they would readily forego in exchange for an equivalent measure of intelligible information.

We miss the evidence of that individual observation which constitutes the leading feature in the books of Mr. Gosse, M. de Quatreages, and Mr. Lewes. And not only in the text, but in the figures, we find abundant evidence of the heavy contributions under which the author has laid Sir J. G. Dalzell, whose works have furnished him with a storehouse of information, of which he has so freely availed himself, that a large part of his volume is made up of excerpts from them. We cannot say that we regret that the most interesting facts contained in the eminent Scottish naturalist's ponderous and

costly volumes should be thus served up in a popular form to a class of readers who will be but little likely to seek for them in their original sources; but it might have been expected, we think, that a professor of natural history should be able to tell us something new from his own observation; and yet, after a careful examination of his pages, we really cannot say that we have learned anything fresh from them, whilst we have met with several statements whose incorrectness a very small amount of personal research would have enabled the author to discover.

We feel bound to add, however, in justice both to author and publisher, that taking the "Aquarian Naturalist" as a whole, it is very much the kind of book which is wanted by the votaries of popular marine zoology; its range being comprehensive, its descriptions free from unnecessary technicality, and its illustrations numerous and well-executed. With these advantages over treatises of more limited scope or of more professedly scientific minuteness, we cannot doubt that it will find acceptance amongst the large and, we hope, increasing numbers who desire to make their summer or autumnal visit to the sea-side a means of extending their knowledge of the wonders and beauties of creation, as well as to procure for themselves a source of healthful recreation and constantly-varied interest.

The great German Physiologist, whose recent death in the very zenith of his well-earned reputation we have lately had to deplore, has left as his final legacy to science a memoir on certain tribes of microscopic animals which have recently attracted considerable attention, and which formed the subjects of his latest studies in those annual visits to the sea-coast that have brought us acquainted with the wonderful history of the development of the Echinodermata, and many other most interesting phenomena. His untiring zeal, his marvellous sagacity, and his unwearying power of close and accurate observation, combined to adapt him for such pursuits in a degree which has never been surpassed; and we can only hope that his mantle has fallen on the shoulders of followers who will prosecute their master's labours with some measure of the like ability and success.

About seven years since, Mr. Huxley described under the name of *Thalassicolla*, a set of remarkable minute organisms which he had found floating on the surface of the ocean in warmer latitudes, having a sarcode-body without definite organs, but furnished with a skeleton of siliceous spicules; and he pointed out that they might be considered a connecting link between Sponges, the Polycystina and Foraminifera, and the problematical *Noctiluca*, whose place in the zoological series is still undetermined. Several new kinds of *Thalassicollæ* have been observed by Müller,² and he distinguishes them into simple and composite forms, restricting to the former the term *Thalassicolla*, and giving to

² "Über die Thalassicolle, Polycystinen, und Acanthometren des Mittelmeeres," Von Johannes Müller. Aus den Abhandlungen der Königl. Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin, 1858. Mit 11 Kupfertafeln. 4to, pp. 62. Berlin, 1858.

³ "On the Thalassicollæ, Polycystina, and Acanthometra of the Mediterranean." By Johannes Müller. From the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, 1858.

the latter the name *Sphærozoum*, which had been previously applied to certain of these bodies by Meyen. Our first knowledge of the *Polycystina*, whose siliceous cases are among the most beautiful of all objects for the microscope, is due to Ehrenberg, who was enabled to add vastly to his previous descriptions of them by the discovery of Sir Robert Schomburgk that the fine porous sandstone of which a considerable part of the island of Barbadoes is composed, is almost entirely made up of a vast variety of these minute shells. For our acquaintance with their animal inhabitants, however, and for our knowledge that they are allied in all essential particulars to those of Foraminiferous shells, we are almost entirely indebted to Professor Müller's previous researches in the North Sea. In the memoir before us, the results of that more extended knowledge of them are given, which he was fortunate enough to acquire by his Mediterranean studies; and his descriptions, with their beautiful illustrative figures, are full of interest. He has now separated, as an equivalent group, another most beautiful series of forms previously but little known; namely, the *Acanthometra*, which are aggregations of sarcodæ having skeletons of siliceous rays, arranged with the most beautiful regularity in a stellate manner, and projecting as long spines far beyond the soft sarcodæ-body which is limited to the neighbourhood of their central meeting-point.

Professor Müller lays great stress upon the circumstance that, notwithstanding the diversities in the arrangement of the hard parts of these organisms, they all accord both in their grade of organization and in their radial plan of arrangement; and he accordingly designates them collectively as *Rhizopoda radiolaria*, the first term expressing their relationship to the naked Rhizopods and to the calcareous-shelled Foraminifera, whilst the latter serves to distinguish them from both these groups; the nearest approach to them being presented (as he justly remarks) by those Foraminifera which possess a cyclical instead of a spiral plan of growth. The following is his classification of the series:—

A. *Radiolaria solitaria*.

1. Without cases, naked, or with siliceous spicules. THALASSICOLLE. *Thalassicolla* in the limited sense. *Physematium*.
2. With siliceous reticulated shelly cases. POLYCYSTINA.
3. Without cases, but with siliceous star-rays. ACANTHOMETRE.

B. *Radiolaria Polyzoa*.

4. Without cases, naked, or with siliceous spicules. SPHÆROZOA. *Sphærozoum*.
5. With siliceous reticulated shelly cases. COLLESPHORÆ. *Collosphæra*.

The like relationship exists between the *Sphærozoa* and the *Thalassicollæ*, and between the *Collosphæra* and the *Polycystina*. The *Acanthometra* do not seem to possess any composite representatives. We must express our suspicion that the division into simple and composite will not be found to hold good; since among these lower types, in which propagation by gemmation is universal, there is no definite line

of demarcation between the two. No zoophytologist would now think of separating *Hydra* and *Actinia* as solitary polypes, from the composite or aggregate structures of which they are the respective types; and among the Foraminifera it often seems to be a sort of accident whether the buds shall become detached from their parent, or shall remain connected with it to form a compound body. This question, however, will present itself anew, when our knowledge of the varieties of form and organization of these beautiful structures shall have been augmented by those more extended researches to which the publication of Professor Müller's memoir will doubtless give a powerful impetus.

We have often thought that if, among the number of amateurs who amuse themselves with the desultory pursuit of natural history, only a small proportion would devote themselves to a careful and thorough investigation of the structure and life-history of any of the most familiar forms of plants or animals, a vast amount of important information of the highest scientific value would be accumulated. The spirit of the collector, who estimates his acquirements solely by the number and rarity of his specimens, though less predominant than formerly, still exercises a baneful influence; and until it shall be thought the highest credit, not to have made the largest collection of species, but to have gathered the greatest amount of information, natural history will not advance at a rate at all proportional to the amount of labour bestowed upon its cultivation. The authors of the little book before us have done good service, therefore, by directing attention to a couple of the commonest and least cared for among the "humble creatures,"³ amidst which we pass our lives, in ignorance of their wonderful structure and of everything in their course of life that does not absolutely force itself upon our attention. The accounts which they give of the earth-worm and the fly are well fitted to excite attention and to stimulate to further inquiry; addressing themselves to such as have no previous acquaintance with the subject, the authors have very properly aimed to present rather a popular than a scientific view of it; but writing from their own personal knowledge, and not at second-hand, they avoid those blunders into which mere compilers so often fall. The details of the organization of the fly are fuller than those of the worm; in fact, the account of the latter might be expanded with advantage, especially as regards the mechanism by which it is enabled to execute those wonderful borings that are so useful to man in improving the surface soil. We miss, however, in the description of the fly, a notice of the circulation which may be clearly seen in its wings for a short time after its emersion from the pupa state; and we are surprised to find that the authors should have any doubt as to the meaning, as well morphological as physiological, of the composite eyes of insects, which is now, we think, pretty well understood. We must not omit to notice one marked feature of originality in this little book; namely, an account of the curious structure of the *halteres*, and of a

³ "Humble Creatures: The Earth-worm and the Common House-fly. In Eight Letters." By, James Samuelson, assisted by J. Braxton Hicks, M.D., F.L.S. With Microscopic Illustrations by the Authors. 12mo, pp. 78. London. 1858,

curious feature in the organization of the *antennæ*, the recent discovery of which by Dr. Hicks has proved how certain a harvest may be reaped by those who will set the right way to work in the investigation of even the commonest objects in nature.*

We do not remember to have met with a pleasanter or more trustworthy introduction to geological study than Mr. Geikie's "Story of a Boulder."⁴ He is obviously a man of high intellectual cultivation, as well as an accomplished practical geologist; and he has hit upon a method of exciting interest whilst conveying instruction, which, if not altogether novel (Dr. Mantell's "Thoughts on a Pebble" having anticipated the idea), is original enough to be new to most of those into whose hands the book is likely to fall. Wandering on a summer day, in a picturesque ravine at Colinton, near Edinburgh, his eye happened to be caught by a large boulder that lay partly imbedded in a stiff clay and partly protruding from the surface of the bank. There was nothing in its distant aspect to attract attention, and to the ordinary observer it might present nothing to reward a closer inspection. But the more it was looked into, the more sources of interest did it present.

"The rock consisted of a hard grey sandstone finely laminated above, and getting pebbly and conglomeritic below. The included pebbles were well worn, and belonged to various kinds of rock. The upper part of the block was all rounded, smoothed, and deeply grooved, and, when split open, displayed numerous stems and leaflets of plants converted into a black coaly substance. These plants were easily recognisable as well-known organisms of the carboniferous strata; and it became accordingly evident that the boulder was a block of carboniferous sandstone. The pebbles below, however, must have been derived from more ancient rocks, and they were thus seen to represent some older geological formation. In this grey rock, therefore, there could at once be detected well-marked traces of at least two widely-separated ages. The evidence for each was indubitable, and the chronology of the whole mass could not be mistaken. The surface striation bore undoubted evidence of the glacial period; the embedded plants as plainly indicated the far more ancient era of the coal measures, while the pebbles of the base pointed, though dimly, to some still more primeval age. I had here, as it were, a quaint old black-letter volume of the middle ages, giving an account of events that were taking place at the time it was written, and containing on its earlier pages numerous quotations from authors of antiquity. The scratched surface, to complete the simile, may be compared to this old book done up in a modern binding."

The author first examines the exterior of the boulder, and inquires into the origin of the striations which mark its surface, and of the clay in which it rests; thus we have an appropriate text for a disquisition on glacial action, which is explained in a very clear and satisfactory manner. The cause of the rounded form which the boulder had previously acquired, is next considered; and thus we are introduced to another great geological agency, that of rushing water, the operation

* See his Memoirs in the "Transactions of the Linnæan Society," vol. xiii., and in the "Journal of the Linnæan Society," vol. I.

⁴ "The Story of a Boulder; or, Gleanings from the Note-book of a Field Geologist." By Archibald Geikie, of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. Illustrated with woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 268. Edinburgh, 1856.

of which in producing extensive denudations is then traced in various parts of the scenery of Scotland. Then we come to the interior of the boulder; and on the text afforded by the blackened plants that darkened its upper layers, we have a disquisition of two chapters on the carboniferous flora and fauna, in which a large amount of accurate scientific information is conveyed in an extremely agreeable style. The sand and gravel of the boulder next come under examination; and the materials and condition of these suggest the existence of some old land with elevated ranges of hills, and wide verdant valleys traversed by rivulets and rivers which bore a ceaseless burden of mud, sand, and gravel onwards to the sea. The process of degradation and decay to which all land is subject is thus brought under notice; and on this the author descants with the ease and freedom given by personal familiarity with everything he describes, citing his illustrations, not from recondite sources, but from the most familiar scenes. Having shown how the materials for the deposit of stratified rocks are gradually brought down to the ocean, he elucidates the structure of the stratified parts of the earth's crust by selecting a coal-field as its type; and a comparison of the Mid-Lothian coal-beds with those of other parts of Britain enables him to show how, by cautious reasoning upon the sure basis of changes in actual progress at the present time, not only the general but the particular conditions under which they were respectively formed may be deduced from the phenomena they present. Lastly, as the boulder contained trap-pebbles, an opportunity is opened for a notice of the igneous phenomena of the globe; and though this part of the subject is treated in a somewhat more technical manner, and is hurried over as if the author were afraid of tiring the patience of his readers, yet the chapter is full of valuable information, and only wants a little expansion to make it as pleasant reading as the rest of the book. In particular, it seems to us that the author should have shown that fire is the general *elevating* agency, as water is the *degrading*; and that through the whole of the earth's history there has been a perpetual antagonism between these two powers, one tending to raise land above water, and the other to bring it down again. We throw out this hint with a view to a second edition, which will, we trust, be soon required; for we have not met with any recent treatise on popular science, which, either in plan or execution, is so well deserving of general acceptance.

The veteran Humboldt⁵ continues to send forth supplementary volumes from time to time, in which various topics that are treated in a general form in the comprehensive survey of the universe, of which his first two volumes consist, are amplified into fuller detail. The volume now before us brings up our knowledge of the size, form, and density of the earth, its internal heat, its magnetic activity, and its volcanic phenomena, to the latest date; and is a store-house of information to which every one who feels an interest in any of these subjects

⁵ "Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe." By Alexander von Humboldt. Translated from the German by E. C. Otté and W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. Vol. v., post 8vo, pp. 590. London. 1868.

will be most glad to have access. Like its predecessors in Mr. Bohn's issue, it is extremely well translated, and has the advantage of giving all measurements, both linear and thermometric, in the standard scales of this country.

The first volume of the new and greatly enlarged edition of Professor Naumann's⁶ excellent treatise on Geology has now been completed by the publication of its second part; which concludes the Petrographic, or description of rocks,—a subject not handled with anything like the same fulness in any British treatise; then gives a general sketch of Palæontology, which is by no means equally elaborate; and commences the subject of *Geotektonik* (a word which can only be periphrastically rendered as the "building up of the earth") by an investigation of the problem of the elevation of mountain chains. The author is of the school of Von Buch, to whose memory it is dedicated; but he shows a profound acquaintance with the researches of geologists of every country; and on all that relates to the physics of the science, his work is an encyclopædia of information. We have been coming more and more to the conclusion that physical geology and palæontology should be separately though harmoniously studied; and an examination of this work has strengthened our previous conviction.

The study of the Jura-formation, known to British geologists as the liassic and oolitic strata, has been very carefully and perseveringly carried out during several years past by Dr. Oppel,⁷ who has made it his special business to determine, by the evidence of organic remains, what are the real equivalents among the various parts of this formation, in its three great developments in England, France, and South-western Germany. The work now completed embodies the results of the extensive and elaborate inquiries which the author has been prosecuting for a long series of years; it has been aided by the liberality of the principal collectors of Jurassic fossils both in this country and abroad, and it bears evidence of so much careful and well-directed labour, that we doubt not it will be found a most valuable guide through the intricacies of this department of palæontology, by such as may make it a special object of pursuit.

Under the able superintendence of Sir W. E. Logan, the "Geological Survey of Canada"⁸ seems to be making both rapid and satisfactory progress, and we doubt not that its good results will manifest themselves in due time, in the advantageous direction which it will afford to colonization, as well as in the revelations which it

⁶ "Lehrbuch der Geognosie." Von Dr. Carl Friedrich Naumann, Professor an der Universität Leipzig. Zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Erster Band. Mit 350 Holzschnitten. 8vo, pp. 960. Leipzig. 1858.

⁷ "Die Jura-Formation, Englands, Frankreichs, und des Südwestlichen Deutschlands. Nach ihren einzelnen Gliedern eingetheilt und verglichen." Von Dr. Albert Oppel. Mit einer Geognostischen Karte. 8vo, pp. 557. Stuttgart. 1856-8.

⁸ "Geological Survey of Canada. Report of Progress for the Years 1853-56. Printed by order of the Legislative Assembly." 8vo, pp. 494. With an Atlas of Plans of various Lakes and Rivers between Lake Huron and the River Ottawa. 4to. Toronto. 1857.

makes of hidden treasures of mineral wealth. Among its most interesting scientific results has been the discovery of a system of rocks which is now known (from its geographical relation to the river St. Lawrence) under the designation of the Laurentian, and which occupies by far the larger part of Canada. These rocks are the most ancient yet known on the American continent, and are supposed to be equivalent to the iron-bearing series of Scandinavia. They are sedimentary deposits in an altered condition, consisting of gneiss interstratified with bands of crystalline limestone. The gneiss, when it comes near the surface, yields but an indifferent soil; while the soil derived from the limestones, which are usually in an easily disintegrating condition, is of a most fruitful description. It is also in contact with these limestones, or near them, that the iron ores are found which so prominently characterize the Laurentian series, as well as the lead-bearing veins belonging to it. Hence it is obvious that the distribution of the limestone bands should have a most important influence in the settling of the country; but the ascertainment of it must necessarily be a work of great labour, since the guidance afforded by fossil remains in determining superposition is here altogether wanting, the different bands resemble each other lithologically, while the disturbances which these have undergone are such as to prevent the identification of detached parts of the series by the study of their inclinations. Geologists at home can have little idea of the difficulty of following out such a survey in a district without roads, the topography of which is scarcely yet known, presenting a surface much broken by the unequal wear of its rocks, and still covered by forest. We wish all success to Sir W. Logan in his arduous explorations, for no one has done more to deserve it by energy, perseverance, and intelligence.

The great additions recently made, not merely to our knowledge of the pine tribe,⁹ but to the number of species under cultivation in this country, render a special treatise upon this group essential to any one who takes a particular interest in it. Such a treatise, prepared by an eminent practical horticulturist, now lies before us; and we think that, both in his plan and arrangement, and the selection of its materials, the author has followed a very judicious course. With the view of rendering it useful to those unacquainted with botanical science, the author has aimed throughout at the utmost simplicity of language and description; and he has adopted the alphabetical method in reference both to the genera and the species, so that the description of any conifer of which the name is known may at once be found. The description of each species includes such information respecting habits, value, products, &c., as is likely to be required by the cultivator; and the interests of the scientific reader are provided for by a table of the natural arrangement of the genera.

⁹ "The Pinetum: being a Synopsis of the Coniferous Plants at present known, with Descriptions, History, and Synonymes, and comprising nearly One Hundred new kinds." By George Gordon, A.L.S., formerly Superintendent of the Horticultural Gardens, Chiswick, assisted by Robert Glendenning, F.H.S. of the Chiswick Nursery. 8vo, pp. 853. London. 1858.

Of Mr. Hanley's "Conchological Miscellany"¹⁰ we have nothing to say but that it consists of a series of well-executed plates, illustrating the genera enumerated in the title-page, but without any other description or letter-press than a list of the species figured. Some of the plates were drawn for the "Species Conchyliorum" commenced by the late Mr. G. B. Sowerby, but discontinued after the first number; others have been since issued at intervals by Mr. Hanley, and the whole are now offered to the conchological public in a collected form.

As there is no department of pathology which has made more rapid progress within the last twenty years, than that which relates to the blood and its containing vessels,¹¹ there is none as to which the profession is less likely to look for instruction in a book of which the greater part was written and published in Calcutta in 1834, whilst an English reprint has remained for the last ten years in the dark oblivion of the publisher's warehouse. The author, moved as it would seem by a conviction of the importance of his peculiar opinions, has re-issued the portion relating to the pathology of the blood, with the addition of three chapters on the diseases of arteries, veins, and capillaries. It will be sufficient for us to state that these are scarcely less antiquated than the remainder of the work, and that we cannot recommend the student to have recourse to it for instruction.

The nature of Mr. Jenyns's contribution to meteorological science,¹² (if that can be called a science which has not yet arrived, and probably never will arrive, at the power of prediction) may be pretty fully gathered from the title-page. He has been an observer of the weather during a great part of his life; and during nineteen years, from 1831, he carried on a continuous record, with a set of reliable instruments, at his country parish in Suffolk. It was his intention to complete the cycle of twenty years, before embodying the results or attempting any generalizations respecting the weather; but being called to quit that neighbourhood at the end of the nineteenth year, he thought it better to put together the results of his journal without further delay. He has particularly endeavoured to trace the connexion between different states of weather, and the shiftings of various currents in the atmosphere, as indicated by the vane and barometer jointly; for he believes that so far as it is possible to judge of the coming weather, and to determine to what degree the weather is to be trusted at any particular time, it can only be done by close attention to these points, and by long familiarity with the usual course of pheno-

¹⁰ "The Conchological Miscellany of Sylvanus Hanley, B.A., F.L.S., &c., illustrative of Pandora, Amphidema, Ostrea, Melo, the Melanidæ, Ampullaria, and Cyclostoma." In Forty Plates. 4to. London. 1854—1858.

¹¹ "Essay on the Pathology of the Blood and its Containing Vessels." By Thomas A. Wise, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.R.C.P.E., late Hon. E.I.C. Medical Service. 8vo, pp. 388. Edinburgh. 1858.

¹² "Observations in Meteorology: relating to Temperature, the Winds, Atmospheric Pressure, the Aqueous Phenomena of the Atmosphere, Weather-changes, &c., being chiefly the results of a Meteorological Journal kept for nineteen years at Swaffham Bulbeck, in Cambridgeshire, and serving as a Guide to the Climate of that part of England." By the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, M.A., F.L.S., &c., late Vicar of Swaffham Bulbeck.

mena attendant on changes from dry to wet, and *vice versâ*. He has no confidence in any other principles of prognostication; and sets forth, in a chapter specially devoted to the subject, his reasons for believing that meteorological science can never attain the desiderated certitude, since the weather at any one place is (so to speak) the resultant of atmospheric changes going on all over the globe, and no change in it could be predicated with certainty without such a knowledge of their concurrent condition as no one ungifted with omniscience could at any moment possess. The book has the merits of its author's other writings,—clearness of statement, sound judgment, and accuracy of observation; but it is rather dry reading.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE second volume of "Rawlinson's Herodotus" contains Books II. and III. Mr. Rawlinson furnishes the translation of the second book, and then prudently retiring from the quicksands of Egyptian chronology, leaves the responsibility of the Notes and Dissertations with Sir Gardner Wilkinson. The question of primary interest to historical inquirers, who may be considered as looking on at the progress of Egyptology, is the chronological one. To what antiquity do the monuments or records enable us to go back? Sir G. Wilkinson affords no light on this point. His summary (Appendix, chap. viii.) of the History of Egypt from the earliest times to the final conquest by the Persians under Darius Ochus, avoids assigning any date to Menes. Mr. Rawlinson appears to assume B.C. 2700, though he does not state on what data. Probably on the hypothesis of Mr. Poole (*Horæ Egyptiacæ*), whose ingenious synchronistic arrangement of the first nineteen dynasties Sir G. Wilkinson approves. Herodotus relates, on the authority of the Egyptian priests, that in the interval between Menes and Sethos "the sun, on four several occasions, moved from his wonted course, twice rising where he now sets, and twice setting where he now rises." Mr. Poole put forward (in 1851) the very ingenious conjecture that what was meant was, that during this long period the heliacal risings of the stars had twice fallen on those days on which their settings fell in the time of Herodotus' informants; and *vice versâ*. Herodotus, by a natural mistake, supposed they were speaking of the sun itself. The combinations by which Mr. Poole supports this rationalistic explanation of the Herodotean miracle are extremely acute and ingenious. But they are only artificial combinations. They constitute no evidence; and it would be wild indeed to build a chronology on such a computation. Two considerations also arise in our minds which prevent our attaching the weight to Mr. Poole's reasonings which might otherwise be due to them. In the first place, he

* ¹ "The History of Herodotus." A new English version. Edited, with Notes and Essays, by Rev. G. Rawlinson, M.A., assisted by Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Gardner Wilkinson. Vol. 2. London: Murray.

seems to propose to himself as an object to bring the chronology of Egypt within the reckoning of the Old Testament Scriptures. Those who make this their object overlook the obvious consideration that a result, so obtained, is worth nothing at all. If they wish to have Scripture "confirmed," it can never be done by "making" the other data conform to it. In this instance, Mr. Poole's date for Menes, B.C. 2717, does not effect his purpose. For though Menes is the "first king," or earliest point to which the chronological computation of later ages went back, it is certain that the existence of Egypt as a nation dates from a much earlier time. The reign of Menes is only the starting point of a vast Egyptian empire, not the commencement of civil society. The name of Menes, if it denotes anything historically, marks the union under one government, in contradistinction to that earlier state of independent provinces, when the Thèbaid and the Delta were still separate sovereignties. Even the Septuagint date for 'the Deluge'—the Hebrew appears to be given up—will hardly allow the necessary time for this development, prior to B.C. 2717.

The second consideration which makes us approach such interpretations as this of Mr. Poole with suspicion is, that it attributes far greater authority, or rationality, to Herodotus' reports of Egyptian history than is due to them. We must distinguish between Herodotus the traveller and Herodotus the historian. In all he relates of Egypt and its marvels, as an eye-witness, he deserves great confidence. It is far otherwise with what he repeats as told by the priests. Before we reason upon any such statement, or propose gloss or interpretation of it, we should consider the small probability that any vestige of fact, separable by our criticism, should lurk in a tradition nursed by romancing priests (they computed 11,000 years from Menes to Sethos) extending over more than 2000 years, and communicated through a lying Greek interpreter—see Strabo's character of Chærenon. If it be said that Diodorus confirms Herodotus, it must be replied that Diodorus, in his Egyptian history, is the mere copyist of Herodotus, relating the same events, in almost the same expressions. So little progress did Greek research make, that 400 years after Herodotus, no addition had been made to their knowledge of Egyptian history.

The appearance of Volume II. of Mr. Massey's "History of England," affords us an opportunity of attesting a general estimate of his labours, including Volume I., published as far back as 1855.²

The first and preliminary test to which a historical work must be submitted, viz.—Is it readable? is most completely satisfied here. To a large class of readers this is everything; to all readers it is of consequence. It is a quality which in history writing implies much more art and labour than in most other subjects. In most matters, good style, and a happy flow of thought, such as good digestion induces, will make a book readable. But when the material is history, much more is requisite for the same purpose. The author may not roam at will over his ground, he must select and concentrate. It is not enough

² "A History of England during the Reign of George the Third." By William Massey, M.P. Vols. 1 and 2. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

that the narrative flows on ever telling something, it must tell the connected story of the time, throwing aside the non-essentials. This is the rock on which so many modern historians shipwreck. They tell everything promiscuously, and cannot sacrifice anything which has cost themselves trouble to ascertain. Mr. Massey recurs to the scheme of the classical writers, and presents his readers with a carefully-proportioned drawing to scale. Every event falls into perspective, each character occupies its place. Such composition not only promotes the comfort of the reader, but is essential to truth of historical representation. All episodic dissertation, and writing up or writing down of bye personages, not only disgust the taste, but distort the picture. They are often lively, new, or ingenious in themselves, but they serve to divert the attention rather than help forward the understanding.

The same judgment which is shown in moulding the framework of the whole is apparent in the general view of affairs taken by Mr. Massey. There is no sacrifice to ambition of paradox, or appetite for strong effects. Yet we do not find that he merely falls into opinions because they exist, or stands by the watchword of a party. We feel in the hands of a man of independent judgment, whose view is at once his own view, and yet, because he is so eminently reasonable, coincides with that of all other reasonable men. His opinions must unite suffrages from opposite quarters, and all dissent will feel itself challenged to be temperate. Such a history, therefore, considered as a "new book," must necessarily lack the mischievous attractions by which Mudie's subscribers are allured. But it is a much more likely candidate for a permanent place on the shelves of those who are looking out for the best history of George the Third's reign as a manual for constant use.

Turning from the general qualifications of the writer to examine how far he has carried the special studies which his undertaking requires, we find the material he works up to be abundant in quantity, and to have been deliberately digested in his mind before sitting down to write. He has well studied those collections of family papers which are accessible in print—the Grenville, Chatham, Bedford, Buckingham, Rockingham correspondence,—in which the threads of parliamentary and cabinet intrigue must be tracked. Himself a lawyer, an M.P., and a Minister, he has a variety of technical knowledge which saves him from the blunders which the mere literary historian is liable to, and enables him to develop with a firm and sure pen the constitutional questions which form the bulk of the history from the accession of George III. till the French Revolution. With the literature of his period he is respectably acquainted. But while his legal and political knowledge is properly his own, it is apparent that the literature of the period has been conned with a view to his work. He picks out the telling bits rather than distills the spirit of it.

Accustomed as we have been by German writers to expect books based on an absolutely exhaustive study of their material, we feel a superficiality in the English method of skimming the cream. In one point, however, we think Mr. Massey right and his critics wrong. It has been much objected to him that he has not made documentary

research; that he has collected only printed sources, and left the rich material in the State Paper Office untouched. This objection confounds the function of the general historian with that of the antiquarian and historiographer. History requires this division of labour. No one man is adequate to two such different employments as to ransack records with the minute lore of the archæologist, and to bring the practised politician's experience to bear in narrating the course of public policy. We have had to regret, in a recent instance, the crude and hasty inferences into which "dipping" into records has led one who is qualified for the highest walks of history. The Record Commission is the pioneer of the historian. The architect who insists on felling his own timber is likely to live and die in a log-hut. If the accessible documents do not constitute the whole of the evidence, then the history of that period cannot be written, or can be written only provisionally.

In the present instance—the last twenty years of George III.'s reign—information is confessedly scanty. Till the last twenty years hardly any original memoirs had been printed. Before Macaulay's sketches shed their brilliant light upon it, it was almost the darkest corner of English story, from the Reformation downwards. Now, however, we are able to discern certain general features, which are so distinctly legible, that tons of State papers yet to be brought to light may confirm, but cannot materially alter them. The political situation is broadly marked by the determined efforts made by the Crown to render itself absolute. The immense and unforeseen success of this attempt has hardly yet been appreciated. For a short time it was complete. The capricious will of one man, narrow-minded, without talents, without virtues, without education, ignorant of the first principles of national well-being, became in a short space of ten years absolute in parliament as well as in the cabinet. But it was not over the liberties of the nation that he had triumphed. On the contrary, the victory of prerogative, and the lengths to which George III. pushed it, subscribed in an unexpected way the cause of civil liberty. He was able, aided by their own dissensions, to break in pieces the formidable oligarchical connexion which had so long ruled with undisputed sway. What George III. gained, he gained at the expense of the Whig families. The nation neither lost nor gained anything by the exaltation of the Crown and the humiliation of the Bedfords, Grenvilles, and Wentworths. The king's method of government was the same as theirs—the same parliamentary corruption, the same or a more shameless prostitution of Church and State patronage—the same antipathy to talent and virtue—and the same encouragement of a herd of inferior and sycophant partizans; the system which Walpole had brought in, George III. continued to employ. Happily for the country, the king's recurring malady, throwing the crown into abeyance, at a time, too, when it was shaken by the disasters of the American war, broke up the prerogative system as soon as it had done its work of breaking up the Whig system. It is doubtful if the nation could ever have emancipated itself from the Whigs if the Crown had not done that service for it. Of very little consequence is that constitutional grievance on

which, Mr. Massey, following the doctrinaire Whigs, insists so strongly, viz., that the ministers of George III. had the responsibility, but not the origination, of public measures. Such a system infringes that theoretical darling of the lawyers, "the Constitution;" but it is not the smallest consequence to public liberty whether the corruption and intimidation of parliament be transacted by the king for his party purposes, or by the Duke of Newcastle for himself.

The most ambitious chapter in Mr. Massey's volumes is that which opens the second volume on Manners and social habits, and it is also the most novel. We cannot but feel, however, as we read, how superior in the same kind is Macaulay, with whom this dissertation almost necessitates a comparison. We have here the merest exterior; figures as in a camera lucida, the people walking in the streets. There is, of this sort, a good deal of curious information diligently brought together; and this chapter has been largely quoted in the reviews. We had rather, however, hear Mr. Massey on constitutional or legal topics than on manners and morals. He is here most provokingly, ostentatiously, superficial. He is the veriest slave of the customs and usages of our day, and measures those of 1760 by the degree in which they approach or deviate from these. He has manifestly never reflected on morals or their basis, and wants the turn of mind enabling him to do so. He promises a similar review at the end of the reign, with the purpose of showing the improvement that had been effected during the course of it. Nothing could be more instructive than such a comparison drawn by one who could distinguish decorum from purity, who could balance the gain in refinement against the loss by effeminacy, and trace the identity of human passions and tastes through all the disguises of fleeting fashion. The peculiar import into English domestic manners for which the reign of George III. is remarkable—the king himself was the highest example of it—is that drapery of prudery which still reigns with increasing intensity in the society of our own day. It is that by which we are distinguished from any continental people—the Americans have it worse than ourselves—and which is known on the continent as the English "cant." The historian of manners during the reign of George III. has to describe the origin and progress of this insidious moral disease. We hope Mr. Massey will not neglect it.

The study of English history cannot be said to be in a declining state, when we have, at one and the same time, in progress four such works as Macaulay's, Froude's, Massey's, and Charles Knight's.³ The "Popular History of England" has reached its fourth volume, which extends from 1642 to 1689. It is not, nor does it profess to be, like the other three, an original "study." But the plan on which it is constructed is novel. There are said to be somewhere about 10,000 books having for their object to illustrate the career of Napo-

³ "The Popular History of England; an Illustrated History of Society and Government from the Earliest Period to Our Own Times." By Charles Knight. Vol. 4, with a complete index to the four volumes. London: Bradbury and Evans.

leon. The number bearing on our own civil wars is nothing like this, yet the printed Memoirs, Letters, Journals, Lives, &c. pertaining to the period form a huge mass of reading. It was a happy thought to condense and select a compact narrative out of all this promiscuous material, keeping close to the statements, often to the words, of the originals. With less skill and taste than Mr. Charles Knight has exerted, such a plan would only have produced an unequal and disjointed medley. He has happily formed the whole into a uniform substance by a presiding taste for a kind of social antiquities, well known to all readers of his other works. This taste, instead of breaking out here and there in set dissertations, which interrupt the chronological flow, is agreeably interfused throughout the whole, and gives a definite complexion to the general narrative. This extension of the province of history to manners and common life, and all that indicates the condition of the people, is far from new, but it has never been executed with anything like the happy ease with which it is here attempted, not overlaying the political annals, but interpenetrating them. As we have before intimated (*Westminster Review*, January, 1858), Mr. Knight has not reflected deeply on politics, and has no independent power of showing the sequential series of political changes. As in the last volume he was dependent on Hallam for his constitutional views, he is here guided by Carlyle and Guizot. But this is in the character of his history, as a catena of authorities, and not an exposition of original doctrine. Wherever we have a judgment as from himself, and not copied, it is still borrowed from the prevailing views of contemporary literature. There is nothing more alien to Mr. Knight's mind than a paradox.

He apologises for having outgrown the limits originally proposed. This apology will be very readily accepted by his readers, for no one can think that there is a word too much. The four volumes down to 1689 are a complete work in themselves, rounded off by an index; but the author designs, in a second division, to continue his task "to that period of the reign of her present Majesty which has become a constitutional epoch." We heartily wish that he may be justified in the hope that his careful and picturesque history may supersede the Hume and Lingard, which at present forms the only alternative for the student requiring a text-book for examination.

Another highly useful contribution to the student's resources is a little volume* of so unpretending a character as to run great risk of being overlooked. Mr. Morgan's is eminently a student's hand-book. To young lawyers it will be invaluable, forming a key to old deeds and surveys. The history of property in this country cannot be understood without an adequate knowledge of the great Norman survey, a document—if we include "Little Domesday," the "Exon Domesday," and the "Baldon Book"—without parallel in the early annals of any European country. Mr. Morgan founds his book on these documents, but with copious reference to later Extents and Charters, the Monas-

* "England under the Norman Occupation." By James F. Morgan, M.A. London: Williams and Norgate.

tion, Coke, Madox, &c., not without occasional illustrations from modern Agricultural Reports and rural writers. The miscellaneous sources from which he gleans a ray of light—such as De Lisle's "Normandy," White's "Selborne," Milner's "Winchester"—are sufficient to show that we have to do with an expositor of no hastily crammed knowledge. The volume consists of only 230 pages, in which the following heads find their place:—After a short statement of the Conqueror's policy in instituting the survey, we have the measures employed explained (chap. 2.) Chapter 3 is on "Money, Rent, and Agricultural Affairs." Then follow chapters on The Hall, The Church, The Peasantry, The Freehold Tenantry, Boroughs, and Cities. Chapter 7 explains the Territorial Divisions of the Realm. Titles, Offices, and Names are discussed in chapter 8; and the whole concludes with some original suggestions on the gradual extinction of Villenage. The author is weak in etymology—a grave defect in law, where the word is of the essence of the thing: *e.g.*, he thinks that the "Statesmen" were so called as forming a middle class or "estate."

The standard "History of the Académie Française" is the joint production of two very unequally-yoked writers.² The first part consists of a relation, by Pellisson, first published in 1652, of all that he knew, or could gather, about the origin, and the early days of the Académie (founded in 1636). It is written in that charming style, too often the only merit of French books, but which in this instance becomes the vehicle of the best information, and the good sense of a man of the world, who records the things which are best worth recording. The Abbe d'Olivet, in 1729, undertook a continuation of Pellisson, bringing down the history to the year 1700. The continuator was in every respect a very inferior annalist. He omits not only all the graces of style, but all the facts which we should like to know. However, such as it is, the two together form the only history to be had of the Académie. M. Villemain, the present Perpetual Secretary, is understood to have been long engaged on such a work. Till his is produced, the republication of Pellisson and d'Olivet in a cheap form is a very useful enterprise. The editor, however, has loaded the original with a number of merely superficial notes, from the most common sources, at the foot of the page, besides a pompous array of "Pièces Justificatives," by way of appendix to each volume, which turn out to be nothing more than extracts from ordinary books, such as Balzac, and the Segrasiana. One exception there is, which is of sufficient importance to deserve notice. This is a number of letters of Chapelain, unedited, and of interest, which were put into the editor's hands by M. Sainte-Beuve, and which he has spoiled by giving in fragments only instead of entire. The editor, too, appears to be very superficially versed in the history of the period. All the Histories of Literature relate, and ridicule, the unfavourable review or *examen* of "The Cid," which was extorted from the Académie by its patron, Richelieu. They

² "Histoire de l'Académie Française." Par Pellisson et D'Olivet, avec une Introduction, des Eclaircissements et Notes par M. Ch.-L. Livet. 2 Tomes. Paris: Didier et C^e

usually explain this puerility of the great minister by the jealousy of unsuccessful authorship. M. Livet, the editor of these volumes, has a better explanation. He reminds us of the hostility which the Parliament displayed against the Académie, when it was first projected; and he thinks that Richelieu set the Académie upon the task of pulling to pieces "The Cid," in order to show the world that its occupations were to be purely literary. Now the fact is, that the onslaught upon "The Cid" had a political object. It has been well shown by Michelet that "The Cid," glorifying Spanish character, and popularising Spanish history, came out at a most critical time, when Richelieu was barely able to make head against the Spanish and Jesuit faction. Corneille's piece was caught at instantly by the public in this sense, and it became an object ~~with~~ Richelieu to damage its popularity. This he sought to effect by setting the Académie upon it.

M. Livet undertakes the defence of the Académie for not having associated various celebrated names in the seventeenth century—Pascal, Descartes, Arnauld d'Andilly, Molière; and in a lower grade Scarron, Brebeuf, Rotrou—some of whom have been elected by Sainte-Beuve into his "Forty-First Chair." Pascal, he says, though not under religious vows, had renounced the world, and was living in retirement at Port-Royal. If not a monk, he was more—a solitary and a penitent. If the rules of the association excluded members of professed religious orders, *à fortiori* they excluded Pascal. Arnauld, it seems, was offered and refused. Descartes lived in Holland. Molière was excluded, not only from the Académie, but from society, by appearing on the stage. The two first, besides, were not *grands écrivains* in that purest sense which confers a claim for academic honours. It is idle either to vindicate or to attack an exclusive society for its exercise of irresponsible preference. The votes of no forty men in the world, even with the most upright intentions, would always fall on the best man. A man must be downright blind who can really persuade himself that the Académie, whose Rule I. was—"Personne ne sera reçu dans l'Académie qui ne soit agréable à Mgr. le Protecteur," preferred the most eminent man to the man whom Richelieu or Louis XIV. favoured. The body which has done itself so much honour by its recent resistance of similar influences, can afford to have its judgments of two centuries back reversed by posterity. But if it was in need of an advocate, it would probably select one who could make a more powerful defence than M. Livet.

M. Capetigue is here again with another monarchical and catholic pamphlet, in the guise of history.⁶ This time his heroine is La Pompadour; the place of King's mistress, the peculiar institution of the *ancien régime* which he has undertaken to write. He does so very successfully by the usual methods—methods by which anything whatever may be proved to be right or wrong at the pleasure of the writer or the audience for which he writes. Madame Pompadour meditating, like another Joan of Arc, on the wrongs of her afflicted country, determined to become its saviour. Solely inspired by this patriotic thought,

"Madame la Marquise de Pompadour." Par M. Capetigue. Paris: Amyot.

she waylaid the King on every possible occasion, forced herself upon him, and became his mistress. We need not go on with the political romance. One of M. Dumas' contains a far larger proportion of historical fact.

A more honest performance is the "The Life of Marie-Antoinette," by the brothers De Goncourt, who have already associated their labours in more than one work on the eighteenth century.⁷ But this is not quite genuine work. It is panegyric, having for its object to write up the Queen, and so conciliate deeper pity for the tragic catastrophe of the 16th October, '93. It appears to us to produce an effect the very opposite of that intended by the authors. If anything could reconcile the mind of the reader to the gratuitous brutality of putting to death "La Veuve Capet," as she is called in the acts of the Revolutionary tribunals, it would be the frivolity of the court interior and the moral valuelessness of the persons of whom it consists, and the objects for which they seem to live. We quote the following character of Louis XVI. while Dauphin. It must be observed, however, that the unfavourable tints are put on after the manner of colourists like the Messrs. Goncourt, for the purpose of bringing out by contrast the virtues of the heroine.

"We sometimes meet among the latest offspring of an effete royal race, these sluggish temperaments in whose veins flows an impoverished blood, as if Nature confessed her exhaustion. The Dauphin was one of those men who have never felt the solicitations of passion; and, conscious of their defect, excuse themselves from love by affecting to treat woman with contempt. To this injustice of Nature was added the influence of education. The young Prince had been placed, by the ill-judging piety of his father, under the care of M^{onsieur} de Quelen, Duc de la Vauguyon. This lofty personage, whose string of titles cannot be pronounced in a breath, was a very different sort of preceptor from the sage and instructed men who had been employed by Louis XIV. His mind contained but one idea, viz., the importance of his own position. The only business of his day was the discussion of the bill of fare with his maître d'hôtel. The only lessons he gave his royal pupil were to instruct him in his own consequence. To his total insufficiency for education, we must add that he was a devotee of the feeblest and most narrow species, whose devotion is armed with that casuistry which can dispense a king from all obligations to his subjects, a husband from all duties to his wife. Every sign of youthful spirit, ebullitions of temper, sallies of fun and frolic, or bursts of passion—which, whether for good or for evil, indicate character and temperament—all these had been carefully checked and suppressed in the young king. M. de la Vauguyon had never allowed his charge to be a boy. By the discipline, the practices, and the books of ascetics, he had been trained to their virtues of passivity, renunciation, and indifference. With this education of a penitent, untampered by any lessons of wisdom or experience, this cold-blooded youth was precipitated into marriage with the gay and beautiful Austrian archduchess." (p. 32.)

While the attention of the Reviews of Foreign Literature is bestowed on the flashy volumes artificially got up for the season, one book of solid historical merit is almost overlooked. The "Mémoires"

⁷ "Histoire de Marie Antoinette." Par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris: Firmin Didot, Fils, et C^{ie}.

of the Count Miot De Melito⁸ are as entertaining to read as any of the froth-and-foam biographies which are weekly manufactured for the market. But they are besides a genuine book—"Mémoires" in the proper sense of that word—the record, by himself, of the things seen and done during his official life from the commencement of the Revolution to the Restoration. During the whole of this period the Count Miot was placed in the most favourable position for obtaining the best information. He did not thrust himself forward, and was therefore much less conspicuous than many greatly his inferiors; but his sound sense, diplomatic ability, and steady principle gained him the confidence of those who guided affairs. He thus became trusted to a very large extent with the real views of persons and parties, and acquired an insight into the course of affairs, and the political situation, not surpassed even by that of the chief actors themselves. Notwithstanding all that has been written on the Revolution, these Memoirs have a character and originality of their own. They have that originality which description of the same events can have when it comes from an eye-witness and an actor, however often we may have heard them described by others. It would be too much to say that they make any new or surprising revelations. There is now no longer any room for such in the period from 1788 to 1815. But the vivid and personal interest with which only a contemporary can relate, conveys to the apprehension, through the feelings, the truest sort of information which we are capable of acquiring from reading history. We have the vivid representative power of Bourrienne united with the commanding view of a practised statesman. The inflexibility of his political principles excluded him from engaging in the race for preferment. This very neutrality, by saving him from the personal conflicts and antipathies of the struggle for success, is the secret of his impartiality of view. Gallois alone, of all the men of the Revolution, possessed this calm judgment, and Gallois, we believe, left no memoirs. Count Miot began his career by being one of the victims marked by the Terror for want of patriotism, and only escaped with his life by one or two remarkable pieces of good fortune. In '92 he was in the War Office, and a warrant for his arrest was issued on the 10th of August. On that very morning he had, by a sudden resolution, gone to Versailles on a visit to his family. This saved him. Had he been arrested, he would, in all probability, have been one of the victims of the September massacres. Again in '94, a warrant was issued against him by the Committee of Safety. But it was the 8th Thermidor, and the Revolution of the 9th saved, and only just saved him.

His aversion for the wild reveries of the Republican zealots drew him towards Bonaparte at a very early period. Long before the future dictator had thrown off the mask, Count Miot discerned that this son of the Revolution would turn against it as soon as ever he dared to do so. In a remarkable conversation held with Count Miot in the

⁸ "Mémoires Du Comte Miot de Melito, Ancien Ministre, Ambassadeur, Conseiller d'Etat, et Membre de l'Institut. 1788—1815." 3 Tomes. Paris: Michel Levy Frères.

spring of '97, Bonaparte already sees his way distinctly to the supremacy he ultimately realised. The Count, who was Ambassador of the Republic at Turin, was on a visit to the General of the Army of Italy at Montebello, near Milan.

"He invited myself and Melzi to take a turn in the extensive grounds of this noble residence. We walked for two hours, during the whole of which the General continued speaking almost without interruption. In this allocution he unbosomed himself to us without reserve as to his future projects. 'What I have already done,' he said, 'is nothing. I am as yet only on the threshold of my career. Do you suppose that I am gaining these victories here in Italy, to make great men of those lawyers in the Directory, Carnot, Barras, and the rest of them? Do you suppose I am going to establish a Republic? What an idea! A Republic of thirty millions of men! What possible chance can a Republic have with our manners, our vices? The Republic is a ~~chimerical~~ with which the imagination of the people is infatuated at this moment, but which will pass like so many others. They must have glory, the satisfaction of vanity—but liberty! they don't know what it means. Look at the army. The triumphs we have gained have restored to the soldiers the true French character. I, their general, am all in all to them. Let the Directory try to deprive me of the command in Italy, and it will soon see who is master. The French nation requires a head, a chief covered with glory, and not fine phrases, dissertations of ideologists, of which the Frenchman does not really understand a word. Let them have these things for playthings, well and good, they can amuse themselves with them, and meantime you may lead them where you will, provided you dissemble adroitly where you want them to go. As for your country,' turning to Melzi, 'it has the elements of republicanism in a still lower degree even than France, and it does not therefore require humouring so much as our people. You know this well enough; we can do what we like with the Italians. But the time is hardly come; we must yield to the fever of the moment, and so we are going to set up here a republic or two. But of our own sort, mind.' (Tome I, p. 163.)

The date of these plain-spoken sentiments was June, '97, a time when the army of Italy, and their general, was the chief stay and support of the Revolutionary party as against the Royalist reaction. Bonaparte's adhesion gave the victory to the Republican section of the Directory in the crisis of the 18th Fructidor of the same year.

Count Miot was no Royalist, and as long as Napoleon supported the Revolution his sympathies were all with the successful general. As soon as his rising ascendancy became incompatible with liberty, a distance grew up between them. As everything, however, was in Napoleon's hands, and likely to be for his life, it would have been folly to have declined employment, and the count was, from time to time, engaged in various missions and embassies. He finally attached himself to Joseph, and was with him during the whole of his transient royalty, first at Naples and afterwards in Spain. The administration of Joseph in Spain, and the difficulties with which he had to contend from the arbitrary interference of his brother in the internal affairs of the kingdom, are admirably described. The conciliatory demeanour and judicious conduct of Joseph were rapidly gaining the Spaniards, who were ready to lay aside their enmity to the French. But all this was thwarted by the unjustifiable interference of the Emperor, who treated Spain as a conquered country, and thought he had a right to

do what he liked with his own. Count Miot urged Joseph to resign the crown, which was not really his; and these independent counsels lost him the favour of the Emperor. But after the abdication of Joseph, and his reconciliation with his brother, the author obtained admittance into the *Conseil d'Etat*. The end, however, was at hand. His only employment in this capacity was to obtain passports for the Bonaparte family after the occupation of Paris by the allies. After undergoing much anxiety and humiliation in the attempt, he succeeded in obtaining the passports, but with the clause inserted in them that they were granted only on the condition that Joseph should not attempt to return to France. The insertion of this clause, for which Count Miot was in no way responsible, gave great umbrage to the ex-king, who was unreasonable enough to visit his displeasure on the head of the innocent envoy, who had too faithfully served him. The services and friendship of years were forgotten in a moment. It is gratifying, however, to find that Joseph afterwards saw his injustice, and forgave his friend. M. de Melito paid the Comte de Survilliers a lengthened visit of nearly a year in the United States. He left a journal of his tour, with his remarks on the institutions and manners of the country. These the editor has not included in his publication. There are so many books on the subject, and Count de Melito had no better opportunities than other tourists, that his "American Notes" would only have detracted from the historical weight of these highly valuable "Mémoires."

Brialmont's "Life of Wellington" has been received in this country with a favour, to say the least, quite equal to its merits.⁹ The chief of these is a judicious impartiality—an impartiality which does not merely compose itself of praise and blame, but assigns them where each is due, a thing much more difficult. Its chief defect is want of novelty. The Duke's despatches and letters surely offer *some* material for a biographer over and above their historical value. But in this "Life" we have the historical side only. And in following this track, Brialmont pursues the steps of those who have gone before him with careful precision. In the Peninsular War, *e.g.*, he walks after Napier, or only leaves him for the worse. The possibility of being impartial, the author, who is on the staff of the Belgian army, owes to his being neither English nor French. This impartiality seems, in the eyes of the English editor, a blemish, which he endeavours to counteract in the notes. Brialmont's careful and cautious summings up on the evidence are corrected by "English opinion," an authority by which Mr. Gladstone has so successfully settled the Homeric question.

Notwithstanding this drawback, Brialmont's is undoubtedly qualified to become the standard "Life" of the aristocratic hero. Such Wellington was in every sense. His successes in Spain vindicated the Anti-Jacobin insanity, anticipated the wholesome reaction which would have ensued in the public mind, threw a lustre over the most degrading

⁹ "History of the Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington." From the French of M. Brialmont, Captain on the Staff of the Belgian Army. With Emendations and Additions. By the Rev. G. B. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain General to the Forces, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Longman and Co.

government which has ever held power in this country, postponed reform, and saved the aristocracy. An impression prevails that Wellington was only one among a thousand "good as he," and that other captains would have done as much if equally favoured by circumstances. An impartial survey of the Peninsular campaigns will not ratify this opinion. We find everywhere, *except upon Wellington's operations*, the stamp of that peculiar ignorance of the art of war which has been so recently exhibited to the world in the Sebastopol business. Wellington was a self-taught commander. He trained himself. The Portuguese campaigns were a precious prologue, valuable as well to the General as to his army. "We may remark," says Brialmont, "once for all, that every operation which he did not superintend in person seems to have been conducted carelessly, and turned out badly." (Vol. i. p. 382.) In one specialty of his art—siege operations—Wellington never seems to have got over the defective professional training which our system of promotion involves us in. Colonel Jones, a distinguished engineer officer, pronounces the Peninsular sieges to be a repetition of those of the Prince of Parma in the sixteenth century. The place was breached from a great distance, and then the storming column marches to the assault exposed to the full fire of the place. Everything in this system is trusted to the bravery of the private soldier and the regimental officer. At the assault of St. Sebastian the officers of engineers were obliged to expose themselves to fire, for not a single general or staff-officer quitted the trenches to head the column.

Wellington's conduct is often contrasted with that of Napoleon, as being as chary of the soldier's life as the latter was lavish. This contrast is not just. From all that appears in these volumes, Wellington was as considerate as a general whose characteristic was caution, and who had but a limited supply of men to draw upon, must necessarily be. But his system of gaining a fortified place was precisely the same with that by which Napoleon carried a position in the open field. Wellington felt the sacrifice deeply, but he made it. As he watched the scene of carnage which took place at the foot of the breach at Badajoz "the pallor of his countenance indicated how deeply the tale moved him." Yet the same murderous system was adopted in the very next campaign at St. Sebastian. It may be true that the want of siege *matériel* compelled this inartificial method of assault. Even with abundant means, there may be reasons which justify the rapid process, or make it more economical in the end. Climate, *e.g.*, may be more disastrous than an assault. But the same arguments will vindicate Napoleon's system. A decisive victory, though purchased at great cost of life, may end a campaign or a war, which, if protracted, would have absorbed in dribbles twice the number of men.

Belonging to the same subject is another curious resemblance. The Duke's Despatches and General Orders abound with complaints of indiscipline and insubordination. To read them by themselves, we should think the army in the Peninsula consisted of thieves and vagabonds, always on the verge of mutiny. A glance at the "Correspondance de Napoleon I.," now issuing under the auspices of the present

Emperor, discloses exactly the same bitter upbraidings both of officers and men for acts of brigandage and pillage which even the most terrible examples of punishment could not restrain.

Mr. Clark visits the Morea in a capacity mixed of the Tourist and the Classical archaeologist, and produces a book in which the two ingredients of personal adventure, and reminiscences of reading, are combined in the proportions most likely to be agreeable to general readers.¹⁰ Well prepared by a long and close familiarity with the remains of Greek literature, Mr. Clark is much more at home with the Greeks than with the Spaniards. The scholar, sustained by the solidity of his knowledge, and restrained by his taste, rises in the present volume many degrees above the puerile flippancies of the author of "~~Gazpacho~~." The thin jest and hack allusion which the London market demands, and which is supplied in nauseous abundance by the monthly and weekly journals, would have been greatly out of place at Olympia and Pylos. Mr. Clark feels this, and keeps his "liveliness" under restraints, though here and there magazine cant still reappears in his style. These escapades, however, are not numerous enough to dilute seriously the tone of the book, which is that of the gentleman and scholar treading with sympathy, if not with enthusiasm, the scholar's ground. It must not be inferred from this that Mr. Clark's scholarship is no more than that of the amateur. It goes a good way beyond the average level of university attainment. Mr. Clark knows a great deal more than his Thucydides and the Dramatists. He does not know enough, nor does he examine with sufficient minuteness to make his authority on an antiquarian question worth anything. He neither measures nor counts. He throws in pebbles instead of a fathom-line to ascertain depths, and takes altitudes by his eye instead of the barometer. What an alert and well-informed observer can see in passing we may learn from Mr. Clark. But knotty points of topography are not to be resolved by a half-hour's visit. The very slight and casual inspection which Mr. Clark bestows on his ground compels the reader to attach a less degree of certainty to his conclusions than it is evident he does himself.

In cases where exact survey is not required as the ground of judgment, Mr. Clark's opinions recommend themselves by a certain good sense which seems to govern them. We may instance his treatment of the Homeric geography, out of which futile topic a wrong-headed ingenuity has raised mountains of sand. To construct a map of the Peloponnese, *ad mentem Homeri*, he rightly censures as "a futile industry." (P. 204.) In the *Odyssey*, Telemachus and Pisistratus drive a pair of horses in one day from Phæræ to Sparta. But it is a physical impossibility. A road over Taygetus would have been a work which might challenge comparison with the road over the Simplon. It would have been renowned over Hellas, sung by poets, chronicled by historians. It is, in short, very clear that no such road ever

¹⁰ "~~Peloponnese~~ : Notes of Study and Travel." By William George Clark, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

existed. Accordingly classical topographers have been cruelly exercised to find which way Telemachus could have gone. From these pedantries of the seventeenth century, which Mr. Gladstone has so desperately attempted to reproduce, we are released at once by the consideration that the *Odyssey* is a poem. Telemachus no more drove from Pylos to Sparta, than his father descended to Hades by way of Gibraltar, or than the Seven Chieftains rode in seven chariots from Argos to Thebes. Mr. Clark's general conclusions are expressed in the following passage:—

"I believe that the poet of the *Iliad* was familiar with the scenery of the plain of Troy, and therefore naturally, and without effort, fitted his story to it so far as regarded the great unalterable features of the landscape; but I do not find any evidence that either the poet of the *Iliad*, or the poet of the *Odyssey* was personally familiar with the scenery of Greece. How then, it may be asked, do we find so many cities of Greece always mentioned, each with its own characteristic and descriptive adjective; for as an old critic says, 'Homer never throws an epithet away.' As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so before Homer there lived and sang many minstrels in Greece. Each city had its own heroes and legends, and its own bards to celebrate them.

"A multitude of smaller epics have been absorbed in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the epithets attached unalienably to this city, and that, are among the relics of those perished ages. When the Homeric poems were chanted at some gathering of Hellenic men, the crowd came to be interested, not instructed, and a poet gives as much license to his invention as his hearers will permit. Thus the pride of an Ithacian would be flattered by the words 'rough, but a right-good nurse of men,' applied to his beloved island; but the blind bard would not receive an obol the less for putting it west, instead of east, of Cephalonia. The greatest poet fetters his invention, and clogs it with facts, only so far as the public exacts. Among the audience which assembled at the Globe Theatre one summer afternoon, A.D. 1611, to hear 'The Winter's Tale,' we may be sure that not one refused his applause because the poet had converted Delphos into an island, and given Bohemia a sea coast."—*Peloponnesus*, pp. 209, 210.

The notices of the modern Peloponnese and its present inhabitants scattered through this volume are so good, that we must regret they are so few. They will have interest for many who do not particularly care to ascertain the site of the Agora at Sparta, or to identify the actual Styx by which Zeus was in the habit of swearing.

The "Prime Ministers" do not form a compact and distinguishable topic for biography, as "The Chancellors" or "The Judges" do.¹¹ The political life of the series of Prime Ministers is nothing less than the history of England during their time under another name and a disadvantageous form. This is the obvious objection to Mr. Browne's undertaking. Had he, however, done his work well, such a preliminary objection would have lost its force in great measure. As it is, it tells with its whole weight against his dull, second-hand compilation. His work is not founded on any original research. It is not even a careful review article founded on study of the ordinary printed autho-

¹¹ "Lives of the Prime Ministers of England from the Restoration to the Present Time." By J. H. Browne, Esq., LL.B., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. Vol. 1. London: Newby.

rities. He has simply compiled from three or four of the commonest books, borrowing often whole pages just as they stand.

The Navigators, or Explorers, on the other hand, are very naturally and usefully thrown together.¹² A history of discovery is one of the best forms in which we can have geography presented. The present volume loses the advantage of this unity, by being limited to American explorers. Of these the compiler has only been able to find five. They are Kane, Fremont, Ledyard, Wilkes, and Perry. An abridged account of "The United States' Exploring Expedition" might be very useful as a manual for young sailors. That which Mr. Snucker offers, under the head 'Wilkes,' is worth nothing to any one, sailor or landman. His abridgment of Ledyard's life is much better. "Ledyard's Travels" was a book familiar to the last generation, but is almost unknown to the present. Ledyard's strange career has an indescribable fascination for a young man at that crisis of life when the love of roving adventure breaks out. A fate, rather than a purpose, drove him on. But it was a malignant fate. He was a man who had no successes. Enterprise, energy, and inexhaustible perseverance only led to renewed disappointments. He failed ignominiously in all his attempts, and was cut off at the age of thirty-seven, probably before fortune was tired of persecuting: He was with Cook, but it was in that navigator's third and unfortunate voyage. What he learned of the fur trade during this expedition, led him to understand the immense profit which that commerce was capable of yielding. But he laboured and argued in vain to persuade the enterprising ship-owners of New York and Philadelphia to engage in that trade which in after years built the colossal fortune of Astor. He was told he might find patrons at L'Orient. He immediately took ship for Europe, and enlisted the favour of some of the leading French merchants. When the spring came, and the vessels were ready to start, they withdrew from their engagements. He then went to Paris, was introduced to Paul Jones, and engaged him in the speculation. But he, too, after going a certain way into the scheme, suddenly cooled and abandoned it. Ledyard then determined to penetrate into the far regions by land and alone. After obtaining the sanction of Catherine, and getting as far as Yakutsk, he was suddenly arrested without any previous notice or warning, transported by post to the frontier of Poland, and dismissed with a warning never to set foot in Russia again, if he did not wish to be hanged. He arrived in London ragged and penniless, and was recommended by Sir Joseph Banks to the "African Association" (1785), who were on the point of sending an exploring party into Central Africa. He got as far as Cairo, when he was cut off by an injudicious remedy which he had administered to himself in an attack of bilious fever.

Lugwig Börne's charming and instructive "Letters from Paris"¹³ in

¹² "The Life of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, and of other distinguished American Explorers." By S. M. Snucker, A.M. Philadelphia: Bradley.

¹³ "Briefe aus Paris." Von Lugwig Börne. Nebst einer Charakteristik seines Lebens und Wirkens. New York: L. Haessler. London: Trübner. 1858.

two volumes written during that eventful period of modern European history, 1830—1833, form part of a collected edition of his works now issuing from a German establishment in New York. Börne was born of Jewish parents at Frankfort, 22nd May, 1786. In his childhood he was reserved and shy, but he early evinced a considerable amount of intellectual self-assertion and moral independence. His domestic circumstances were unfavourable. His father was austere and exacting; his brothers and sisters made merry with the mental peculiarities of the strange and retired boy; and a privileged servant exercised over him a petty, but vexatious despotism. "Old Elle," however, got as good as she gave from the keen-witted, sharp-spoken lad. "You will certainly go to hell," said she to him one day. "I should be sorry for that," replied he, "for even *there* there would be no living for you." Börne had an orthodox Jewish tutor provided for him, who acted on the paternal instructions, not to exceed the limits of the traditionary education, and indoctrinated his young pupil principally in the mysteries of the Hebrew sacred books and the Talmud. For the thoughtful boy this orthodox teaching had no attraction. Schiller's "Mission of Moses" fell into his hands, and first suggested to him the idea of forming a judgment of his own on the inspired writings of the Old Testament. The French Revolution of 1789 deeply interested the childish politician, and he became a frequent attendant at a club which was held in the Juden-gasse, whose more eloquent members, by their expositions on the rights of the noblesse, animated him with strong anti-aristocratic prejudices. Under the care of Professor Hetzel the boy enjoyed a certain freedom of growth, and made unmistakable progress. During his college career he was a resident in the house of Marcus Herz, a physician of repute. In 1804 he studied at Halle, under Professor Reil, medicine, politics, morals, and esthetics. Medicine had no charm for Börne. With difficulty he procured his father's consent to study finance at Heidelberg, under strict supervision. Indignant at this invasion of his personal independence, Börne rebelled, and precipitated himself into the irregularities and extravagances of a student's life. Debt, paternal objugation, withdrawal, compulsory return to his studies at Giessen, where, in 1808, he graduated as Doctor of Philosophy, followed in close succession. He now commenced authorship, not without recognition of his merit. In 1818, he renounced Judaism, and became a Lutheran Christian. It was on this occasion that he changed his name from Louis Baruch to Ludwig Börne. His alienation from the narrow and exclusive creed of his father had been progressive and decided. He had no partial or national sympathies; never desired the restoration of Judaism, or its moral isolation, but regarded the absorption of the Hebrew element into the nationality of the country as the true and highest destination of his race. The success of the "Balance," a paper started by Börne determined him on the adoption of journalism as a profession. Börne became celebrated for his literary powers, and renowned for his personal ascendancy. Heine compares his influence on young minds to that of atmospheric electricity on cats. These two remarkable men were not, however, of congenial disposition. The vehement love of

liberty which characterized the enthusiastic politician was, in the judgment of the calm spectator of life, the sarcastic poet, and derisive sceptic, a moral exaggeration. Börne frequently visited Paris, ever full of life, hope, and literary activity. In 1837 he was attacked by the then prevailing influenza, and, exhausted by over-work, he was unable to resist its prostrating effects. On the 12th February, three hours after noon, he requested that the curtains might be drawn, adding, "I should like to see the sun." He raised himself on the bed, and asked for flowers. They brought him some. He wished for music; he listened attentively as they supplied his want in the best way they could. At ten o'clock Börne had ceased to exist. Börne's political principles were, Republican; he loved liberty; he loved equality even more than liberty. In an interesting letter on the distinguishing tenets of St. Simon, he declares his aversion to the new doctrine to be grounded principally on its monarchical character:—

"I hate authority; I hate limitation; with the gold-locked Felix, in Wilhelm Meister, I like drinking best out of the bottle. It is true, no new church can do without monarchical guidance. Republican Christianity was weak, episcopal Christianity strong. In the childhood of a state monarchical power is its go-cart; in its old age it serves for crutches. Freedom belongs only to youth and manhood. Still I hate monarchy for every relation, and for every epoch. Better for a young state to creep on all fours, and walk a little later; better, in the season of hoar hairs, voluntary surrender to death, than to gain a comfortable and premature development of limb, or a brief prolongation of a miserable existence, at the expense of liberty. Rather would I suffer in hell *with* my will, than be made happy in Paradise *against* it."

Börne never, in his capacity of author, did homage to the immoral principle of "art for art's sake." The interest of humanity was his highest aim. In the great battle-field which the Revolution of July opened in Europe, this idea inspired and dominated him. It was not as an author, but as a citizen, that he wrote. From this point of view must his letters from Paris be criticised. They do not form a regular and premeditated work, but are the result of a fervent and patriotic emotion—the product of a mind fired with joy or inflamed with rage, according as the alternation of events announced the victory or the defeat of freedom. The subject-matter of these letters is very various. They are a complete mirror of the times, reflecting the opinions, the characters, the transactions, the hopes and fears of the age. They discuss politics, ethics, metaphysics, poetry, art. They report the writer's impressions of the great French and German notabilities of his time, Lamennais, George Sand, La Fayette, Beranger, the citizen king; Goethe, Heine, Lablache, Paganini, Taglioni. They gossip about Madame de Genlis, Byron, and Moore; they describe the pictures, the public buildings, the cafés and theatres of the brilliant Paris; they are witty, graceful, fluent, graphic, playful, engaging. Börne has an eye for small things as well as great. He sees the giraffe and notes down his impressions thus: "'Tis a stately animal, but with something laughable about it; a kind of clumsy majesty. Usually it stands still, and you must wait long till it please to move. It is a metaphysical-looking creature; it lives with its major part in the air,

- and appears to touch the earth only to tread it contemptuously under its feet. There are melancholy buffaloes in the same enclosure, which run under the belly of the giraffe, and look like ships shooting the arches of a bridge." To the transparent beauty of Börne's style, as illustrated in his last work, "*Menzel der Franzosenfresser*," his sarcastic opponent, Heine, generously testifies. "It is a clear lake, wherein are glassed the heaven and all the stars, and Börne's spirit goes dipping up and down like a lovely swan, quietly washing off the impurities with which the people have sullied its snowy plumeage. These letters from Paris have something of the same bright and lustrous charm."
- The success of the translation of Perthes' "*Life of Perthes*"¹⁴ seems to prove that foreign characters and foreign life can be relished by the insular barbarians when the things are made intelligible to them. The present condensed volume is a great improvement in this respect on the two-volume edition, so far as the taste of the popular reader goes. In this abridgment, all that does not bear directly on Perthes' life, character, and doings has been lopped away, except the chapters on the religious life of Germany. Thus a book is obtained, which for popular qualities may compare with any of the most widely circulated biographies, while for the student and the library the larger work forms an authority on the private life of North Germany before, during, and since the French occupation.

Bohn's new edition (the sixth) of "*Pepys's Diary*"¹⁵ is now complete in four volumes. A better book for the series could not have been selected. General readers will gather more of the habits of English society, temp. Charles II., from turning over Pepys than from all the diatribes of all the historians.

The siege of Delhi, temporarily thrown into the background by the more thrilling story of Lucknow,¹⁶ is brought before us in "*The Chaplain's Narrative*." Books on the Indian revolt are not to be treated like the deliberate productions of peace and leisure. They are like the communications of a friend whom we thank for telling us what he knows, and never think of finding fault with for not telling us something else. It would be easy, and most ungracious, to say that the Chaplain might have written a better book. He has done his best to record the day-by-day incidents of the siege, beginning indeed from the outbreak of May 10th at Meerut, down to the storming of Delhi on September 14th and following days. We may smile, if we will, at the official tone which the army chaplain has caught from the "despatches;" but we must respect the calm courage which made daily notes amid the miseries of camp and hospital, under a July and August sun, cholera within, and the foe in overwhelming

¹⁴ "*Life and Times of Frederick Perthes*." In One Volume. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

¹⁵ "*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty, &c., With a Life and Notes*." By Richard Lord Braybrooke. The Sixth Edition. Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4. London: H. G. Bohn, York-street.

¹⁶ "*The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi, from the Outbreak at Meerut to the Capture of Delhi*." By J. E. W. Rotton, M.A., Chaplain to the Delhi Field Force. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

numbers without. The invisible enemy, the nausea and sinking strength produced by bad food and tainted atmosphere, was more formidable than the fire of the Sepoy enemy. There is an impression that the army of Delhi has been hardly used. Whatever may be the case as regards the officers, there can be no doubt that the common soldiers were deprived of their prize-money by a breach of faith on the part of Lord Canning. But as the Governor-General belongs to that favoured class who have the hereditary right to govern the English nation, redress is impossible. Our patient chaplain, who is not the man to murmur against "authority," can hardly suppress his indignation here.

"As soon as the substitution of batta for prize-money was made known, a wag of a private soldier wrote on the walls of the palace, 'Delhi taken and India reconquered for thirty-six rupees and ten annas.' Such was the bitter irony of the soldiers—a comment no less just than pungent—on the actions of the Governor-General."—"Narrative," p. 232.

Kaye's "*Life of Lord Metcalfe*"¹⁷ has deservedly reached a second edition, and comes out in a cheaper and more convenient form. It has the fault of being too diffuse and of merging the biographical every now and then in the historical. The author, however, accounts for this—Indian and colonial biography cannot be written as that of an English statesman can. In the latter case, the biographer has a right to assume a certain knowledge of the leading events of English history on the part of his readers. But in writing of India, it is necessary to explain who Holkar or Scindiah were; who is meant by the Nizam, or the Pindarrees. It may have interest at the present time to notice that Lord Metcalfe's preparation for his Indian career was exclusively a studious one. He did not excel in, and had no taste for, athletic sports; but he was a hard, steady reader. He was immersed in the Rowley controversy, and speculates on the Man with the Iron Mask. But "if he had been captain of the boat, and beaten Harrow and Winchester off his own bat, he could not have grown into a manlier character. The finest physical training in the world could not have made him a robuster statesman."—i. 13.

BELLES LETTRES.

THIS Art-Romance, founded on the life of Mozart,¹ is conceived in much the same spirit of personal admiration as the late Mr. Herbert's historical romance of "*Cromwell*." In both the outlines of historic truth are carefully observed, but the details which history cannot

¹⁷ "*The Life and Correspondence of Lord Metcalfe*." By John William Kaye. New and Cheap Edition, in 2 vols., small post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

¹ "*Mozart, ein Künstlerleben*." Cultur-historischer Roman. Von Herbert Rau. Six parts. Nütt.

supply, and biographers but coldly adumbrate, are filled in with all the minuteness and fidelity which the most earnest and enthusiastic homage can suggest. The English, perhaps we should say the American novelist, has surpassed all others in the same kind, both in the vigour of his narrative, and in the well-preserved verisimilitude of his delineation; but it was easier to write three volumes on the stirring career of the English hero, than six on the far less catholic life of the King of Melody. Herr Rau is an enthusiast in his admiration of the genius of Mozart, and to this feeling the long romance before us is due; what Goethe did for Tasso, he seeks to do for the true appreciation of Mozart.

The two most recent lives of the great composer, by Alexander Oublicheff and by Professor Jahn, are excellent, especially the latter, alike in accuracy of detail, and for the critical appreciation of Mozart's transcendent powers, displayed in them; but they are severely biographical and critical works, and are properly intended only for such readers as are more or less interested and proficient in the art in which Mozart was pre-eminent. It is, therefore, the object of the present fiction to bring before a German public, in all the reality of life, one whom the author regards with affectionate veneration—a feeling he seeks to diffuse through the *hearts* of his countrymen, the majority as yet only acknowledging him supreme in his own harmonious sphere, without any warmer or more personal recognition. Extracts are difficult, and perhaps the author has displayed more enthusiasm than judgment or literary ability in the execution of this labour of love.

The first chapter introduces us to the family interior of Vice Chapel-Master Mozart, the father of one who was a prodigy at five; and we have a sketch of the boy's mother, with all her anxiety for his personal appearance, and maternal pride in his precocious talents; but the most characteristic passage in the work is perhaps the concluding chapter, where Mozart's apotheosis is accomplished, and the solitary mourner over his humble grave is consoled and astonished by a transfiguration, hardly befitting one who was but a weak and ordinary man out of his own province of Art.

"THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"In the burial-ground opposite St. Mark's Linic, at Vienna, a fresh grave mound had been raised; not there where the rich or the illustrious were interred, but at the side of the ground among persons of ordinary consideration; for the widow of the man who here rested from the toils and cares of life was not sufficiently rich to purchase a separate vault, or even to cause the erection of a memorial above his grave.

"Yet he below rested among unregarded graves as still, as softly, as peacefully as the rich man beneath monument and epitaph.

"And the first night that witnessed this new grave rose earnest and solemn to Heaven. The moon shed her beams softly on the humble resting-place, and kissed the freshly-turned earth with an appearance of sacred respect, spreading her beams over it like a silver pall, as willing to protect the mound beneath which so noble a germ of immortality lay concealed.

"Tree and bush, deprived of their foliage, stood rigid, and mournful, and

ghost-like, as the keen December blast swept over the graves, shaking the decayed wooden crosses, and whistled mournfully and shrilly through the gilded monuments. But the calm sleeper heard it not; after long, fierce struggles, he rested softly and peacefully in the bosom of his mother earth.

"Suddenly a woman's form approached the newly-made grave. She was clothed in a long dark mantle, and a hood of the same colour concealed her head; but one memory, but one grief, wild, passionate, and overwhelming, seemed to occupy her. She sought but one grave among all those thousands there; and she knew where to find it, for already on that day she had seen a coffin deposited within it—and that coffin contained her all, her love.

"And now she reached the grave; and with a heart-rending cry of 'Amadeus!—my Amadeus!' she sank down upon it. The sorrow heaved in her bosom like a troubled sea; her eyes were fixed and tearless, seeming eager to pierce into the earth; her arms embraced the grave; her voice calls on her beloved—but the cold bed of death yielded no reply.—At last she dried the torrent of her tears; she folded her hands, and prayed.

"Then it seemed to her as if the sense of earthly things had passed away, and a higher existence possessed her; that a veil had fallen before her eyes, and yet she saw; that her ears were closed to all earthly sound, but that a stream of heavenly melody possessed her soul, while louder and louder waxed that harmony, till it seemed to fill all space, and extend to infinity.

"And as the waves of sound grew stronger, the covering of earth above the grave on which she knelt seemed to dissolve, and a form of light rose slowly upwards. It was Mozart's figure; but brighter, nobler than she had ever before seen it. A laurel-crown adorned the forehead of the Master; an ample robe clothed him; a golden lyre rested in his arms; his eyes beamed with unspeakable joy; an enchanting smile animated his mild and noble features, and his head was surrounded by eight large bright stars.

"And joy filled the kneeler. She stretched out her arms to him, and with a voice full of sorrow, and longing, and love, exclaimed—'Amadeus!' But wonderful to tell, her cry sounded as if it came from the heart of all mankind, which, full of the same sorrow, the same desire, and the same love, extended its arms to the departing one. For the great Master was departing, as by degrees the light, luminous clouds seemed to draw him upwards. He smiled gently on the earth, and on his beloved, and from his lips flowed the words—'I remain with you in my works.' And as he thus spake a high and noble form stood by his side—even the great, the god-like Spirit of Song, which, laying one hand on his shoulder, thus spoke, with dazzling glances—'Welcome, Master, into the realm of spirits; the difficulties of thy path have been great; countless, and well nigh beyond the power of man have been the creations which have testified to thy industry, thy perseverance, and thy greatness. Renown and honour to thee, the fearless minister of conversion. Peace, tired wanderer. Enter into the temple of everlasting fame, thou worthy son of Immortality.'

"And as the form uttered these words, the stars on the Master's head flamed higher and higher, while their beams formed themselves into the names of his seven grand Operas, and of his Requiem," &c. &c.

A book may be considered either with reference to its intrinsic merits, or with regard to the previous reputation of its author. The late Sir C. Napier was at least an honest and decided man of action, yet fully alive to his own merits, and a little apt to mistake his own peculiarities for genius; though in this, his written work, he has nowhere exceeded that strenuous and confident mediocrity, which has given everything to the Napiers except self-knowledge and self-command.

The announcement of a work of fiction from his hand took the public by surprise, and his name procured for it a temporary popularity, which will assuredly be of short duration, and is even now on the wane. It appears by Sir W. Napier's short preface, that the manuscript of "William the Conqueror"² was for some time in Mr. Colburn's possession, who seems to have been unwilling to risk publication, though the present editor does not scruple to insinuate that Sir Bulwer Lytton may, nay must, have seen it while in Mr. Colburn's keeping, and have benefited by the perusal, in his own historical romance of "Harold." The Secretary for the Colonies can afford to smile at this eminently Napierian assertion; for though "Harold" is not the best of his own fictions, it is greatly superior as a work of art to Sir C. Napier's prolix romance, wanting as it is in all but historic interest, and deficient in truthfulness of delineation or stirring narrative, except for a moment towards the close.

Even at this distant day most Englishmen may feel a slight sense of dissatisfaction at the result of the battle of Hastings, though the defeated Anglo-Saxons were as much usurpers of the soil as the Northmen of William;—yet had Harold taken counsel of discretion, rather than of valour only, he had held his fate in his own hands, and the result must have been different; for the tactics of a Fabius would have secured their great conquest to the Anglo-Saxon race, and the crown to the descendants of Harold and Editha. In the account of the two or three battles mentioned in the romance, as of the Dunes, &c., the narrative is neither so clear nor so vigorous as might have been expected from the author's profession and experience; while among the characters of the piece many are introduced which seem rather to deform and retard, than to illustrate or promote the action. The fair Saxon lady, Editha, reminds one most unfortunately of Rowena, but instead of being left to the graceful repose becoming her dignity, her sex, and her beauty, she is unnecessarily dragged through scenes alike unseemly and improbable, utterly unbefitting the betrothed bride of Harold, and future Queen of England. The Conqueror's was an easy character to portray; its broader outlines of valour, sagacity, avarice and cruelty are handed down in history; though of Harold we know little more than his parentage, and that he was brave and unfortunate, peculiarly fitting him for the hero of an ancient ballad or modern romance.

In laying down the book, we also lay aside almost all memory of the actors or of the action; it has none of the vigorous vitality of genius, nor of the attraction which consummate talent can confer in the absence of genius; and while we recall Cedric the Saxon, in his hall of Rotherwood, or Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, with his priestly companions, riding through the woodland glades at the evening shades are falling, as vivid types of their race and caste, no Saxon or Norman who figures in this romance leaves even a transient impression upon the memory.

² "William the Conqueror." By General Sir Charles Napier. Edited by Lieut.-General Sir W. Napier. Routledge and Co. 1858.

"Eva Desmond"³ is a good novel, though it cannot be adequately illustrated by extracts, the strength of the book lying in the gradual evolution of character, with no attempt at striking incidents or theatrical tableaux. And the *morale* is sound, though from the style of the opening chapter we anticipated a slight tendency to plush-worship. "A virtuous woman is beyond the price of rubies," wrote the son of David; and this is the real text of the three volumes before us, taking the word "virtuous" in its old Roman sense as well as in its modern; a woman strong with all the grace, and beauty, and goodness, and affection of the best of her sex. The desertion of Eva by her first lover is skilfully and naturally brought out. An honest and sensible man, as the world goes, throws away a treasure, and takes a spectre to his heart, being as much justified by worldly and prudential considerations, as one can be for doing a heartless and a foolish thing. We hail the terrible punishment that awaits him, as the righteous decree of an avenging and not too poetical Nemesis. Nearly all the characters are in the very slightest relief, but are distinctly and clearly conceived and represented. The two latter volumes are superior to the first, but the authoress lacks somewhat of the mechanical expertness conferred by experience, in the introduction of her scenes.

Professor Aytoun's patriotism coinciding with natural propension, has produced two neat little volumes,⁴ in which is given all that he has been able to collect of old Scotch ballad poetry. Previous publications of this kind were limited, either by the taste or opportunity of the compilers, to mere selections; thus Mr. Gilchrist, shortly after the first appearance of "*Scott's Border Minstrelsy*," published a limited though valuable selection in 1815; and Mr. Laing something similar in 1822; in 1829, Mr. R. Chambers printed sixty-eight Scotch ballads of undoubted antiquity, with several others as certainly more modern imitations of the antique; and quite recently Mr. Robert Whitelaw in his *Book of Scotch Ballads* has given a great number of genuine old lays, but he has not taken sufficient care to eliminate several spurious imitations, which possess nothing but the manufactured antiquity of base coinage. The present volumes profess to contain only those ballads of which the age is undoubted, and as it has been the compiler's purpose to make as complete a collection as possible, antiquity alone is all that is required to give a place in the work, without regard to literary merit or intelligibility of action.

Considered with reference to their poetical value, many of these lays are worthless, and, in Sir Thomas More's phrase, are utterly without rhyme or reason; but in truth they are nearly all out of place on hot-pressed paper garnished with the showy livery of the modern book-binder: they are scarcely more fitted to be tamed in type than the grouse or the red deer, to figure in the farm-yard or the aviary; their

³ "*Eva Desmond; or, Mutation.*" 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

⁴ "*The Ballads of Scotland.*" Edited by William Edmonstone Aytoun, D.C.L. In 2 vols. Blackwood and Son. 1858.

proper place is in the mouth of the country girl, returning from the well-head with her full water-stoups, or with the old dame over her spinning-wheel. Yet like old buildings they require to be preserved, for traditions may die out, and are at least pretty sure to alter in course of transmission. There are, however, a few excellent ballads among the number, both tragic and humorous, and "Our Gudeman," recovered by Mr. Herd, and printed in the first volume of this work, is about the best example of rhymed humour on record.

The third volume of Bishop Percy's "*Reliques*,"⁵ now before us, completes the latest and most perfect edition hitherto issued. Prefixed is the "*Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances*," which, though inferior in learning and in general value to that on the Ancient Minstrels accompanying the first volume, and rather a sketch than a dissertation, is still a useful prolegomenon; in it the Bishop shortly refutes the groundless suppositions that chivalry and its institutions were of African origin, derived to the western and northern nations of Europe from the Moors and Arabs, through the medium of Spain, as not only is all the action of the various romances of chivalry laid in France, Britain, &c., and never in Spain, or composed in the Spanish language, but the position occupied by women in these lays, as the chief objects of knightly enterprise and worship, is utterly incompatible with the status of the sex among eastern nations. Equally clear is it that chivalry was not exclusively a Norman institution, though cultivated with the greatest energy and success by that race both in France and England; the legends of King Arthur, Amadis de Gaul, &c., refer chivalry to a much earlier date than the establishment of feudalism or the enterprises of the Crusaders.

The metrical character of the old romances and tales of chivalry is obviously due to the fact that in an illiterate age deeds of valour could be best transmitted traditionally in rhyme, and would secure the most envied species of publicity in being adapted to the harp, and sung at public feasts or in the halls of the nobles. These romances of chivalry were written in a compound of bad Latin and French, or rather Frankish, for Latin ceased to be spoken in any degree of purity in France during the ninth century, and are traceable as early as the eleventh century. The oldest song of chivalry, in vernacular English appears to be "*Horncliffe*," which is referable to the twelfth century; it is evidently an Anglo-Saxon composition, and not therefore translated from the French. There are no prose works of chivalry extant anterior to Caxton and his printing-press.

The first "*relique*" in this volume is the "*Boy and Mantle*," a satire on the sex, which has not the appearance of that antiquity claimed for it by the Bishop, which he explains by the modernization of the old orthography effected by the transcriber. A boy is represented as bringing to the court of King Arthur an enchanted mantle, which

⁵ "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*." By Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. Reprinted entire from the Author's last edition. With Memoir and Critical Dissertation by the Rev. George Gilfillan. Vol. 3. Edinburgh: James Nichol. 1858.

would only sit straightly on women of unblemished chastity. One is surprised to find that Queen Guenever should have been so rash as to essay the trial, but she was signally discomfited, as were all the rest, except Lady Cradocke:—

“Forth came Cradocke’s ladye,
Shortly and anon;
But boldly to the mantle
Then is she gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Up all her grea* too
It began to criukle and crowte;
Shee said, ‘Bowe down, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Cradocke’s mouth
Under a greene tree—
When I kissed Cradocke’s mouth
Before he marryed mee.’

When she had her shreeven,
And her sins she had tolde,
The mantle stood about her
Right as shee wold, &c. &c.”

The best of the remaining pieces are the “Hue and Cry after Cupid,” “The Children in the Wood,” “The Fairies’ Farewell,” and “Love will find out the way.” Bishop Percy’s own long ballad, “The Hermit of Warkworth,” is given as an appendix, and the volume terminated with a glossary.

This edition of the late Mr. Hollingsworth’s works,⁶ beautiful with all the luxury of type, paper, and binding, may be the tribute of a tender and stricken conscience to the sad memory of one whose miserable fate and unrecorded grave were the fit sequel of a life begun in shame and continued in sorrow; yet, though the unfortunate young man whose name figures on the title-page, possessed various and perhaps remarkable talents, with a restlessness and impetuosity of character which may have deceived himself and others into a belief that he possessed actual genius, it was at least injudicious on the part of friends or editor to challenge criticism by the publication of an epic which the author himself, had he lived, should have kept twenty years by him, and then have burnt.

The fable of the poem is cast in the gloomy days following the decease of Edward the Confessor, when the Anglo-Saxon star, brilliant for a moment, paled, but not for ever, before the victors of Hastings. The hero, Erconwold, is a young Saxon, who returns from foreign travel to distinguish himself in the troubled times which offered unlimited opportunities to the strong arm, and at the battle of Stamford Bridge captures with his own hand the land-eydo, under which the Northmen deemed themselves invincible; he also slays the terrible but nameless champion who covered the retreat of his flying countrymen by defending the bridge with equal valour, but with less good fortune than Horatius. There are subsequent warlike and amatory adventures, but related in a manner so desultory, and occasionally in language so *barre*, that the thread, nowhere very apparent, is easily lost. There is, also, throughout, too great a display of

⁶ “*Childe Erconwold*,” being Vol. I. of the *Poetical Works of the late Alfred Johnstone Hollingsworth*. Edited by George Saxton, F.R.G.S. London: Skeet. 1858.

- Anglo-Saxon lore, so that words suitable to a vocabulary, but not to a modern epic, are offensively obtruded. Mr. Hollingsworth fell into this error partly from want of judgment, and partly as a result of his sedulous application to Gothic and Anglo-Saxon philology; greater experience and more reflection would have purged him, we think, of the cant of Anglo-Saxonism. There is no probability that this fundamental element of our language, as of our national character, will ever be overborne; every Englishman cherishes a loyal respect both for the blood and for the dialect; yet the English language, like the English race, is compounded of various admixtures, and the nervous force of the one, like the strong sense and adventurous spirit of the other, are the result of several co-efficients. If Anglo-Saxon is the pediment and shaft of the stately column, the mouldings and capital are derived from more flexible and more copious sources.

The second volume of Pope's Poetical Works,⁷ reprinted from Carruther's edition, by Mr. Bohn, contains the Dunciad, with the Prefatory Notice by Martinus Scriblerus, and all the Notes, which are numerous and amusing; the Prologue and Epilogue to the Satires, and the Imitations of Horace, Miscellanies, Epigrams, &c., completing the "Works."

We confess to have been considerably astonished by these rhymed tales of Rheims,⁸ and certainly cannot recommend them to any one else. It is a strange book to be produced in the nineteenth century, and though it rather successfully adopts the style of the seventeenth, could hardly have appeared in any other capital than Paris. "*L'époux mal vengé*" is certainly both witty and humorous, the latter a rare quality with Frenchmen, but the equivocal is *un peu trop forte*. A third edition shows that the book is at least to the taste of the author's countrymen.

Allegory in the earlier literature of Europe seems to have been intended somewhat as the use of images in the Catholic worship—viz., to arouse the attention of a multitude unlikely to be interested by abstract statements of the truth, or by cold exhortation to duty. The rude and simple tastes of our forefathers, when the dawn of literature had risen on Western Europe, eagerly welcomed stories wherein vices, personified by giants, were vanquished by the many virtues represented by some noble knight or gallant champion. It was easy and natural to use the same machinery to reproduce vividly those Christian virtues enjoined in the New Testament, doing battle with the opponent vices, and overcoming, by perseverance in well-doing, the difficulties that beset a believer's path to Heaven. The editors of the present elaborate and beautifully got up volume, which is published by subscription, have availed themselves of the copious materials collected by the late Mr. N. Hill, who proposed to

⁷ "Pope's Poetical Works." In 2 vols. Carruther's edition. Vol. 2. Bohn. 1858.

⁸ "Les Contes Remois." Par M. le Comte de C—. Ornée de 34 dessins de Meissonnier. 3me édition. Nutt.

show that Bunyan was indebted to the work of De Guileville for much of the machinery of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The "*Pèlerinage de l'Homme*,"⁹ the first of the three pilgrimages written by Guileville, was once popular in France, and was translated, without doubt, into English prose and verse. Chaucer was evidently familiar with his writings, as the French poet himself was indebted to the old Gothic "*Roman de la Rose*." There are certainly points of resemblance between the *Pèlerinage* and Bunyan's great work which could scarcely have been accidental; though both were indebted to the Apocalyptic books in their pictures of the splendour of the New Jerusalem.

Few traces of De Guileville remain, but he appears to have been born at Paris in 1295, and to have entered as a monk of St. Bernard the royal Abbey of Chalis, of which he died Prior about the year 1360. He composed the romance of the "Three Pilgrimages:" the 1st being the substance of the present publication—namely, the "Pilgrimage of Man during Life;" 2. "The Pilgrimage of the Soul after its separation from the Body;" 3. "The Pilgrimage of our Lord." The first was translated by John Lidgate (died 1440), and is given in the appendix of the present volume. It is highly probable that Bunyan may have been familiar with the English translation, as it was a species of composition very likely to attract him, illiterate as he was, and to have been generally accessible, for it was once popular in England. He may have borrowed, as all poets (and he was one) have done, the mere machinery he considered best fitted to convey his own feelings and convictions to the hearts of his countrymen. But De Guileville writes like a pious monk desirous of employing the time, which hung heavy on his hands, in a manner agreeable to his literary taste, and to his duty as a churchman; while Bunyan writes like a man possessed by an uncontrollable necessity to utter the thoughts which burnt within him, and to whose excited imagination the visions of the Apocalypse had become realities.

Another biography of Schiller¹⁰ has appeared, or is in process of appearance, for the first volume is all that has yet reached us, equalling in copiousness and excelling in method any that has yet been published; though there was little new to communicate of one with whose life all Germans, and most Englishmen, are familiar. It is dedicated to the Freiherr Wendelin von Maltzahn, as a collaborateur in editing the works of Schiller. The volume contains an elaborate account of the poet from his birth down to his twenty-sixth year. It is divided into five books—the first commencing with his appearance in the world in 1759, and extends to 1773, comprising the era of childhood. The second part contains an account of the period between the latter date and 1781, including that unsatisfactory portion of his existence which was passed in the Duke of Wurtemberg's pet Lyceum, trying

⁹ "The Book of the Pilgrimage of Man (*Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme*), compared with the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of John Bunyan." London: Basil Montague Pickering. 1858. . .

¹⁰ "Schiller's Leben und Werke." Von Emil Pallaske. Erste Band. London: Nutt. 1858.

vainly to get reconciled to that hardness of routine which the martinet duke delighted to impose upon all the unlucky *élèves* of his institution, and preparing himself for the obscure career of a military surgeon. The third embraces his very short surgical career, from June 7, 1781, to September 17, 1782, little more than fifteen months. The fourth includes the time between September, 1782, and July of the following year, when Schiller first visited Manheim, fleeing from the hated yoke; but which place he quickly left, fearing pursuit by the duke's agents. His subsequent miserable pedestrian wanderings are related, and the timely assistance rendered by his true friend Streicher, when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb. It also contains a short account of his residence at Bauerbach, where he first met his future wife, Charlotte von Wolzogen, and where he passed a rather pleasant time, notwithstanding the temporary absence of the Fran von Wolzogen and her daughter. The fifth book gives an account of his biography between July, 1783, and 1785, when he first appeared as a dramatic writer; and his second piece, the "Conspiracy of Fiesco," is criticised, both with regard to its absolute poetic merits and its capabilities as a stage-piece, which were not highly appreciated by German critics; who are not, by the way, at all decisive of the real merits of a play, for the most extravagant and most feeble trash has been received occasionally with immense applause by the playgoing public of Germany. This book, and the volume itself, terminates with Schiller's creation as counsellor at Weimar, and the poet is duly dubbed Rath Schiller: we cannot write Rat, as the modern fashion in Germany, reverting to ancient usage, demands.

Evidently Schiller, of all the poets of Vaterland, has the firmest hold of the national heart; for the biographies and sketches which have so frequently appeared are usually marked by a feeling of almost personal attachment as well as veneration. A magnificent position for any man to occupy; and from such an elevation he may indeed look down on the proudest examples of that "developed mediocrity," which is usually found on modern thrones.

"Truth rests with God, inquiry remains for us," is the appropriate epigraph affixed to this elaborate and learned volume.¹¹ The history of the antique fables and language of the old Teutonic race, with a view to procuring additional evidence to the Eastern origin of that race, has of late years been one of the most favourite, as it is one of the most laborious subjects which could exercise the patience and sagacity of a people, which grudges no labour in elaborating its literature, or in perfecting its science.

The first section, comprising 242 pages, is devoted to an identification of the Eastern Thundergod, Indra of the Vedas, with the Teutonic Thunar or Thor; and the points of agreement, as discovered dimly in the traditions of the German races, and in the sacred writings of the Hindoos, are too numerous and striking to have resulted from a

¹¹ "Germanische Mythen Forschungen." Von Dr. W. Mannhardt. London: Nutt. 1858.

mere similarity in the conception of Divine attributes, by two distinct, though imaginative and semi-barbarous nations. It is not pretended that all the points of resemblance between the Scandinavian and Oriental mythologies had their origin in a period antecedent to the separation of the ancient Teutonic language from the Sanscrit; but certain material coincidences may be adduced, which, even if unconfirmed by historical research, would afford a strong inference of original identity in the two superstitions, and, viewed in connexion with historical facts afterwards adduced, they are decisive of such early connexion.

Both gods, Thor or Thunar, and Indra, are characterized by the possession of a flaming beard of fire, and both bear off the wrought thunder-hammer, which yet returns of itself to its original possessor. The thirst for the water of heaven is common to both; and as Thunar consumes an ox and eight salmon at a meal, Indra, as god of the destroying lightning, according to a passage in the Vedas, devours seven cattle. Like Indra, Thor or Thunar milks the cloud-cows, by means of the lightning; and both liberate the sun, the moon, and the Water Queen from the violence of the celestial demons, and after conquering these, bear off in triumph the treasured sun-gold. These, and many other less striking points of resemblance between two mythologies so far apart—the one in the far east of Asia, the other in the west of Europe—are considered minutely by Dr. Mannhardt, who brings together with great labour the results of the researches of the brothers Grimm, Bopp, S. Kuhn, Mullerhof, Bechstein, Wille, Panzer, Wolf, Castren, Hoffmann, Reynitsch, Faye, Steffen, Neuss, and indeed of almost all who have investigated either the Indian mythology, or the Scandinavian and Icelandic sagas. The remainder of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the history and significance of the supernatural characters which figure in the northern sagas.

Even such humble but strange objects of reverence as the Marienkäfer, or lady-bird-beetles, figure here, and proofs are adduced that in ancient Scandinavia they were held sacred to Freyer and Freya, as in Germany to the goddess Holda. HOLDA is regarded as a water-witch who possessed power over sun and wind, but more especially over rain and snow; Engelland or Angelland is the habitation of Holda, of the sacred Marienkäfer, and of the blest. There are traces in various popular German lays of this Engelland. The Northern Maidens of Fate are treated of at some length (pp. 541—606), and are compared with the fate-goddesses of Southern Germany (pp. 606—74). The legend of the wild huntsman comes in for a due share of investigation and illustration. The Scandinavian Nornenseil, or cord of Norna, which protects the land if mystically surrounds, is compared with the golden chain of similar properties in the German sagas, and is followed through all its possible metamorphoses, which are numerous and somewhat contradictory.

Dr. Mannhardt proposes, in a subsequent work, to compare these latter traditionary fables with the oldest forms of faith discoverable

among the Indo-Germanic races, and the ancient Pelasgic or Hellenic tribes.

M. de Sacy,¹² whose historical name would of itself attract attention on the title-page of any volume, has been for thirty years the principal writer in the *Journal des Débats*; the first twenty years of his journalistic career were occupied in the barren but resonant strife of politics, but of late he has been attracted by the more instructive, if less pretentious labour of the *littérateur*. He assures us that he never meant to publish a book, as neither his taste nor his natural aptitudes are propitious to pursuits requiring a lengthened effort; yet as all reviewers and writers of leading articles in newspapers do really publish many volumes in the course of their lives, so every one of them who conceives he has written something worth more than a mere ephemeral existence, may, at the close of his career, select what he deems most worthy of public recognition for republication in a separate form. This custom, so familiar in England, is now imitated in France, and the two volumes before us are a handsome evidence of the literary ability engaged in the more respectable Paris journals. Debarred from all real political discussion, we should expect that the more enlarged intellects of the capital would occupy with the greater energy the only field which can repay their labour, or satisfy their desire of public appreciation.

The good sense and extensive information discernible in several of these articles are in striking contrast with the shameless subservience, or ignorant and acrimonious political drivel, which now form nearly the staple of French lucubrations in that way. These volumes are exclusively devoted to subjects of literary and philosophical interest, all contemporary politics at least, being excluded. M. de Sacy has not risked his reputation by the publication of prophecies or assertions which have doubtless been falsified or stultified by the progress of time, and unless he is a very Tiresias, his own political opinions must have undergone considerable modifications since his *début* as a political writer in 1828. The essays, though all dated, are not arranged chronologically in the order of their appearance, but rather with reference to the secular sequence of the works under review. This arrangement, however, is not strictly observed.

M. de Sacy's formal discourse on his reception into the French Academy, June 28th, 1855, takes precedence, but it would surpass human ingenuity to be interesting or original on such an occasion; nor do the remarks on M. Gaillard's translation of Cicero's *Dialogues*, &c., demand notice. M. Leon Feugère's edition of Henri Estienne's strange old work, entitled "Agreement of the French Language with the Greek," is mentioned with due recognition of the editor's (M. Feugère's) services in bringing to more general notice the writings of a scholar and linguist of the sixteenth century, whose learning, at least in

¹² "Variétés Littéraires, Morales, et Historiques. Par M. L. de Sacy. 2 tomes London: Nutt. 1858.

this particular work, is more conspicuous than his judgment, as he not only places the French language far above the Italian, which by the way he understood exceedingly well, but avers that there are more numerous and decisive remains of Greek than of Latin in the former language, in the teeth of the facts that the Romans were long dominant in Gaul, that Latin was the language of the governing class till the ninth century, and that Roman literature must have been the only one known in France during that time. Nevertheless, Henri Estienne, though regardless in this instance of philological truth and historical fact, had a genuine patriotic affection for the old, unchanged French idioms, as they appear in the romances and lays of the era of chivalry; and as Ronsard, and the writers who copied him, recklessly introduced Grecisms and other exoticic importations into their compositions, and thereby debased their own style by affectations utterly unsuited to the genius of their land and language, so Estienne, the foremost Greek scholar of his day, laboured to purify the French from foreign admixture, notwithstanding his exuberant philhellenism. In his "Apology for Herodotus," a lively and severe satire on the clergy, he afforded a not unworthy model for Pascal's "Provincial Letters," and in his discourse on the "Life and Actions of Catharine de Medicis," gave an example of political writing, which, for vigour of statement and clearness of reasoning, has seldom been surpassed.

We have no space for more than mere mention of the articles on Professor Aubert's edition of Bossuet's "Funeral Orations," of M. Lefevre's edition of "Fénélon," or for M. Renouard's "Complete Works of Massillon," but must extract the remarks on Bayle, *apropos* to M. Sayou's "French Literature Abroad." M. Sayou regards the noted sceptic with rare Christian forbearance, and with a wish to write the truth even of one who would have been placed *hors la loi* by a less honest theologian.

"Bayle is one of those persons whom we like, though forced to blame; we like him because he was unaffected, because he possessed great knowledge without pedantry, and because he takes such an evidently sincere pleasure in disturbing our ordinary convictions, that we can scarcely help sharing in a satisfaction so sincere. Yet the scepticism of Bayle, practised on a large scale, and spreading its poison imperceptibly through the general mind, could not but end in a fatal egotism. Provided that one has books, and can dream undisturbed by the fireside, what matters it to the mere thinker, like Bayle, if the rest of the world is plunged in evil and oppression. A nation of Bayles would submit to despotism without a murmur. Yet, on the other hand, minds of his order are occasionally useful and even necessary. When errors have accumulated, and falsehood and wrong have officially usurped the place of truth in politics, in religion, in literature, and in the prevailing habitudes of thought, it is necessary that spirits, bold even to rashness, should assume the sieve of criticism and examination. It is a dangerous duty, which no one would undertake but he who prefers beyond all else the luxury of contradiction. Bayle never troubled himself to establish a new truth, yet, rather than resign his right of unfettered investigation, he would have disturbed all the recognised truths in the world. We must have Bayles occasionally, but for a short time, and not often—oportet hæreses esse—and at the end of all inquiries, whether

sceptical or orthodox, the only thing certain of recognition and endurance, is truth."

We should like to glance at M. Jules Janin's "History of Dramatic Literature," as well as at the "Picture of French Literature in the Sixteenth Century," by M. Charles and M. St. Marc Girardin, but have no space, and Chateaubriand does not much attract us; we have also far too little room for the Review of Benjamin Constant's "Miscellanies, Political and Literary," though we cannot refrain from giving M. Constant's capital remark *apropos* to the *morale* of Madame de Stael's "Corinne":—

"The moral of a work of imagination consists in the impression it leaves on the mind. If, on laying down the book, one is more sensible of gentle, noble, and generous sentiments than before, the work is a moral work, and of a high order of morality. The *morale* of such a book resembles the effect produced by music or sculpture. A man of genius once said to me," writes Constant, "that he was elevated in feeling, after long contemplation of the Apollo Belvedere. There is in the perception of every kind of excellence, something which detaches us from ourselves, in forcing us to feel our own inferiority, and thus filling us with a shortlived abnegation of self, which awakens a capability of self-sacrifice, the source of all real virtue. There is in emotion, whatever the cause, something which makes the blood move faster, and produces an internal satisfaction, which increases the conviction of our own power, thus giving rise to an elevation of character, a courage, and sympathy with others, which raises us above our ordinary level of being."

M. de Sacy gives the preference in these Miscellanies of M. Constant's to the "Lettre sur Julie," though it is but the simple portrait of a woman possessing every good, and noble, and loveable quality, except the sense of religion, destroyed in her heart by the pervading French "philosophy" of the eighteenth century:—

"Sans y penser," writes the critic, "vous vous attachez à cette femme, bonne par instinct, vertueuse sans autre but que la vertu, éloquente sans arte, chez qui l'incrédulité même a une sorte de charme, et de grâce, parce qu'elle n'est qu'une faiblesse et non une ostentation de force. Vous le voyez perdre successivement ses deux fils, et dans la douleur qui la tue, se roidir contre les consolations religieuses. Son mal même semble la rattacher tout à coup à la vie, à la vie son seul avenir. Et puis lorsque la mort arrive, il semble que comme elle, vous soyez sans espérance, et qu'elle meurt en effet tout entière!"

M. de Sacy's remarks on Rochefoucauld's "Maxims" are very just, but such as we should scarcely have expected from a Frenchman. The last edition of these Maxims was prepared in 1853 by M. Duplessis, who died before its appearance, and his friend, M. Sainte-Beuve, added a preface, treating of Rochefoucauld himself, and giving a short biographical notice of M. Duplessis. He follows the edition of 1678, the last which received the personal corrections of the Duke; while the Commentary, attributed to his most intimate female friend, Madame la Fayette, though scarcely worthy of her, is allowed to retain its place prefatory to the Maxims.

M. Duplessis pointed out very carefully the frequent alterations made by La Rochefoucauld in the several editions which appeared during his

lifetime, whether to modify somewhat the pitiless cynicism of the doctrine, or to attain to that exquisite precision of style, which is in truth their greatest merit.

The Duke devoted nearly thirteen years (1665—78) to the elaboration of the style and mechanical polish of his favourite work, and these minutiae have repaid his labour, by mainly contributing to its posthumous reputation. In England we have made up our minds as to the real value of Rochefoucauld's labours; better had it been for his real reputation that the maxims had never been written, adapted as they were solely for the meridian of a heartless and selfish court, which drained France of its blood and gold to please the harlot Montespan, and to propitiate the harlot "Glory." The better spirits among his own countrymen have arrived, it seems, at the same conclusion, if we may suppose that M. de Sacy by no means expresses a solitary opinion.

"I will add but a word on the 'Reflexions Diverses,' a work of Rochefoucauld's, published for the first time in 1731 (long after the author's death), and which it is the custom to unite with the Maxims. It is a faultless work, the Maxims themselves are not more finely conceived or more delicately expressed; it is a perfect code of good breeding. There are two chapters on Conversation and on Society, which young people should be made to learn by heart; and, to tell the truth, I greatly prefer the 'Reflexions Diverses' to the Maxims, or rather to speak without reserve, I can willingly peruse the former at all times, and I detest the famous Maxims from the bottom of my heart. 'J'eprouve en les lisant un malaise, une souffrance indéfinissable. Je sens qu'elles me flétrissent l'âme, et me rabaissent le cœur.'"

These brief extracts scarcely do justice to M. de Sacy's good sense and good feeling, and yet so limited is the space at our disposal, that we can devote but little to the second volume, which comprises subjects less strictly literary, involving often questions of morality and religion.

Of this character are the notices of M. St. Marc Girardin's "Lectures on Religious Reaction," on the "Affaires de Rome," by the celebrated De la Mennais, who in good faith, and with a genuine, but scarcely credible belief in the divine origin and sanction of the Roman Catholic religion, proposed to the Pope a separation of that faith from all secular power and authority, believing that the truth must surely benefit by being freed from the clogs and trammels of authority. It is not necessary to say how his proposition was received.

M. Guillon, Evêque de Maroc, published in 1841, a "New Apology for Christianity," examining in detail the sceptical arguments of Gibbon, Strauss, and Salvador; this work is but a reproduction of those by Bergier and Abbadie, containing nothing more original than the objections themselves. M. de Sacy's discriminating remarks on the characters of the above noted unbelievers, considered merely as sceptical polemics, are worth perusing.

We are pleased to find that M. de Sacy has the candour to acknowledge, in a final note to his remarks on M. Beaumont's "*L'Irlande, Sociale, Politique, et Religieuse*," that the strictures made both by himself and M. Beaumont several years since, are now at least unde-

served, and that Ireland owes her present comparative prosperity and progress to her connexion with England. The whole question has been misunderstood, or rather wilfully mistaken on the continent. No country that is true to itself can be permanently injured by connexion with another more prosperous and wealthy; and now that Ireland has learnt to put less faith in demagogues and potatoes, she bids fair to rival the flourishing condition of the rest of the empire.

There are several articles in the second volume which are well worth reading, but we have no space for further selections; the best of them are on Count Champagné's "History of the Cæsars," with the date of April 8, 1853; on M. Salvador's "History of the Roman Domination in Judea, and the Destruction of Jerusalem," with date May 2, 1847; on M. Thierry's "Account of the Merovingian Kings of France," date August 23, 1840; on "The History of the English Revolution, the Republic and Cromwell," by Guizot, on which we are strongly tempted to say something, though so much has been said; on L'Abbé Christophe's "History of the Papacy during the 14th Century," date August 25, 1853; on M. Weiss' "History of the French Protestant Refugees since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685;" and on M. de Barante's "History of the National Convention," date June 7, 1853.

M. de Sacy has selected his articles judiciously, and the intrinsic interest of most of the works reviewed, would alone make these volumes welcome on the library table, and not unworthy of a permanent place on the library shelves. The criticisms themselves are generally slight, and often superficial, but uniformly marked by good taste, good sense, and good feeling. A Catholic, he can write of Protestants without rancour. A Frenchman, he can speak honestly and justly of England.

M. Victor Cousin has, with considerable ingenuity, devised two volumes of lively and amusing reading, which will be welcome in England, though their value will be best appreciated in France.¹³ A period comparatively short, indeed, in point of time, but which has had the effect of a geological epoch in its influence on French society, separates the present from the days of Henri IV. and the Fronde. Even a nation of egotists cannot exist altogether in the present, but may, nay must, look back with interest and curiosity to the times of their forefathers. Confined to his chamber by long indisposition, M. Cousin professes to have sought in that forgotten and voluminous romance, "*Le Grand Cyrus*" of Scudery, a resource against ennui; as he read on, the dull and prolix narrative seemed to have grown upon him, as the identity of the fictitious personages of the story, with distinguished contemporaries of the authoress, forced itself upon him; confirmed, as he assures us, by a key to the romance, subsequently discovered in the library of the Arsenal. We had always supposed these historical parallels to have been understood, or at least strongly suspected; be this as it may, the writer seeks to lay before us, from the materials furnished by the romance, a picture of Parisian life in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and this not merely of the

• 13 "*La Société Française au xvii. Siècle, d'après Le Grand Cyrus de Mademoiselle Scudery.*" Par M. Victor Cousin. 2 tomes. London: Nutt. 1858.

court "personages" of the day, but also of all ranks of Parisians down to the lower class of citizens.

In the following passage he furnishes his key to the leading characters in "*Le Grand Cyrus*:"—

"Who, indeed, is Cyrus, if not Condé himself, especially while he was yet only Duke d'Enghien, and dreaming of love and glory. Maudane, with her blue eyes and copious blond locks, her gentleness, wit and pride, is clearly Madame de Longueville. The Asiatic warriors who accompany the Persian chief to battle are the aides-de-camp or lieutenants of the French 'hero,' namely, the Marshal de Grammont, the Marshal de Gassion, Villequier, afterwards Marshal d'Aumaret, the Marquis de Noiroustier, of the house of Tremouille, the Duke de Rohan-Chabot, Coligny, Duke of Chatillon, the Marquis de la Mousaye, &c.

"The siege of Cumæ in the romance is the actual siege of Dunkerque by Condé; the battle of Thybura, that of Lens; and the victory gained by Cyrus over the Massagets, the 'glorious and immortal victory' of Rocroi. It is as certain that the fair dames of the court of Ecbatana, of Sardis, and of Babylon, are the celebrated beauties of the court of Anne of Austria.

"L'Hotel de Cleomire is undoubtedly l'Hotel de Rambouillet, with its *cortège* of wits and agreeable women, who constituted its great attractions. Here we have the portraits of the noble hostess and her two daughters, of Julie d'Arceues and her sister, the first Madame de Grignan, Madame de Sablé, and Mademoiselle Angelique Paulet; there, Montausier, Voiture, Chapelain, Aulard de Corbeville, &c.

"Sapfo is Mademoiselle de Scudery herself, at the head of the commoners, but intellectual, and distinguished by the society she assembled about her, in which we find a virtuous, amiable, and learned prelate, Godeau, Bishop of Grasse and Venne, a magistrate who is also a man of the world, a financier who is a wit, Academicians and literary men like Sarrasin, Pellisson, and Conrart, with Madame Cornuel, Madame Aragonnais, and other ladies of humbler position."

Thus the "*Grand Cyrus*" is, so to speak, a history in portraits of the seventeenth century, written by an individual who was probably of all others best acquainted with the society of that period, thanks to her peculiar position; poor, yet of good family, and received everywhere in the best circles, at the Hotel de Rambouillet, the Condé Palace, and at the Luxembourg: herself entertaining a very mixed society in her modest drawing-room, in the street de Beauce au Marais.

Thus M. Cousin makes out his case, and having retouched the faded portraits with a skilful hand, reproduces for the versatile, volatile, all-forgetting Parisians this sketch of a long-vanished social state; they may well afford to throw a glance backward on the past, in humble deprecation of that future, when they too shall rank as antiquities. We will say nothing of the stupendous egotism that breaks out in the preface, nor quote a passage which, out of France, might suggest doubts of the author's sanity or sincerity. M. Victor Cousin has at least furnished an amusing and readable book, and we must pardon the indulgence of a national conceit, which he evidently takes to be a virtue.

Mr. Ferguson has found a mine of information and amusement where few would have sought it, namely, in the "*London Directory*," and in his attempt to develop the Teutonic origin of names with which

we are familiar above shop-doors and on brass-plates, he has entered upon a field of research where much of the harvest is ungathered.¹⁴

Though the etymology of names, as an outlying province of philology, has been not altogether neglected, yet scarcely any student of Teutonic dialects in England has made more than a desultory effort to demonstrate the manner in which our familiar Anglo-Saxon surnames originated. Mr. Lower has rather sought for illustrations in genealogical and archæological revelations than in philological; and Mr. Arthur, in America, is too superficial to be valuable, though he is occasionally amusing. The Germans, as usual in questions of research, have gone furthest, and Forstemann and Professor Pott have thrown much light on the origin of modern surnames of Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon descent.

Mr. Ferguson's book gives in an off-hand manner the result of a good deal of hard work and patient investigation, though there is much of that latitudinarian licence in dealing with fancied analogies and dubious possibilities, which has ever been a favourite exercise of ingenuity with etymologists.

An extract from the preface will give a tolerably correct idea both of his style and purpose.—

"There are deeds of forgotten valour," he says, "summed up in a word; there are trivial incidents that have named generations of men; there are good Christians that are called after heathen gods; there are gentle women that are called after savage brutes; there are names on the signs of Regent-street that were given in the unhewn forests of Germany. Truly, then, the question—'Who gave you that name?' if it could be rightly answered, and in many instances it can, would give us interesting records. One might say—'Eight centuries ago an Anglo-Saxon bravely withstood the Northern usurpation, and so harassed their forces by his stratagems that he was named Præt, or the crafty—therefore it is that I am called Pratt.' Another might say—'A Northman had a son, mischievous and full of pranks, so that he was called Lok, after the god of mischief. Steady enough our family has become since then. We have produced the most sober of philosophers, one of the most practical of engineers, yet still we bear the name of Locke from the misdeeds of our ancestor.' And a third might say—'See you white horse cut on the turf of the Southern down, whence came that white horse, came my name. The great Roman historian tells us that our ancestors held the white horse sacred. Hence, when the Anglo-Saxon invaders wrested the soil from its British owners, they stamped it with this, as the sign at once of their victory and their faith. And unconsciously as the Wiltshire peasant does reverence to the heathen symbol when he annually clears away the grass from the outlines of the white horse, as his fathers have done perhaps a thousand years before him, so do I, good Christian, am, preserve a record of that same pagan superstition in my name of Jacks.'"—From *Hengist, or Hingot-stallion*.

The etymological basis of our English surnames appears to be Anglo-Saxon, though many new names were no doubt introduced at the Conquest; while more ancient (Gothic), and more modern (Frankish or French), are also present. Surnames do not appear to

¹⁴ "English Surnames, and their Place in the Teutonic Family." By Robert Ferguson, author of "The Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland." London: George Routledge and Co. 1858.

have become hereditary in England, except in a few exceptional cases, till the Norman Conquest, and are therefore of more recent origin than those "baptismal" appellations applied to distinguish the children of the same family in infancy, and which would of necessity ascend to the remotest antiquity.

The work is divided into twenty chapters, each treating of certain classes of English surnames, according to the probable origin of such names; and a very useful index closes the volume. Several names are omitted (as Beach, English, &c.), either because they were overlooked, or because, we suppose, their etymology was too evident.

NOTE TO ART. I.—*France under Louis Napoleon.*

Since this article was written, the *Moniteur* of the 24th Sept., 1858, has astonished the world by a fresh example of Imperial tergiversation in a decree utterly annulling the regulation whereby the taking a decree of Bachelor of Letters had been left a matter of choice. In his report to the Emperor the Minister of Instruction confirms the adverse judgment long ago passed by the intelligent public on the provisions of Imperial legislation, and testifies with the weight of official confession to the disastrous effect of its action. It is stated that the "*faculties and most illustrious representatives of medical science declare the intellectual level of their body to have been lowered in the six years during which the present system has been in force, without any compensation to the Art either in means of observation or scientific progress,*" and that this opinion has been corroborated by a special commission of the most eminent members of the University. In consideration of these serious representations, the Ministry proposes the repeal of the existing regulations, and the same *Moniteur* accordingly contains the decree which henceforth requires medical students to show a diploma of Bachelor of Letters on admission to their special schools. As this reversal of a capital decision is naturally felt to be an awkward acknowledgment of a signal want of judgment, its importance has been laughably sought to be hidden from vulgar eyes by an appearance of a reforming enactment rather than of a return to the old law. The Bachelorship of Letters demanded from medical students is not to be identical with the one formerly required. It is to be somewhat modified in the degree of its literary instruction from a consideration of its being intended as merely subordinate to a scientific education, and therefore the decree is so worded as to slur over the fact of recantation in the pompous flourish which institutes the new degree of Restricted (restraint) Bachelorship of Letters. The thing may be called by any name the Imperial Government may choose to give it, but its significance cannot be quibbled away. In the face of a vainly protesting public, the Imperial Government carried out an inroad on the existing system of education at the suggestion of its own promptings and in furtherance of its own views. After recklessly pursuing for six years the execution of schemes wilfully adopted, it finds itself deterred from continuing its course, not from the want of success, but, according to its own confession, from alarm at the very excess of its triumph. It finds the exhausting process of its engines of war turns against its own welfare, by the infliction of a withering havoc which now threatens to dry up the necessary springs of government, and to blast the intellectual life of France with a palsy rendering the mind unfit even for mere official aptitude. The decree in the *Moniteur* of the 24th Sept. is the most signal record by the Government itself of its incompetence, its indiscretion, and its imbecile fluctuations under the inevitable impulse of its own short-sighted haste.

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